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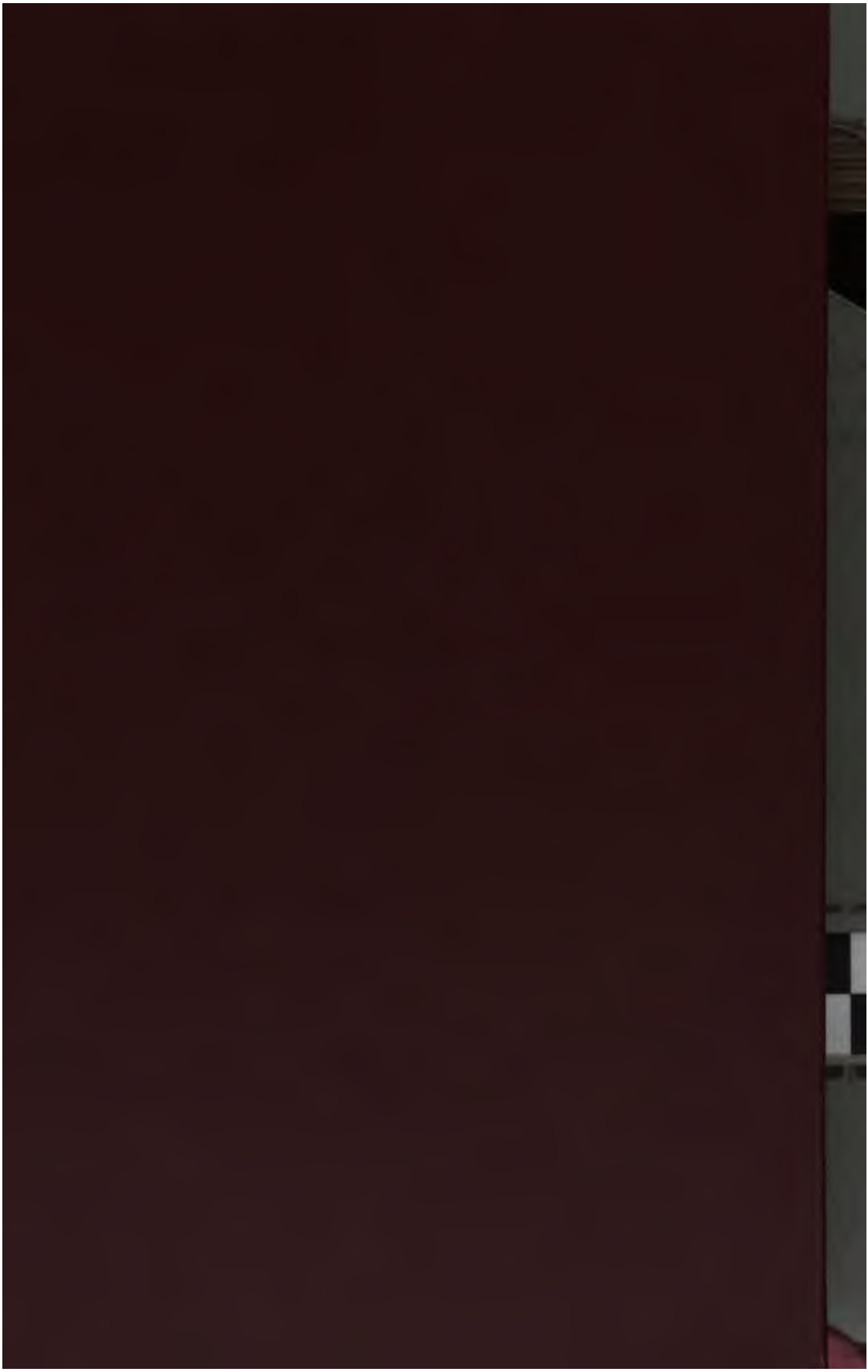

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Moses Drury Hoge;

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By his Nephew,

PEYTON HARRISON HOGE.

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TO THE

Congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church,

Richmond, Va.,

WHICH

FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS,

WITH EVER CHANGING MEMBERSHIP,

BUT

WITH UNCHANGING DEVOTION,

SHARED THE LABORS AND REWARDS OF THIS EVENTFUL MINISTRY.

PREFACE.

THERE was a very general impression after Dr. Hoge's death, and the statement was frequently made in the public press, that he had left in manuscript a volume of reminiscences which only needed editing to be given to the public. Unfortunately such was not the case. While he had frequently been importuned to prepare such a volume, and had fully purposed to do so, in the pressure of other duties he had never even commenced it, and left not a line of autobiography or personal reminiscence except his published Memorial Address. It was necessary, therefore, to gather up the materials of this biography from family letters and records, from his own correspondence, extending through over sixty years, from contemporary newspaper reports and church records, and from the personal knowledge of his family and friends. Fortunately some of those to whom he wrote most freely, recognizing the value of his letters, had carefully preserved them, while it was the custom of some of his friends, and later of his daughter, to preserve newspaper notices of his work. From this mass of material I have endeavored to select what would best illustrate the life I sought to present, and the times in which that life was lived; endeavoring to keep in mind—however imperfectly I have succeeded—the words of Emerson, that "all public facts are to be individualized, and all private facts are to be generalized. Thus, at once, History becomes fluid and true, and Biography deep and sublime."

In discussing Dr. Hoge's part in the civil war and the related controversies, fidelity to my subject required that I should present as correctly and adequately as possible the point of view of that time; while the same fidelity to his

whole subsequent course required that in so doing I should avoid awakening past animosities, and should study the things that make for peace.

Besides the members of Dr. Hoge's immediate family, who have given me the heartiest coöperation in my work, I desire to make my acknowledgments to Governor J. Hoge Tyler and Major Thomas C. Hoge for important genealogical data; to my honored preceptor, Dr. W. Gordon McCabe, for directing my attention to the valuable work on the Haigs of Bemerside; to the editors of the *Richmond Dispatch, Richmond Times* and *Central Presbyterian* for access to their files, and for other courtesies; to the Stated Clerks of the Synods of Virginia and North Carolina, the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Historical Society and of Hampden-Sidney College, and the Librarian of Union Theological Seminary, for use of, and information from, the records in their hands.

Special mention is due to my brother, Professor Addison Hogue, for his painstaking care in reading the proof-sheets and for many valuable suggestions.

It is with peculiarly tender and grateful emotions that I refer, in completing this work, to him with whom it was first commenced—the late William Sterling Lacy. Nearly ten years ago we planned it together, and the lines on which it was then projected have been practically followed in its execution. It was then proposed to prepare it jointly, and when this was found impracticable I hoped that I would at least have the benefit of his exquisite taste and rare literary skill before giving it to the public. But even this was rendered impossible by his failing health, and just when its last pages were given to the printers he finished his course, and his tender, gracious spirit went to meet his God.

It only remains to add that I have no pecuniary interest in the book, but that it has been throughout a labor of love.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 20, 1899. P. H. H.

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"Among the great gifts that God has given *to* men is the gift *of* men; and among all the gifts with which God has enriched His church, one of the greatest has been the gift of consecrated men, for they are the instrumentalities by which the church has been moulded and guided and prospered in all the generations of the world."—MOSES DRURY HOGE, *Sermon on the death of Dr. Broadus.*

Moses Drury Hoge.

MOSES DRURY HOGE.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

"A tree is known by its fruits; and a noble house by a noble man."—ARABIC PROVERB.

THERE is a pride of ancestry as foolish as it is false. When a noble name is borne by an ignoble man it only serves to make its owner contemptible. But there is a pride of ancestry that awakens responsibility; that stimulates endeavor; that purifies motive and shapes the life to noble ends. Consciousness of whence we are may largely determine what we are. But apart from conscious influence, is not the Whence a true cause of the What? Great men often arise from very obscure origin. But the historian and biographer are never satisfied until they have traced back the extraordinary qualities of their hero to a source that is none the less real because it is obscure. It takes many streams to make the river, and the virtues of many lowly men and women struck together in happy combination "to give the world assurance of a man." When the streams are on the surface, and the same qualities can be traced for generations, our task is plainer and our reward surer. And when natural virtues are exalted by divine grace, we can rejoice not only in the fixedness of Nature's laws, but—what is far better—the sureness of the covenant promises of God.

The oldest reference to the name of Hoge with which we have met is in 1425, when "Patrick Hoge and Gilbert Hoge, Squiris," are named among the gentlemen who "devydit the

Marches betwixt Ridbeth and Bemersyde." Sir Andrew Haig, the Laird of Bemersyde, preceding the Laird in whose time this division was made, had been the first to drop the spelling de Haga for the spelling Haig, which is still in use. Etymologically the names are the same, and the finding of them in the same neighborhood suggests the probability that Hoge is only another variant of Haga or Hage, and that the Hoges as well as the Haigs are descended from Petrus de Haga, who came from Normandy about 1150. This Peter of the Dyke—probably from Cape de la Hague in Normandy —founded an honorable family, early associated with the cause of liberty and patriotism. For—

> "When Wallace came to Gladswood cross,
> Haig of Bemersyde met him with many good horse."

And before the battle of Stirling the Laird of Bemersyde was reassured by his friend "Thomas the Rhymer" with the prophecy which still holds good—

> "Tyde what may betyde,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."

Or, as Sir Walter puts it—who derived his right to be buried in Dryburgh Abbey from his descent from the Haigs—

> "Tide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."

The Humes, with whom we shall later find the Hoges associated, were also a Berwickshire family, and much associated with the Haigs of Bemersyde.

A beautifully engrossed book, containing the family history and coat-of-arms, remained in possession of the Pennsylvania branch of the Hoge family in this country within the memory of those still living, but cannot now be found. In the absence of the written evidence, we will not give the interesting details that are recalled by some who were more or less familiar with its contents, but will confine ourselves to the well-established story of the founder of the family in this country.

About the close of the seventeenth century a young man named William Hoge—evidently in good circumstances—came to America on account of the religious persecutions under the Stuarts. In the same ship was a family named Hume—father, mother and daughter, Barbara by name. Hume was one of two brothers, men of wealth and standing, who differed on the great question of the day. One of the brothers "conformed"; the other was true to the Kirk and covenant. He was imprisoned and most of his property confiscated, but through the influence of his brother was released on condition of his emigrating to America. During the long voyage a pestilence broke out in the overcrowded ship, and Mr. and Mrs. Hume were among the victims. Barbara was left alone, and William Hoge became her protector. He delivered her and her property into the hands of an uncle—a physician named Johnson—who was already in New York, while he went to Perth-Amboy to make himself a home. But it was not a final farewell. An attachment had sprung up between them, and in due time he returned to make her his wife.

William Hoge removed from Perth-Amboy to Delaware, and then to the Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania. Here his eldest son John remained, founding the village of Hogetown. In the church founded by him in 1734, there still exist an old communion service of hammered pewter and a pulpit Bible—the gifts of members of his family. From him is sprung a branch of the family scattered from New York to California, but chiefly found in Pennsylvania; men of substance and character; bankers, lawyers, judges, members of Congress, with now and then a minister of the gospel; leaders in church and state.[1]

[1] He married a Welsh heiress, Gwenthelen Bowen Davis. His son, David, through a treaty with the Indian Chief Catfish, purchased almost the whole of what is now Washington county, and with his nephew, David Redick, afterwards vice-president of Pennsylvania, laid off the town of Catfish, now Washington. His sons, John and William, were

But William Hoge found not here his resting place. About 1735, though advanced in years, he removed to Frederick county, Va., on the Opequon branch of the Potomac. Here he made his home. Here he gave land for church and school and burying ground—the old Opequon Church—the first place of worship in the Valley of Virginia. Its first regular minister was his grandson, the Rev. John Hoge, son of his oldest son John. He came fresh from Nassau Hall, where he graduated in the first class sent out by that venerable institution. After a useful ministry in Virginia, he returned to Pennsylvania. While pastor at Opequon he received a visit from the Rev. Hugh McAden, on his way to his pioneer mission in North Carolina, where now[1] a great-great-great-grandson of William Hoge preaches to the great-great-grandchildren of Hugh McAden. There are still some things fixed in this changing world, and more changeful land.

William Hoge lived full ninety years. He saw his children and grandchildren serving God and their generation; the honest, God-fearing makers of a new world. God made him forget all his toil and all his father's house. He sleeps in the old Opequon church-yard.

The old church lived on for generations. Three successive buildings arose on the spot, and its sons and daughters went forth into many States, though many sleep around it. At length it was outgrown, and in time superseded, by the daughter church of Winchester. But recently the crumbling stones have been built anew; a memorial of the worthy dead.

both members of Congress. Another son, David, was the first receiver of the United States Land Office, with headquarters at Steubenville, Ohio. Justice Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, is a descendant of one of his daughters. William and Thomas Scott Hoge, of the long-closed banking house of William Hoge and Company, New York, were sons of David Hoge, of Steubenville. These are but a few representative names.

[1] Written before his recent removal.

John was the only one of William Hoge's sons who settled in Pennsylvania. The others moved with their father to Virginia; William, who married a Quakeress and joined the sect, leaving many descendants; George, who removed to the South; James, of whom we shall have more to say; and Alexander, who was a member of the First Congress of the United States, and of the Virginia convention that ratified the Constitution.

Our concern is with the fourth son, James; and of him we know more; a man of robust intellect and a self-taught theologian. Dr. Archibald Alexander, when a young licentiate, visited him, and was impressed with the vigor of his mind and the clearness of his views even in old age. In early life he satisfied himself of the scripturalness of every statement of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and when the "Synod of New York and Philadelphia" introduced certain changes, he withdrew from its communion and united with the Scotch secession. Twice a year he went to a church in Pennsylvania to participate in the communion. Late in life his scruples were removed, through the instrumentality of his son. He died June 2, 1795, at an advanced age.

James Hoge was twice married, and had many children. We need name but two, James and Moses.

James, a son of his first wife, Agnes, left home in search of his brother John, who was supposed to have joined Braddock's army and to have been killed at Fort DuQuesne. He did not find his brother, but he found a home and a wife, and settled in Pulaski county. His homestead is now the home of his great-grandson, the Honorable J. Hoge Tyler, the present Governor of Virginia. His son was General James Hoge,[1] a man of fine intellect and one of the handsomest men in the State. His son, Daniel Hoge, was elected to Congress

[1] This branch of the family seems to have been the fighting stock. Brigadier-General Funston, who has distinguished himself in the Philippines, is a great-grandson of General Hoge.

in 1865, and was a brilliant and popular speaker. The descendants of James Hoge, of Pulaski, have not only been prominent in the State, but many of them have been influential as ruling elders in the councils of the church. They have kept in close intimacy with the descendants of the other son of James Hoge, of Frederick, of whom we must speak at more length.

Moses Hoge was the ninth son of his father, and the fourth son of his mother, Nancy Griffiths. He was born at Cedar Grove—his father's home in Frederick—February 15, 1752. His mother is described as of "respectable understanding and sincere piety," but his remarkable endowments seem to have come from his father. Saint, scholar and preacher, it is difficult to say whether gifts or graces were most pre-eminent. His intellect grasped the Calvinistic system in its entirety before he had even an academic education; his heart was so tender that he wept—so his students said—over the fate of the devils, to whom no mercy was offered. Of his own experience he said that he had never known the time when he had not loved the Lord; yet he never knew the time when he thought he loved him as he ought. His piety was of that old-fashioned Brainerd type, that wept in secret over imperfections that no one else discovered, and agonized in prayer over the souls committed to his charge; all of which we may see from his journal. From devotions like these he went into his pulpit, and men trembled and prayed and believed at his word. There might be more of such praying and such preaching now; to the advantage of our times.

Nobody reads now his "Strictures on a Pamphlet by the Rev. Jeremiah Walker Entitled the *Fourfold Foundation of Calvinism Examined and Shaken;*" but it is the testimony of no less an authority than the late Dr. Dabney, that it was he who impressed upon the Virginia ministry that moderate type of evangelical Calvinism that has ever since distinguished it; and Archibald Alexander was in his youth

Moses Hoge

men of our own time in giving it a fitter location and a more splendid equipment.

The Theological School under Dr. Hoge was not a mere department of the college, but a separate and distinct institution, founded by the Synod of Virginia, who elected Dr. Hoge its professor in the same year that the General Assembly called Dr. Alexander to Princeton. In that year (1812), and not in 1823, the history of our Theological Seminary begins.[1] Dr. Hoge was faithful to the college, but he spent himself and his substance for the Theological Seminary. And as long as he was willing to do this the Synod was content to let him do it; only when he was gone was it roused to the necessity of a more liberal provision; and but for Dr. Rice it is questionable whether anything

[1] On what ground can the present seminary be considered a different institution? Because Dr. Hoge had no distinct building? Dr. Rice taught his first classes in President Cushing's kitchen. Because Dr. Hoge was also president of the college? The seminary has always permitted her professors to hold other positions; as, for instance, to be pastors of churches. Because of the change of control? During Dr. Rice's time, Hanover Presbytery handed it over to the Synods of Virginia and North Carolina, as, after Dr. Hoge's death, the Synod of Virginia had handed it over to the Presbytery. Because of the change of name? The present name was not adopted until the joint control was established. Because it had no board of Trustees? Their names are recorded in the manuscript Life of Dr. Hoge, and their reports were regularly called for in the Synod (see Minutes). Because it had no charter? A charter was applied for by petition of the board, and refused on the same ground that it was refused down to 1868, and in 1816 the Synod appointed "John H. Rice, William Wirt, LL. D., and Benjamin Harrison to draw up a memorial, stating the disadvantages under which the Synod lies from the refusal of the Legislature to grant a charter to the trustees of the Theological Seminary." (Dr. Rice's connection with this matter has probably led to the idea that it was during his administration.) Because it had no endowment? The salary of the professor and aid to students were paid from its funds, and the Synod turned over to the Presbytery eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-six dollars and four cents—the nucleus of the present endowment of the Seminary. Because its exercises were suspended upon Dr. Hoge's death? But the continuity was preserved by the guardianship of its funds by the Synod and Presbytery. During the civil war the exercises were again practically suspended.

would have been done even then; all of which may be read more amply told in Foote.

Dr. Hoge's first wife—and the mother of all his children—was Elizabeth Poage, a member of that remarkable family of the Valley of Virginia that has given to the church about two hundred ministers, ministers' wives and missionaries. A saintly and lovable person she seems to have been, and he lavished on her all the tenderness of his affectionate nature. Yet when she died he had the extraordinary firmness to stand by her open grave and preach with a pathos that melted every heart in the astonished assembly, on the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." There were strong men in those days, and eternal things were very real. Personal grief must be crushed down that souls might be saved.

His second wife, and the companion of his labors at Hampden-Sidney, was Mrs. Susan Hunt, mentioned as Susan Watkins, in the *Life of Doctor Alexander,* with gratitude for her conversation during the "great revival"; a noble and helpful wife, sharing his sacrifices and spending her substance, as he spent his, to help needy students. Her son, brought up by Dr. Hoge, was the well-known Thomas P. Hunt, celebrated in his day as a temperance lecturer.

Death came to Dr. Hoge in Philadelphia, where he had gone to attend the General Assembly. "Translated," as his epitaph says, "from the General Assembly on earth to the general assembly and church of the firstborn." He died July 5, 1820, aged sixty-eight years, and is buried near his old friend, John Blair Smith. He had just visited the graveyard at Princeton with Dr. Alexander, where he too has long lain, and enjoyed delightful intercourse with his friend; doubtless long ago renewed above.

There are many delightful stories afloat of Dr. Hoge's saintly character, especially of his unworldliness; one of his quiet courage may be told, because authenticated. During

the "Western insurrection" he was anxious for the Synod of Virginia to make a deliverance against lawlessness. The measure failed, as savoring of politics, and the Virginia troops quartered at Harrisonburg (where the Synod was meeting) on their way to the scene of the insurrection, were much incensed; the talk was of tar and feathers for some of the dignitaries; but Dr. Hoge worked his way to the midst of them, and not only dissuaded them from their purpose, but made such an impression upon them that they asked him to preach; and the mob was turned into a congregation. The story justifies John Randolph's opinion that there were only two men who could bring quiet to a certain court-green on court day—"Patrick Henry by his eloquence, and Dr. Hoge by simply passing through."

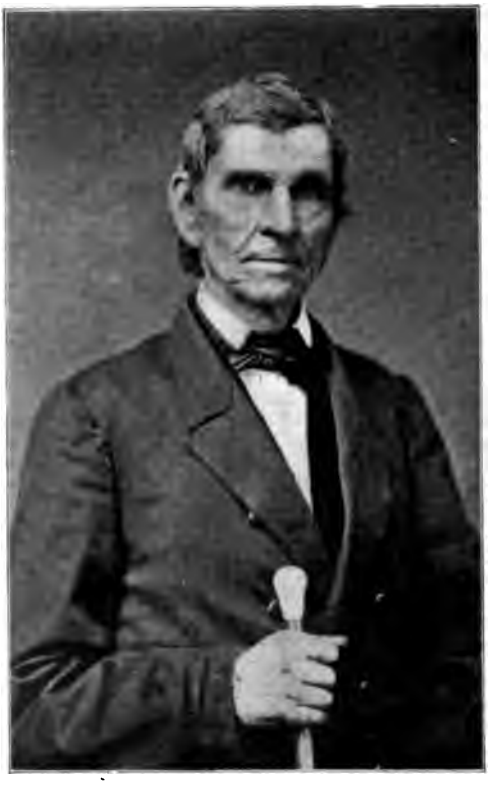
This same keen-eyed Randolph has given the best picture of the man. Cowper drew the portrait, Randolph made the application. The poet says:

> "I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
> Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
> Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
> That he is honest in the sacred cause.
> To such I render more than mere respect,
> Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

And farther on:

> "Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
> Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own—
> Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
> His master strokes and draw from his design.
> I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
> In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men."

By each of these passages, in a copy of Cowper purchased from Randolph's library, is written in his hand, "Mr. Hoge."



Yours Truly
James Hogue

Yours Truly
James Hagan

But now of him no more, though on such a life the pen delights to linger. He bequeathed to his descendants little of this world's goods. But he left them a name that they treasure as above great riches. The venerable Dr. Plumer once said, on seeing one of the younger descendants, "He has the Hoge jerk." One may be glad to be marked as the descendant of such a man, even by an ungraceful gesture.

Four of Dr. Hoge's sons grew to manhood; three became ministers of the gospel in his life-time; the fourth was a beloved physician and an honored ruling elder in the church.

James Hoge, the eldest, was the pioneer Presbyterian missionary of Ohio. His parish extended to the Mississippi, but he settled in Columbus, Ohio, where he built the first house, and which he saw grow up around him. He organized the First Presbyterian Church, and celebrated his jubilee as its pastor. His experience differed from that of his nephew—to be hereafter related—in that it was not his only charge, and that he had retired from active service two years before. He was the founder of many of the great charitable institutions of the State. When President Hayes and his Cabinet visited Richmond, Va., in 1877, and met his nephew, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Sherman told him that they could not remember the time when they had not learned to revere the name of Hoge. We shall hear of him again in these pages.

Dr. James Hoge had one son in the ministry, the late Rev. Dr. Moses A. Hoge, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to the well-known evangelist of Alabama, the Rev. Dr. Robert Nall, and was the mother of the Rev. Dr. James Hoge Nall, of New Orleans, and the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nall, of Greenwood, S. C.

John Blair Hoge was the most gifted of the sons. He began to study for the law, but early felt the divine call, and gave himself to the gospel ministry. He inherited the feeble

constitution of his mother, and in the autumn of 1814 went to the south of France for the recovery of his health, running in the night the British blockade of New York. "On the eighth day we fell in with the British seventy-four gun ship Bellerophon,[1] Captain Hawkes. We were of course brought to, and boarded by some of the officers. They examined our papers and endorsed them as being under Swedish colors. They inquired if there were any Americans on board. Had he asked me I should not have hesitated to say, 'Yes'; but the captain, of whom the inquiry was made, answered in the negative. We were, therefore, without further examination, suffered to proceed. Had it been known that our whole establishment was an imposition—that the vessel was American and had been captured from the British, and that there were six Americans aboard—perhaps we might not have escaped with so much facility. The deception was not then generally known to the passengers." They landed at St. Martin's, Isle de Rè, on the thirty-first day.

The pile of old faded letters, from the first of which we have quoted, lies before us. The next (January 22, 1815) speaks of the rumor of peace with Great Britain; the next (March 4th) of Napoleon's return from Elba; the next, of his triumphant, unimpeded progress to Paris. Another says: "I was in Paris when Napoleon returned after losing the battle of Waterloo, and when he abdicated. I was present when Louis XVIII. made his triumphal entrance into his capital. Notwithstanding the clamors of the multitude, it was a poor triumph, when the way to the hearts of his subjects—over which a monarch ought to rule—was opened and cleared by more than two hundred thousand foreign bayonets." [2]

This was a trip to Europe that one cannot have every day; but its history cannot be followed further. Mr. Hoge re-

[1] Which afterwards took Napoleon to Saint Helena.

[2] Recalling a witticism of that day, that you can do almost anything with bayonets—except *sit on them;* as Louis soon found.

mained abroad about two years. His letters reveal an elegant, scholarly mind, cultivated by the best literature, and intent on extending its attainments. He returned somewhat improved in health and much enriched in mind, with deeper views of life and a profounder impression of the value of religion from seeing the state of countries that had all things else and lacked that. His ministry was much sought after when he began to preach—a boy of twenty. He was only twenty-six now; but for the ten years of life that remained to him, though much interrupted by ill health, he was probably the most brilliant preacher in Virginia. The impression of his oratory upon his contemporaries was of a force overmastering, almost magical. It was so in the rural congregations of Tuscarora and Falling Waters. It was yet more so after he removed to Richmond,[1] and the most brilliant professional men of Virginia sought his ministry. One of the eminent men of the present day tells how his father used to describe one of his sermons as surpassing in the flight of its oratory anything he had ever heard; when he had risen from climax to climax of appeal, he suddenly turned from the congregation and apostrophized the recording angel, praying him to stay his hand and not seal up the doom of the impenitent until once more he presented to them the offer of mercy. He had not completed his thirty-sixth year when he finished his labors, March 31, 1826.

He left a manuscript life of his father. The publisher's copy was destroyed by a fire in the publishing house, and the previous death of the author prevented its preparation again for publication.[2]

Samuel Davies Hoge was the third of Dr. Hoge's sons to reach manhood. He was born in Shepherdstown pro-

[1] In 1822, as the successor to the Rev. John D. Blair, of the "Church on Shockoe Hill"—now "Grace Street."

[2] A copy of the MS. is in the library of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., presented by his son, the late Judge John Blair Hoge, of Martinsburg, W. Va.

bably[1] on April 16, 1792, when we find the following entry in his father's journal:

> Another young immortal is committed to my care. I thank thee, O Lord, for all thy goodness to me and to my dear wife. Continue thy goodness with us and bless our offspring. Bless, I humbly pray thee, this infant. May he see many days, if it be thy holy will, and may he do much for thy glory. To thee, O Lord, do I solemnly devote him. May he be thy child and an heir of glory everlasting.

Davies, as he was called, received his early education from his father, and from the young men studying for the ministry with his father. Later he attended a classical school taught by his brother James in Augusta county, before his removal to Ohio.

He was early a subject of divine grace, and in his youth made a public confession of his faith. His sensitive and delicate organization rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the strange physical and mental influences that accompanied the revivals of those days. When about nine years old he accompanied his parents on a trip to the South, undertaken for the sake of his mother's health, and, attending one of these meetings, "he became a subject of powerful excitement, and prayed, and exhorted the crowd which gathered around him with astonishing fervor and effect." While with his brother in Augusta he was a subject of the mysterious "falling exercise," in which men suddenly fell perfectly rigid under the powerful warnings of the pulpit. He reported afterwards that he was perfectly conscious and his thoughts were engaged on the subject of religion. These excitements passed away, and ever afterward the current of his religious life flowed calm and clear.

[1] Mr. Hoge's age as given on his tomb would place his birth in 1793. If this is correct, the infant referred to above died in infancy. In any case, the record illustrates Dr. Hoge's custom, and accounts for the blessing that has rested on his offspring to the third and fourth generation.

When his father became president of Hampden-Sidney College, he was entered as a student, and was graduated in 1810. He entered at once upon a course of theology with his father, serving meanwhile as a tutor in the college. His licensure took place at a meeting of Hanover Presbytery in Lynchburg, on May 8, 1813. His father presided on the occasion, and presented him with a Bible that had belonged to his mother, "with an appeal that filled the house with audible weeping."

The brief story of his life will be told elsewhere.

Thomas Hoge was the youngest of the sons. Born in 1799, he had just come of age when his father died. Choosing the profession of medicine, as early as 1823 he was reported to be "very popular for his skill and humanity." He was well advanced in life before he made a profession of religion. But his brother James came all the way from Ohio to make him a visit with this special burden on his heart. He was, of course, invited to preach in the neighboring church, and the sermon was blessed in bringing his brother to Christ.

The origin of the Lacy family in Virginia is even more romantic than that of the Hoges. The name is an honored one in English history, occurring on the rolls of Battle Abbey and among the barons who signed Magna Charta. Mr. Hugh Blair Grigsby, the eminent authority on the history and genealogy of Virginia families, who had spent some time in the family of the Rev. Drury Lacy, believed that the Lacys of Virginia were from that noble stock. The investigations of Mr. Graham G. Lacy, assisted by the Countess of Chesterfield, tend to confirm that view, and to make it probable that the founder of the family in America was a descendant of the Thornhill branch of the Lacy family in Yorkshire. However that may be, one Thomas Lacy left England about 1685, and set sail for America. The vessel was captured by the celebrated pirate Tieck, or Blackbeard,

and all were made to walk the plank but Lacy and one other, who, Tieck said, were too fine-looking fellows not to be pirates. The vessel put into one of the inlets of North Carolina, and was captured by an expedition organized by the Governors of Virginia and North Carolina, under Lieutenant Maynard. There was a fierce fight on board, in which Lacy seized a cutlass, and rushed on deck, crying, "I am a true man and no pirate," and did such execution that he turned the tide of battle. Blackbeard was captured and hung, with all his crew, and Lacy was rewarded with the grant of a tract of land near Manikin-town, below Richmond, and there married one Ann Burnley.

His son, William Lacy, of Chesterfield county, was a planter in comfortable circumstances, who, we are told, "was distinguished more for his hospitality than for his carefulness in the management of his estate or the education of his children." His wife was Elizabeth Rice, a woman of devoted piety. The celebrated Dr. Rice was of the same family. Their son, Drury Lacy, was born October 5, 1758. His mother died when he was about ten years old, and his father when he was sixteen. His patrimony was gone; his education was meagre, and he had lost his left hand by the explosion of a gun, which a cowardly soldier at a county muster asked him to fire, having loaded it so deep that he was afraid to fire it himself.

But it was these hard conditions that brought out the man in him. Manual pursuits being out of the question, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his mind, which was of great natural vigor. At the age of eighteen he became a teacher in the family of Mr. Daniel Allen, an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Cumberland county. The church was supplied at the time by the Rev. John Blair Smith, president of Hampden-Sidney College. Under his ministry he united with the Presbyterian Church. Meanwhile, by his own efforts, he was acquiring a good knowledge of mathematics and the English branches. He afterwards taught in

the family of Colonel Nash, of Prince Edward, the father-in-law of President Smith, where he had the privilege of Dr. Smith's instruction for an hour or two a week. In this way he acquired sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to be appointed tutor in the college at the age of twenty-three. He studied theology under Dr. Smith, and was licensed to preach September, 1787, and ordained the following year. To lighten the burdens of the president, he was elected vice-president of the college, and, on Dr. Smith's resignation to go to Philadelphia, he became for several years the acting president. During a part of this time he was associated with Archibald Alexander as collegiate pastor of a large group of churches in Charlotte, Prince Edward and Cumberland counties. On the division of the field he retired from the college in 1796, being succeeded by Dr. Alexander. He then lived on his farm, "Mount Ararat," near Hampden-Sidney, and besides supplying the neighboring churches taught a classical school.[1]

Mr. Lacy was much sought after for special services, where his peculiar gifts were most useful. His tender, emotional nature and fervent piety made his preaching very effective in times of religious interest, while his voice, of great power and beauty, enabled him to speak to vast crowds out of doors as no one else could. He was called "Lacy of the silver hand[2] and the silver tongue." He was also of elegant presence and of rare social qualities. An old lady said that "he exceeded any one she ever saw at a sacrament and at a wedding." Unlike many preachers, he was a fine listener. Mrs. John H. Rice says, "I can in no way bring

[1] Of this school the late Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby said, in his Historical Discourse at the Hampden-Sidney centennial: "I was one of those pupils and bear my testimony to his thorough teaching of the Latin tongue. Though sixty-one years have passed since I was under his care, I feel the influence of his teachings on my mind and character at this moment and pointing the very thought I am now pressing upon you."

[2] From the artificial silver hand he used to replace his lost member.

him more plainly before me than by thinking of him as he was listening to Dr. Alexander's eloquence, and casting his deep blue eyes over the congregation, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, to notice the effect which it produced."

This recalls what Dr. William Hoge wrote of his son and namesake, Dr. Drury Lacy, of North Carolina:

> Uncle Drury is about the best hearer in the world. He leans forward and drinks in with his whole face and form and all his senses. He reflects every emotion, beaming on you if you are cheerful, and weeping if you are tender. Even then he does not hide his face with a handkerchief, but beams on, and lets the big, honest tears roll and take care of themselves. If I had a whole audience of Uncle Drurys, I should think I was the greatest orator in the world. If every face were such a mirror of emotion, the speaker who stood in the focus would be consumed.

Another characteristic that he bequeathed to many of his descendants was the extraordinary beauty of his handwriting. The records of Hanover Presbytery while he was stated clerk are marvels of elegance, as are his diary, letters and collection of mathematical problems.

In October, 1810, Dr. Rice wrote to Dr. Alexander:

> Have you heard of Mr. Lacy's trip to Richmond last month, and of the effects which his preaching produced? I have understood that a number of persons since that time have determined, if possible, to get some evangelical preacher to live in the place. . . . From some communications that have been made to me, I have reason to believe that they depend on me to do the work for them.

This movement was stimulated by the burning of the Richmond Theatre in 1811, when under that dispensation of sorrow Dr. Rice was so importuned by the people that he undertook the work. There had long been preaching in the Capitol by "Parson Blair" on alternate Sundays, but the congregations thus gathered lived on Shockoe Hill, and did not

reach the mercantile and laboring classes, which were then grouped about "Rocketts." At his installation in October, 1812, Dr. Hoge presided and "gave the charge to the minister and congregation in his most moving and affecting manner." Thus Moses Hoge and Drury Lacy were both associated with the founding of that church which was the means of bringing to Richmond thirty-two years later the grandson and namesake of both.

Mr. Lacy was Moderator of the General Assembly in Philadelphia in 1809. He was unable to attend the following year, and arranged for Dr. Rice to preach the opening sermon. The relation between these two men was most remarkable. They were distantly related themselves, but were much more nearly connected by marriage. Drury Lacy married Anne, the daughter of William Smith, of Powhatan. Dr. Rice married her namesake, the daughter of her sister Mary, who was the wife of Major William Morton; a couple justly celebrated in all the histories of early Presbyterianism in Virginia. The last five years of Mr. Lacy's life his preaching underwent a marked change. Always fervent and at times great, it became now more studied and uniformly strong. He said, "I owe it all to Jack Rice." Contact with the younger man caused him to develop a more systematic and thorough style of preparation, and to display even higher mental gifts than had been attributed to him. But in all his ministry he had the joy of winning souls, both by his preaching and by his private religious conversation, in which he was peculiarly gifted.

He died in Philadelphia December 6, 1815, from the effects of a surgical operation. His letter to his wife announcing the necessity of the operation was full of tender farewell and calm hope in God. But it was not needed. She was taken with fever just after he left home and died before him. He never knew it until they met on the other side. He was buried in the graveyard of the Third Presbyterian Church.

Of the three sons of Mr. Lacy, William and Drury became ministers and Horace a physician—all useful and honored in their generation; all lived to venerable years.

William Lacy spent his ministry in Arkansas; Drury in North Carolina. They served the church faithfully in their youth and manhood, and in their beautiful old age they were the ornaments of their synods; their hoary heads were a crown of glory and their countenances beamed with the beauty of holiness. William became blind in his old age, but the light of another world shone so into his soul that people came from far to listen to his conversation, that flowed like a silver stream, sometimes falling into verse. When Drury finished his course, he came in from a walk, lay down for a nap, and awoke in heaven. Dr. Horace Lacy's useful and honorable life was spent in his native county of Prince Edward. Dr. William Lacy was the father of the Rev. Dr. Beverly Tucker Lacy, now of Washington, D. C., and of Major J. Horace Lacy, of Fredericksburg, whose son is the Rev. J. Horace Lacy, of Clarksville, Tenn. Dr. Drury Lacy was the father of the Rev. Dr. William S. Lacy, of Norfolk, Va. Dr. Horace Lacy was the father of the Rev. Dr. Matthew L. Lacy, of Greenbrier county, W. Va.

Mr. Lacy had two daughters; the younger, Judith, married the Rev. James Brookes, and was the mother of the late Rev. Dr. James H. Brookes, of St. Louis. The elder, Elizabeth Rice, was married to Samuel Davies Hoge.

The older ministers of Virginia used to say that a sermon composed by Moses Hoge and delivered by Drury Lacy would be the masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. Which thing was yet to be; but not in that generation.

CHAPTER II.

Birth and Boyhood.

"Which of the little boys now living and playing, and vexing their mothers often, will God sovereignly choose to be a Newton or a Haldane or a Brainerd?"
—William James Hoge.

BEFORE the days of railroads, Hampden-Sidney was on the great highway from Washington to the South, and many distinguished men passed that way. Prince Edward Court-house was only a mile away and drew to itself a brilliant bar, at the head of which were Patrick Henry and John Randolph, surrounded by men less known to fame, but fit to adorn the highest places in the profession. You will not find in the encyclopedias of American biography the name of Samuel J. Anderson, but when he made an argument in the General Assembly it was discovered that he was the peer of the leading minds of the church. Henry E. Watkins had no national reputation, but his manners would have graced the court of St. James. When a distinguished Virginian—recently retired from the New York bench—rebuked the wrangling of two attorneys by the remark, "In this court it is as necessary to study Chesterfield as Blackstone," he was but reflecting the traditions of the society in which he had been reared and the courts in which he had earliest practiced.[1] The homes of the neighboring planters were like-

[1] After this was written, I discovered a fragment of a letter of my uncle's that runs as follows:

"It is well to put upon permanent record the virtues and services of the men who formed these county courts. The fact that the changed condition of things in Virginia made the continuance of these benches of intelligent and upright magistrates impracticable is the sad fact in our history. When my native county of Prince Edward had men like old Colonel Venable and Major John Morton ("Solid Column" was his sobriquet) to dispense justice, it was administered with an intelli-

wise the seats of culture and refinement and Christian courtesy. In time the college and seminary created their own community, and as the old plantations went down under changed conditions, the culture and refinement of the county became more and more centred in "The Hill."

To the students of Hampden-Sidney the doors of this society have always been thrown open with a cordial welcome and a gracious hospitality, and the social atmosphere into which they were thus brought has been no small part of the education Hampden-Sidney has given her students.

Nor did her kindness stop there. These gracious influences were given freely to all; to some she gave more—her fair daughters. When a few years ago a certain presidential ticket was announced, and it became known that the wife of the vice-presidential candidate was a "Hampden-Sidney girl," there were many who knew at once that she would not suffer by comparison with the charming lady with whom she was to be associated, whose youth and beauty and goodness had already won the hearts of the nation.

But the layman who has secured one of these treasures for himself is a *rara avis*. From the days of John Blair Smith and John Holt Rice the ministry has regarded this field as its own preserve, and for more than a century Hampden-Sidney and Prince Edward have given their daughters to grace the manses of our land. And of all this noble army —not of martyrs, let us hope—none were nobler than Elizabeth Rice Lacy, whom Samuel Davies Hoge wooed and

gent integrity never surpassed by any tribunal. When all the people of the county came together on court day to discuss social, business and political affairs, the result was a general diffusion of information about things worth knowing, that was in itself an education, and, better still, the creation of a kindly, neighborly and friendly feeling that made them homogeneous, and contributed something to refinement of character. You probably never heard that when my venerable grandfather, Dr. Moses Hoge, was president of Hampden-Sidney College, he gave the students holiday on every court day, because, he said, they could learn more from John Randolph and others who addressed the citizens from the hustings than they could learn from their text-books."

won for his bride. Wherever she went in after life—and she had her years of change and sadness—people looked up to her as one not altogether of themselves, even while they came to her with confidence as the unfailing and helpful friend. Of her youth Mr. Grigsby gives a charming picture in his *Historical Discourse*. Speaking of a fever through which he passed while a pupil at her father's, he said, "It was at the earliest dawn of a sweet September morning in 1815 that, after a long interval of delirium, I opened my eyes for the first time in a conscious state. One of the daughters of Mr. Lacy had stolen from her room on tiptoe to see whether I was still living. As I looked up, the face of a lovely girl, her black eyes[1] shaded by long, dark lashes, her glowing skin reflecting an Italian rather than a Saxon hue, and her raven tresses falling in ringlets about her neck, was bending over me. Sixty-one years of mingled joys and sorrows have rolled over my head since I beheld that charming vision. Often has it come before me in the dead of night when nature was moving to the music of the spheres. I have thought of it as I climbed the dizzy mountain height, or as I strolled by the shores of the sea. Its features sometimes flash upon me from the pages of Milton, and I catch them in the Briseis of Homer. It is before me now, and I shall never forget it. Nor, sir," turning to Dr. Hoge, "will *you* ever forget it, for it was the face of your long-lost, long-lamented, and ever-lovely mother."

Those who knew her in maturer life describe her as of tall and stately mien, with dark brown hair, olive complexion and dark, expressive gray eyes. Her eldest son said of her, "She looked a queen and ought to have been one."

The marriage was in February, 1817. We can picture to ourselves the wedding at Mt. Ararat in the bright winter days, when the great hickory fires crackle on the ample hearth. We can fancy the bustle of baking and brewing

[1] A natural mistake. They were very dark gray. The same mistake has been made about Dr. Hoge's eyes.

in preparation of the good cheer to come. We can see the goodly company as they gather with good-will in their hearts and good wishes on their lips. We miss the beaming face of Mr. Lacy, always at his best at weddings; the mother, too, we miss; both gone more than two years before. But old Dr. Hoge is there, about to receive for the first time a daughter to his arms and his heart, and his grave features are lighted up with genial kindness. At length the bridegroom, his pale, intellectual face glowing with joy and pride, stands before his father with his girlish bride on his arm. The company draws nearer, and a circle of black faces closes in the bright picture like an ebony frame. Then, amid a solemn hush, the words are pronounced that make two lives one, and a father's voice invokes a heavenly Father's love and benediction. And that love never failed; nor did theirs. Days of suffering came, and of sadness, and days when one must walk alone; but the blessing of that day abode with them always; and abides with them still.

At the time of his marriage Mr. Hoge was pastor of Bethesda Church, at Culpeper Court-house. He entered this field soon after he was licensed, giving two Sundays a month to Culpeper, whose church was organized under his ministry, and the other Sundays in the month to Madison Court-house and a point called "Germanna." Having been transferred to Winchester Presbytery, order for his ordination was taken in October, 1814, and at Bethesda April 15, 1815, he was ordained, and installed pastor of the church. The church proved unable to support a minister, and after his marriage he applied for the dissolution of his pastoral relations, which was granted October 13, 1817. There are some interesting reminiscences of his ministry at Bethesda preserved in the congregation, which still exists under the name of Culpeper. His ministry was zealous and laborious; he took an active interest in the affairs of presbytery, and in 1816 he represented it as a commissioner to the General Assembly.

After the dissolution of his pastoral relations Mr. Hoge remained at Hampden-Sidney as professor, and for a time vice-president of the college, living in the house west of the college building, afterwards known as the Steward's Hall. And here, on the night of September 17, 1818, was born a son, who in due time was named for his two grandfathers, MOSES DRURY HOGE. His father, writing the next day to the Rev. John Blair Hoge, thus announces the event:

> I beg leave to tell you that your nephew is pronounced by his grandfather to be a fine fellow. My dear Elizabeth is a mother, and I have charge of a precious young immortal committed to me. "Here," said she, "is another sinful creature for you to pray for." Let me turn the address to you. . . . You may readily suppose that I am somewhat elated. Perhaps I am; but I pity those who on such an occasion indulge in all the customary follies. I pity those who receive not such a gift as from heaven, and who hear not the divine command, Take this child and train it for heaven.

It is interesting to know that old Dr. Hoge saw this child; that he who preached the sermon at the organization of the Synod of Virginia laid his hands on him who preached at its centennial meeting. This is a truly apostolic succession.

By Dr. Hoge, doubtless, the child was baptized. After the death of his father, in July, 1820, Mr. Hoge resigned his connection with the college, and the following fall, through the influence of his brother James, then established for some years at Columbus, removed to Ohio. Here he became pastor of the church at Hillsborough, where he resided, and of Rocky Spring, in Highland county. Here were born his two daughters, Anne Lacy, January 22, 1821, and Elizabeth Poage in June, 1823; the former named for his wife's mother, the latter for his own. His labors here were devoted and successful. But his health was not equal to the arduous toil involved. With a weak constitution inherited

from his mother, he labored especially under the difficulty of a weak voice. His brother James said of his preaching: "As a pulpit orator, he lacked only voice and physical strength to have ranked with the first preachers of his age. His style was pure, simple and energetic, expressing with great exactness the nicest shades of thought. And his subject matter was always evangelical truth, presented in such a way as to instruct, and at the same time deeply affect his hearers. . . . His personal appearance as a public speaker was in his favor. His voice, though weak, was pleasant. In stature he was rather below the medium, though hardly so much as to be noticed." On account of increasing infirmity from a complication of disorders, he was constrained, in October, 1823, to give up the active ministry and accept the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Ohio, at Athens, though he preached much of the time in the Athens church.

For this chair he had peculiar aptitude, and he threw himself into its improvement with his customary enthusiasm. In the spring of 1825 he made a journey to the east, partly to attend the General Assembly in Philadelphia, partly to purchase apparatus for his department and visit the New England colleges, to learn the most approved methods. It was a great journey. April 23d, he had reached Marietta on horseback, and was waiting for a rise in the river; April 30th, he had reached Pittsburg in a gig, the expected rise not having developed; two days' staging covered the one hundred and thirty-two miles to Erie, where he failed to find a steamboat, and so went by stage two days more to Niagara; twenty-four hours by canal and stage to Albany; by steamboat to New York; and again by steamboat to New Haven.

He was greatly delighted with New Haven; with the handsome streets, the schools and colleges, the churches and the elms. On Sunday he preached in the afternoon to "the loveliest collection of sinners" he had ever seen. Professor

Silliman received him most cordially and furthered his mission; as did others.

Finally, on May 20th, he reached Philadelphia, where he received his first letters from home, and is "much pleased with Drury's writing;" who will be heard from at more than one General Assembly.

At the Assembly he met his brothers, James and John, the latter for the last time on earth, as he died within a year. Within another year he joined him in the general assembly above.

After Mr. Hoge's return from this journey his second son was born, August 14, 1825, and named William James, for his uncles, William Lacy and James Hoge. This completed the family circle; with "Cousin Martha," who lived with them; Elisha Ballantine, a student whom he had received into his family and virtually adopted; and Prudence and Jeffrey, the servants. They were living now in a convenient two-story brick house, which he had built himself, with large porches above and below, enclosed with shutters. Though but a short walk from the university, which was in full view, he often had to have his classes at his house. But although a great sufferer at times, he was genial in company; always cheerful, and sometimes playful in his family. He was versed in the best literature, and fond of poetry, in which he had some skill himself. Mrs. Hoge was gifted in song, and had rare conversational powers, while her beautiful housekeeping and gracious hospitality added to the attractiveness of their home. They had not the pictures and ornaments that now add so much to the charm of our homes, but neither did their neighbors, and they did not miss them; but the charm of Christian courtesy and Christian love was there; which is far better.

But over this happy home the shadow of death had to come; and it came at that season when earthly joys are brightened by the memory of angels' songs, when family life is blessed by the memory of a holy childhood, when we give

gifts to one another in memory of God's unspeakable gift to us. His son may tell the story:[1]

> His health had been feeble for several years; he was enfeebled and crippled partially by some disease resembling rheumatism, and frequently walked with an unsteady, limping gait. One day, as he sat in the Philosophical room in the college, he was writing a note on a book resting on his knee, when he was suddenly seized with a violent cramp in the leg. Such was the force of the contraction that the thigh bone was broken! Had the bone been sound, this could scarcely have been possible. After he fell, some of the students in the adjacent room heard his groans, and the door of the Philosophical room being fastened with a spring lock, they burst it open, and at his request made a litter, and carried him to his residence. The broken limb was set by a skillful surgeon, but never united. He lingered about a fortnight, and on Christmas Eve of the year 1826, finding that he was near his end, he summoned his family to his bedside to receive his dying benediction. I well remember the night. It was one of the coldest I ever felt. The snow lay deep on the frozen ground. The wind blew furiously. Attending friends hovered around the fire; but my father, fevered with inward heat, ordered the window nearest him to be thrown open. The fierce wind sometimes blew the dry snow into the room (it was on the lower floor) and upon his bed. But while everything was tempestuous without, all was peaceful within that chamber where the good man met his fate. One by one, he addressed the members of his family; first his wife, whom he had ever tenderly loved and cherished, and to whom he had never spoken a hasty word; earnestly did he commend her to the watch and care of a covenant-keeping God. And then he gave his blessing to his children, as they successively approached him; and finally the servants were called in, and, addressing them by name, he urged them to prepare for death and judgment. When these admonitions and partings were ended, he folded his hands upon his breast, closed his eyes, and continued evidently engaged in prayer until the hour of his release and translation came.

[1] *Sprague's Annals,* Vol. IV.

So deeply frozen was the ground that it was tedious work to dig his grave. The day of the funeral was one of intense cold, but all the college students joined in the procession, walking with the faculty, next the bier, as if chief mourners, while the great majority of the citizens of the town, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, followed in the sad march to the grave, lamenting with bitter tears a loss that seemed to them irreparable.

"Our eldest brother," wrote his sister, long afterwards, "was the only one of us old enough to appreciate our loss. He was sensible and thoughtful beyond his years, and he tried to comfort our poor mother, when one day he found her in tears, with a verse from the Bible which he had learned, 'Mamma, don't you remember the Bible says, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven shall no evil touch thee"?'" Blessed little comforter; these are the first words recorded of lips that were to pour forth such abundant consolations.

There was no radical or immediate change in the outward fortunes of the family from their father's death. Besides the house they lived in, their father left some other means, and their mother, who was an admirable manager, by taking a few boarders from among the college students, was able to provide for them in comfort. "She was a good mother," says her oldest daughter, "watchful, firm and tender, and if her children were not what they ought to have been, it was through no lack of good counsel and discipline. I think we were on the whole obedient and well-mannered, comparing my recollection of what was our average conduct with what I see of the present generation of children. Our eldest brother alternately entertained and tormented us; he was a great tease, and was seldom satisfied until he had brought us to tears. Then he was sorry, and would exert himself to put us in a good humor. He was, in our opinion, a wonderful story-teller. Night after night, as we lay upon our beds, the sisters in one room and the brothers in an adjoining

room, he would regale us with marvellous tales long after we ought to have been asleep. He was a great reader, and had an excellent memory, and some of the tales with which he charmed us were drawn, as I learned afterwards, from Shakespeare. But he often drew entirely upon his imagination, and was no less interesting then. He was not perfect, but he was very winning in manners, very intelligent, and always a successful student."

There are many references in early letters to Moses' constant reading, and he used often to say that he did not believe any one was ever so happy as he used to be sitting up in the cupola of the university in the summer, when the students were all away, reading Maria Edgeworth, and feeling as if he were the monarch of the globe. But he would not often talk about his boyhood. When asked about it he would say that there was so little in it in which he took pleasure that the subject was painful to him. This was not because of outward conditions. In these he was happy and content. But the faults of his childhood, that most people would have thought of with complacency or amusement, were with him subjects of acutest pain, and he often spoke with astonishment of persons repeating with relish stories of youthful indiscretion. Especially when his life was devoted to comforting others in their sorrows did he regret that he had ever given any one needless pain by his boyish propensity to tease. After his brother's death he related to his widow with almost an agony of remorse how he had once been tempted to tease him by throwing away his parting gift of a little stone that was one of his boyish treasures; yet he had not done so, but had kept it, and kept it still.

Of his boyish faults this was the only one that did not lean to virtue's side, or at least give evidence of that masterful strength of character that enabled him to overcome all obstacles in the pursuit of noble ends.

Once at the house of their physician, who lived just opposite, he saw a book that interested him, and asked the doctor

to lend it to him. "Yes," he replied, "if you will take good care of it and return it when you are done with it." He quietly laid it down and walked out of the room without a word. When his sister asked him afterwards why he had done so, he said, "He might have known that I would take care of it and return it; I always do." After the family had been broken up in Athens, he paid them a visit at Granville, where they were living for the education of the girls. The town had all the old New England customs. During the sermon on Sunday, Moses happened to pick up a little book that was lying in the pew and began to finger its pages absently, when he was startled by a tap from the long staff of the beadle. He stalked majestically from the house, and was only pacified when the deacons called and apologized for the over-zealous beadle, and assured him that they were satisfied that a son of Mrs. Hoge could never demean himself irreverently in the house of God.

The immediate cause of the breaking up of the home in Athens was a trouble in the college that led to the departure of most of the students, and deprived Mrs. Hoge of the income from her boarders. Some of those who had lived in her house entered very closely into the life of the family. Elisha Ballantine continued to live with them after the death of Mr. Hoge, rendering services in compensation for his board, as did his brother Henry, who had now joined him. The example of these studious boys and their exertions to acquire an education must have had a stimulating effect on Mrs. Hoge's own sons. And when Elisha went to study in Germany, and Henry caught the missionary enthusiasm at Andover, and consecrated his young life to the cause, the letters of Henry, filled with missionary zeal, and of Elisha, telling of the learned lectures of Gesenius and Neander, and the saintly conversation and fatherly instruction of Tholuck, must have exerted a broadening and uplifting influence upon their lives. Another one of their household was to return and find a closer tie—William H. Marquess,

who had been devoted to Mrs. Hoge as to a mother, and who came back to claim Anne Lacy as a wife.

Around this home clustered such associations that its breaking up was a sad trial; and when is not the breaking up of a home sad? When William had returned to Athens to college, his sister Elizabeth writes: "I wish we could all get together in the old house and run over all the rooms, up cellar and down cellar, and revisit 'every loved spot that our infancy knew.' Neither would we forget the 'moss-covered bucket' that still hangs (I hope) in the well. I wonder if those grinning figures still enliven Jeffrey's closet door. Moses left many specimens of his skill in red pencil marks on one of the doors. I think one of the characters he chose to adorn it was Andrew Jackson." And when William became a professor in the university and occupied that very house, Mrs. Marquess writes: "With almost every room from attic to cellar I can associate some scene of childish joy or sorrow. The sitting-room, hallowed by the memory of our father's death; the dining-room, where we generally carried on our evening plays, and where I held my first party on my ninth birthday; the study, where we were all so frightened once, when Moses pretended to be dead, and lay motionless amid our cries and shakings until we had summoned mamma and several visitors who soon brought him to life."

Such were the scenes of childhood upon which Moses is now about to turn his back. While his mother and the younger children are to go to Columbus, it has been arranged that he shall go to his Uncle Drury Lacy's in Newbern, N. C., who had proposed to take him and prepare him for Hampden-Sidney College. It was in 1834, when he was fifteen years of age, and small for his age, that he set off with a number of the Southern students, "riding a large horse." The family watched him as long as they could see him; the second great break in the family circle.

For young Moses Hoge it was more than a break; it was an epoch. It was putting away childish things and taking

on the independence and self-reliance of manhood. We cannot trace the route followed, except that he seems to have gone southward through Kentucky into Tennessee, and crossed the mountains into North Carolina, rather than the short, but more tangled, route through Western Virginia. For a time he had companions, but one by one they parted for their several ways, and he was left alone. He had reached the swamps of Eastern Carolina when he was seized with a burning fever. The road was a mere clearing through the dense forest of the swamp, drained by a ditch on each side. He could not have been more alone in the primeval world. But at last he came to a cabin, where the good woman gave him a place to lie down, and administered some hot herb tea. While he lay there the rain began to patter upon the shed roof, and then to descend in torrents. His parched skin seemed to thirst for it, and with his accustomed resolution he called for his horse. The woman told him it would be certain death to go out in the rain with such a fever, but he persisted and started on his journey, galloping through the rain that beat coolingly in his face, and that thoroughly soaked his clothing. Before he reached Kinston he fell in with a man who took him to a good boarding house and summoned a physician, and himself nursed him night and day until he was well enough to travel. This faculty of winning friends, who rendered him devoted service in unexpected circumstances, was conspicuous during his whole life. In this case his friend proved to be a professional gambler, who sometimes came to Newbern to ply his trade, and always manifested his attachment for him. We know nothing of his after life, but one can only hope that He who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," found a place for him at last among those to whom He says, "Come, ye blessed."

Newbern was the old colonial capital of North Carolina, and here the young Virginian, who had always felt like something of an exile in Ohio, found a refined society most con-

genial to his tastes. He ever afterwards cherished a warm love for the old town. The quaint colonial houses, with their gardens of roses; the deeply ditched streets, shaded by long avenues of evergreen oak; the remains of Governor Tryon's palace, the building of which did so much to foment the discontent of the colony; the cemetery, with its walls of shell-rock and the fast-fading inscriptions that even then seemed old; more than all, the broad, shining river, with its vast sweep towards the sea—all this was a fadeless picture in his memory. Half a century afterwards he repeated with appreciation the pleasing lines of a youthful friend:

> "Regretful waves, well may ye weep and sigh
> For this sweet Eden, as ye pass it by;
> For wander where ye may, ye ne'er will kiss
> A shore so bright, so beautiful as this."

Nor was he indifferent—as what boy could be?—to the creature comforts that climate and soil and sea and river conspired to lavish so abundantly on a people who knew how to appreciate them, and to use them with a hospitality as lavish as Nature's own. Writing in sportive mood to his sisters of a visit that he made with his Uncle Drury[1] five years afterwards, to attend a meeting of Orange Presbytery, he says, "I did not enjoy my visit there, did I? Oh! by no means, not in the least, as Mr. Richard Swiveller would say. Such kind greetings, such pretty girls, such fat oysters, such charming rock, such *ronde de boeuf* and *cotelettes de mouton panée*—to say nothing, oh! nothing at all, of strawberries and oranges. Uncle Drury and I had accepted invitations to dine and sup for three days to come when we left the town."

Here, too, he first acquired his love for the sea. When most of the carrying trade of the world was done in sailing vessels, there was much more commerce from the smaller ports than now, and staunch schooners ran in and out of the Neuse, not only to American ports near and far, but to the

[1] Then removed to Raleigh.

West Indies and more distant lands. Of course no vessel came in that he did not know it. To talk to the captains about their voyages and adventures and the lands they had seen was his delight. One captain promised to take him on his next voyage, but he was prevented from going. The vessel was lost with all on board. Nothing daunted he seized the next chance and sailed to New York, when he was leaving Newbern (May, 1836), and went thence through Philadelphia and Pittsburg to visit his mother in Ohio. A letter written to his mother on shipboard is full of the rapture of the sea. In his uncle's hall there hung a large map of the world. He used to stand before it by the hour, finding the location of all the places of which he heard and read, studying the routes to reach them, and wondering which of them he would be able to visit in years to come.

The Rev. Thomas Watson, of Dardenne, Mo., a friend of his Newbern days, and the author of the lines just quoted, in a letter written when they were both dignified ministers, gives us a glimpse of these days:

> Mrs. Greenleaf surprised me by telling me that you loved novelty and change. It did not appear to be so with you when you were a boy. You appeared to be well enough satisfied with that dear lazy old Cuddyhunk,[1] and were always a cheerful companion of such a prosy fellow as I, with whom your only amusements were a walk up the shore, a row on the river, and candy boiling over a dross[2] fire. True, I might have seen the first budding of the roving temper of your mind in that astounding and adventurous journey on which you led me—me, a genuine, quiet Cuddyhunkian who had never crept but a mile or so from home to gather chinquepins and get sweet gum and

[1] Cuddyhunk was a name given in derision to a group of men in Newbern who opposed all progress. "Cuddy" is the tiny cabin in the forepart of a sailing vessel, and "hunk"—or more properly "hunks"—signifies a miser. The nickname was subsequently applied to the town. *Cf.* the name "Hunkers" applied to the ultra-conservatives in New York in 1845.

[2] The refuse of a turpentine still, which makes a very hot fire.

> honeysuckle for the girls—that journey to the very eastern bounds of Carolina, to the very verge of the trackless ocean, with the attending exploring expedition up the savage banks of South River. But then, when you came back to Newbern, you seemed to relapse naturally into its native inertia, and to resume with pleasure your familiar walks on the long-discovered shore.

A singular association for a boy of sixteen was his friendship with the excellent, but eccentric, elder of threescore and ten, Dr. Elias Hawes, who several times mentions him in his journal:

> Friday, February, 20, 1835. Visited Betsey Always, sick at the Poor House. Moses Drury Hoge, who was with me, and carried my gun, shot a sparrow.

Shortly afterwards:

> Mr. M. D. Hoge called at the usual hour, and we went on with our customary study of the Larger Catechism together. We have arrived at the one hundred and ninety-first question.

And again:

> Saturday, April 4, 1835. Male prayer-meeting at Brother Oliver Dewey's. Mr. Lacy expressed anxiety for his nephew, Moses Drury Hoge, and entreated us to pray for him.

While going to school in Newbern he would not allow his uncle to pay his tuition, but earned it himself by teaching the primary classes. This principle he followed throughout his college and seminary course, working his way through both, although his Uncle Drury and his Uncle James both offered to advance him the money.

Of great benefit to him in Newbern was his uncle's well-selected library. Dr. Lacy was a man of fine literary taste, and not only had the best authors on his shelves, but was able to guide his reading into the best channels. Bos-

Drury Lacy.

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well's *Life of Johnson* is a specimen of the style of books he then read, and read to such purpose that he could repeat long passages from them sixty years after.

But the best of all the influences that entered into his life in Newbern was his association with his Uncle Drury himself. His sweetness and light were just what the proud, sensitive, high-strung young soul needed, to show him the beauty of holiness and the joy of a life spent in making others happy. On seeing him again after several years, Moses wrote his mother: "He is without doubt the best specimen of a *man* I every saw; frank, generous, sincere, affectionate; but his finest quality is his perfect freedom from dissimulation or artifice of any sort. He is entirely transparent. He reminds me of some deep, pure river, through whose clear depths one may look and see pearls and gems sparkling."

In 1891 the sometime Newbern boy revisited the old town, full of years and honors, and his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Charles H. Slover, a short while before his death, had the happiness of entertaining him in his home and the proud privilege of hearing him preach.

Who knows the value of a boy? A Scotch session one day sent a delegation to their minister to complain of the unfruitfulness of his ministry: only one addition to the communion that year, and he "only a boy." The good man received it meekly, and could only say that he "had great hopes o' Robert." That day the boy came to the minister to unfold his purpose of preaching the gospel to the heathen. It was Robert Moffat.

CHAPTER III.

STUDENT DAYS.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"—EMERSON.

THE love of Dr. Hoge for his alma mater was one of the most loyal loves of his life. One of his favorite themes was the great service that the smaller colleges in general, and Hampden-Sidney in particular, had done for church and country, and the poor return that had been made them in gifts and endowments. He was once driving with a lady of wealth in Baltimore, when she asked him how she could give a large sum of money so as to do the most good. He promptly replied, "Endow Hampden-Sidney College." She appeared surprised, but when he poured forth a torrent of eloquent facts, showing its great services to the country with its small equipment, she was deeply impressed, and promised to give it her serious attention on her return from an intended visit abroad. When she returned, it was in her coffin, which he was summoned to commit to the earth.

Elected early in life one of the Board of Trustees, there was no duty to which he was more faithful, and nowhere, save in his own pulpit, was he so completely king as on its commencement platform. Many years ago the crowd had become disorderly, and the president was vainly trying to address the graduating class amid the buzz of conversation and laughter. Appeals and reprimands were alike vain, and at last he turned to Dr. Hoge. He stepped to the front of the platform; there was a lull. He began, "I am ashamed that I was born in Prince Edward county"; a deadly hush.

"These exercises will be completed in perfect quiet, and if another person speaks, I will adjourn them to the board room." They were finished without further interruption, and at the close Dr. Hoge said, "I am proud that I was born in Prince Edward county," and sent everybody away happy with one of his inimitable speeches. Some of his highest flights of oratory were on this platform, but he will perhaps be best remembered there by the unpremeditated speeches in which he played with the audience, as it were, giving free vein to humor, fancy, reminiscence, pathos; now diving down into the deep things of life, now soaring aloft on the highest themes, but always leaving in the mind and heart the radiant gleam of the beauty of holiness and the inspiration of high and noble living. The last summer of his life, though sick and feeble, he could not be kept from the meeting of the board, and delivered to the senior class an "inimitably beautiful, tender and cultured address of twenty minutes," which "would have made the reputation of any ordinary man."

Hampden-Sidney College was born in the heart of the Revolution, and named for the two English patriot-martyrs, John Hampden and Algernon Sidney. It was inaugurated by Hanover Presbytery, which with feeble resources conceived and executed the daring project of founding two institutions of learning, one east and the other west of the mountains. Both live to-day; one as Washington and Lee University, the other as Hampden-Sidney College. The founder and first president of the latter was Samuel Stanhope Smith; among its incorporators were Patrick Henry and James Madison. Its first president was followed by a line of illustrious successors—John Blair Smith, Drury Lacy, Archibald Alexander, Moses Hoge and Jonathan P. Cushing. President Cushing was the first layman to hold the office. A native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Dartmouth College, he had been secured by Dr. Hoge for the chair of Natural Science, and upon the death of

Dr. Hoge was marked, by his abilities and his devotion to the institution, as the fittest man for his successor. Giving to the college his entire time and energies—which his predecessors, with their excessive ministerial duties, had not been able to do—he raised it to a plane of prosperity and usefulness far in advance of its previous attainments.

Hither came Moses Drury Hoge in the fall of 1836, having recently passed his eighteenth birthday. To him the place had peculiar associations. In the line of its presidents were both his grandfathers. Here his father had graduated and afterwards been a professor. Nearby was the home of his mother's girlhood, and here was the place of his birth. He had recently visited his mother in Granville, Ohio, and was doubtless told many tales of the past, and freighted with messages for the living. Here was the home of her first cousin and friend, Mrs. John Holt Rice, with whom he boarded; not far away was the home of her brother, Dr. Horace Lacy; in the adjoining county of Halifax was that of his father's brother, Dr. Thomas Hoge. In Powhatan was Montrose, the home of his mother's mother, Ann Smith; still the home of his kindred. All of these were to be homes or visiting places for him. Though practically seeing the place for the first time, he could have felt no stranger here. He knew that many eyes were upon him, expecting something of him. Even the family servants, full of love and loyalty, had a welcome for him as one who belonged to them, and of whom they expected great things. After emancipation, one of them, who had no claim upon him except that he had belonged to the family, came to Richmond with the reassuring information that he was not going to "desert" him, and took up his abode with him. Being sent once to meet Dr. James H. Brookes at the railroad station, he entertained him as he drove him to the house. "Well, Marse Jeems, I hear you's become a gret man out in de Wes'." Dr. Brookes made some modest reply, of which he took no no-

tice. "I tell you what it is, Marse Jeems, one thing I've notis 'bout our family; wharever we go we always distinguishes ourselves."

President Cushing had died in 1832, and had been succeeded by William Maxwell, a brilliant lawyer who had attained the highest success at the bar, a scholar deeply versed in classic and English literature, an orator of national reputation, astonishing the distinguished audience of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale by an oration of masterly power and perfect finish, of which not a line had been committed to writing; a gentleman of that polish and grace of manner that comes from birth and wealth and culture; a devoted member and ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church; a man whose large fortune had been used freely in benevolent and religious enterprises. By a sudden reverse of fortune he had lost his means, and not caring to contend at the bar with the men of a younger generation, he accepted the presidency of the college as an honorable means of livelihood and a noble sphere of usefulness. We do not fail to call to mind more recent analogies. He was just the man to stimulate the enthusiasm of young men and to awaken high ideals.

It was the custom in those days for metaphysics and kindred branches to be taught by the president; the other departments were Natural Science, Mathematics, and the Languages.

The chair of Natural Science was filled at this time by the afterwards celebrated Dr. John W. Draper, and in the college laboratory are still shown the cameras with which he took the first daguerreotypes from *living* subjects. Francis H. Smith was professor of Mathematics, having been instructor in the same department at West Point, where he graduated. He left Hampden-Sidney to become the first superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, where his distinguished service embraced over half a century. The professor of Languages was Robert C. Branch, strict and

thorough as an instructor, sensitive to all the charms and refinements of classic literature, and a man of singularly lovely character.[1]

[1] An advertisement in the *Watchman of the South* of October, 1840, gives a fuller view of the course of study as it was the year after Moses Hoge's graduation:

> THE Winter Session of this institution will commence on the 1st day of November next, and terminate on the 4th Wednesday of April following.
>
> The faculty of the College, and other teachers, with their several departments of instruction, are as follows:
>
> William Maxwell, President, Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c., &c.
>
> Robert G. Branch, Professor of Ancient Languages.
>
> Benjamin S. Ewell, Professor of Mathematics.
>
> Daniel P. Gardiner, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.
>
> Moses D. Hoge, Tutor, Teacher of the Preparatory Department.
>
> Samuel W. Watkins, Teacher of Modern Languages.
>
> The Classical course of instruction occupies four years, in each of which there are two sessions.
>
> The studies of the Freshman and Sophomore years are the Latin and Greek languages, with the Classical Literature connected with them; Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry in all its branches.
>
> Those of the Junior year are the higher Classics and Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, (including notices of various subjects connected with it,) Astronomy, Geology, and Botany.
>
> And those of the Senior year are Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, (including the Evidences of Christianity,) Civil Polity, Political Economy, the Law of Nations, Logic, Rhetoric, and Belle-Lettres.
>
> Besides this Classical course, there is also an English course, occupying three years, and embracing all the same studies with the exception of the Ancient Languages.
>
> Students who do not wish to engage in either of these regular courses, if over 18 years of age, and duly authorized by their parents and guardians, may pursue the studies of two or more classes, or any of them, at the same time; but only and always in such orderly manner as the Faculty may direct, and subject to all the general laws and regulations of the College in other respects.
>
> The discipline of the College is intended to be liberal, but at the same time sufficiently strict; as gentle and paternal as possible, but always vigilant and effective.
>
> Monthly reports of the general deportment, diligence, and proficiency of the students, (with notices of particular delinquencies,) are regularly forwarded to their parents and guardians, at the end of every month.
>
> The expenses of the session are—Board, $60; Tuition, $30; Room Rent, $6; Servant's hire, $1.75.
>
> MOSES D. HOGE,
> *Clerk of the Faculty.*

These men became not only the instructors, but—except Dr. Draper, whose removal to New York led him into different paths—the life-long friends of the young student. Mr. Maxwell spent the last years of his life in Richmond, engaged in eminent literary work for his profession, and his widow became a member of Dr. Hoge's church until her death, which was not long before his own. Professor Branch and Mr. Hoge married sisters, and were devoted as brothers. When he first went abroad, his letters from Rome expressed his longing for "Robert Branch" to be with him and see what he saw. With General Smith he frequently had correspondence, and they always maintained for each other the highest regard.

Moses Hoge was well prepared to make the most of his advantages. In general reading and literary culture he was, at matriculation, far in advance of the average college graduate; and in the halls of the Philanthropic Society, of which he became a member, he cultivated assiduously his gifts of speech. He must have been well advanced in the classics, for at that time his brother, seven years younger, whom he was always upbraiding for devoting himself to pulleys and siphons and machinery, to the neglect of the classics, writes him that he was reading "the sixth book of Virgil and had come to 'the verb' in Greek." Although he had no time in after life to keep up his classical studies, the familiarity with classic literature which he always showed, and his readiness in classic quotation, indicated a high degree of attainment in his college days. Of course language was studied very differently then from now. It was less philological and more literary. As some one put it, "Then men learned the language in order to read the literature; now they read the literature in order to learn the language." The modern method certainly makes more exact scholars of the few, but it may be questioned whether the older method did not impart a more elegant culture to the many.

For natural science and mathematics he had no special inclination. He could learn them, as he could master anything to which he applied his mind, and he had a keen appreciation of truth and beauty in any form. But he could never quite appreciate the feelings of a fellow student whose insight into a geometrical demonstration was always announced to the whole college by a resounding guffaw.

Something of his habits of study and mode of life we may see by some extracts from a letter to his younger brother, written during the second year of his college course (February 3, 1837):

> Study as much as you please in mechanics—philosophy won't hurt you; but, unless you expect to be an engineer or a wheelwright, you must attend to the languages and composition. There is a book in two volumes, called *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,* published in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge,* which contains things you would like to read. It is full of "steam, levers, astronomy," etc. If you can borrow it, read the account of Ferguson, who was an ignorant shepherd boy, and used to lie on his back at night and mark the position of the stars with a thread and beads, and who cut out with a common penknife all the wheels, and actually constructed a watch from a wooden block. Read the account of Peter the Great of Russia; and of Dr. Allen Murray, and see what he did when a little boy at school. I have lost so much time myself that I know how to advise others from experience. I am now trying to make up for lost time by hard study, and saving all I can. I rise regularly at five in the morning, light my fire and candle and study hard until we breakfast. I study or recite all day until two in the afternoon, when I cut wood or walk for an hour or so. I go to bed at ten o'clock, and sleep seven hours. At the first of the session I slept nine or ten hours, but happening to read that the difference between rising at five and at seven in forty years amounted to ten years,[1] I turned over a new leaf.

[1] Of course, this must have been calculated on the basis of *working* hours.

There is another thing which, although I mention it last, ought to come first, and is the most important of all. Take your slate and, if you can, calculate the length of time compared with eternity.

The letter concludes with an exhortation, introduced by the last quoted sentence, to attend to the things of the soul. It is significant because at this time he had not himself made a public profession of religion. That he was not indifferent to the subject, the letter itself shows; but for the reasons why he had not made such a profession we must turn to a letter addressed to his mother the following fall:

I cannot precisely analyze the feeling or explain the cause of my unwillingness, or rather shrinking from communicating my feelings on several subjects. I suppose it is an unfavorable symptom that I am not communicative on the subject of religion, since out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I believe I am particularly averse to doing so in letters. I remember thinking when I was quite small that the commonplace phrases in the letters you used to receive from pious friends had a hypocritical air, and were put in only to fill up the sheet when news and originality had run out; and I have seen some letters at Mrs. Rice's which recalled my old feelings. To my mother I know I should have no hesitation in opening my mind, especially on this subject. If I have such anxieties for my brother and sisters, what must be the feelings of a parent? I cannot say that I am a Christian. I can only say that upon a close examination I always find many things that disquiet and depress me; yet I am never left without some hope that I have experienced a change of heart. At those times when I feel most comfort, I have constant alternations of doubts and hesitation, and dread the possibility of making a favorable decision and lapsing into security, while I may be deceived as to the grounds on which that imaginary safety is based. Since I have been here, I have had clearer views of the enormity of sin, not only in the abstract, but my own. Although remorse and deep penitence in themselves cannot be called graces, yet I think they are to be desired and prayed for, because, unless we *feel*

our guilt, and the certainty of those miseries which are the wages of sin, how can we desire, or even perceive the necessity of, a Saviour? The stronger the sense of our undone and hopeless condition, the more is the value and suitability of a refuge felt. I have felt most bitterly the guilt of disobeying the direct command of our Saviour, "Do this in remembrance of me," and have had several severe struggles with regard to my duty, as one sacramental occasion after another has rolled around. Yet I believe under existing circumstances I have done right. It was the practice of the primitive churches to require *years* of trial before they admitted any one to church membership, and as it is the most solemn event in our existence (except death) I think too much care and deliberation cannot be used. Until the time come when I think it my duty to do so [come to the communion], I hope to be able to exhibit a Christian walk and character, and show my principles by my *fruits,* rather than by *professions.* I feel that a new tie exists between Sister Lacy [1] and myself. I can hardly hope that as a family we can all be ever united here, but if we can be a family in heaven, this temporary division is not worth a thought. Elizabeth and William no doubt were duly affected by the step which their sister took before their eyes. Elizabeth has always, I believe, been under religious impressions. William is naturally thoughtful, and I doubt not often reflects on the "chief end" of his creation, and the purpose for which he was allowed to live in this world. I hope he will not think he is too young to attend to this matter, unless he thinks he is too young to die.

Thoughtful, serious young man: the Spirit of God is working deeply in that heart. Perhaps he needed some one just then to point him out of himself to Christ, that he might find the grounds of his hope less in what he felt and more in what Christ had done; but of this much we may be sure, the step when taken will be for life and eternity. No stony-ground hearer this. The soil is deep and the work will be thorough: and the harvest? Shall we say a hundred-fold?

[1] Of whose reception into the communion of the church his mother had just written him.

The terms of the parable are limited by natural possibilities. There are no such limitations in the spiritual world, and we shall see what we shall see.

This letter was written from Raleigh, N. C., on his way to Granville county, where he was to teach a school at "Red Hill," the home of Mr. Andrew Read, of whose kindness and courtesy he makes appreciative mention. He had entered the junior class at college, and had only taken one year of the course, when he felt the need of a more thorough preparation in preparatory studies, and felt that the best way to attain it was by teaching. Dr. Draper and others of the Faculty tried to dissuade him, and hinted that he would take the first honor if he continued straight through; but he knew what he needed, and had the manhood to form his resolution and act upon it. "I feel better qualified," he wrote his mother, "to teach Greek, Latin, astronomy, etc., than the elementary branches of the common school. Now, when is all this to be learned? The advanced studies of the senior year could engross all my time, and how would it look for a graduate to go to studying English grammar and arithmetic?"

His situation he described as a pleasant one; the family were "polite and respectful," and "Red Hill Seminary and its venerable head have a very respectable neighborhood reputation." He taught six hours a day "in a log school-house sixteen feet square;" "the children, though not smart, study well, and have made considerable progress." He received his board and one hundred and fifty dollars for ten months. "I will have a fine opportunity for study, as I have seldom seen a more pleasant room. It is in the second story, on the south side of the house; has a fine fire-place, and a chimney that *draws* well—the first thing I noticed, as I was terribly annoyed by a smoking chimney at Mrs. Rice's. My floor is carpeted. . . . I never lived in the country before, and expect to feel a little lonesome sometimes. It is not exactly low spirits that I have now and then, but an indescribable something that I know is not happiness."

He repeatedly speaks of Mrs. Read's kindness, sending dainties to his room when his appetite was poor, and looking out for his health and comfort like a mother. He also speaks of the delightful living and the abundance of all good things, even in the every-day fare of the family. He attended a public dinner at "the festival of the Gaston and Raleigh Railroad," at which there were "a hundred lambs on the table."

The habits of the country, at this time, were a great shock to him, accustomed, as he had been, to the moral atmosphere of Athens, O., and Prince Edward, Va. Horse-racing, cock-fighting and gambling occupied the thoughts of the young men of means, while once, while he was there, the young men had a "gander pulling," a sport the brutality of which he had never even conceived of.[1] Yet, while he shrank from whatever was low and defiling, he was not a "soft," and often astonished the young "sports" by beating them at their own games. He was struck with the fact that in many families there was such a contrast between the sons and the daughters:

> Very often you will find the girls modest, well-informed, refined, and the young men boisterous, lazy, fox-hunting ninnies. I went to Mrs. D.'s about sundown on Friday. After tea, the girls and I were engaged in a very pleasant chat when their great, overgrown, sandy-haired brother yelped out, like one of his own hounds, "Mr. Hoge, many coons in Ohio?" "I hear blooded horses mighty scarce in your country; I just like to show you my filly." And so every pause was filled in—and he did not wait for pauses—with his "double-triggers," "pointers," "fish-traps," etc.

[1] As a mark of the progress of humanity, it may be well to give his description of this sport: "They take a [live] gander, strip his head and neck of feathers, grease it, and tie him to the top of a post. Two men are stationed at the post with cowhides. A company of young men, mounted on horses, successively ride by at full speed, and as they dart by make a grasp at the head of the gander. Those at the post ply their cowhides to keep the horses at full speed as they pass. The one who *pulls the head of the gander off* wins the purse!"

At last he edged a draught board between two verses of Mrs. Sigourney, and challenged me to play, saying it was "as easy to tree a bear up a dogwood as to beat him at draughts." Glad to make peace on any terms, I consented, and beat him three games out of four. "Never mind," said he, "you say you can shoot a rifle; we'll take a few rounds with old Betsy." So, after breakfast the next morning, he stuck up a target on the ice-house door, marked off seventy yards, took careful aim from a rest, fired, and missed the door! As I was taking aim, he said, "What! you ain't going to shoot without a rest?" "Oh! yes," said I, "we Ohio backwoodsmen never miss off-hand." So I cracked away and cut the paper. After beating him at three jumps and fixing his gun-lock, I am looked on with admiration, and, by mere luck, got the reputation of being the best sportsman in the county.

While in Granville, he made a visit to the Buffalo Springs.[1] "As I rode over to the Springs," he wrote his mother, "on a descendant of the great Hereford, in my smart green close-body, check waistcoat and white tights, I thought I must be a right trim-looking fellow;" but when he saw the dandies at the Springs, with their many suits, and the exact correspondence of all parts of their dress, when they "wore a blue coat, having stock and handkerchief also of blue," he felt quite thrown into the shade. He was not averse to a little gaiety himself, and occasionally joined in a dance, but had little patience with man or woman that thought of nothing else. "The morals of this country," he wrote of his visit to the Springs, "will compare favorably, I suppose, with the state of things in the days of Elizabeth or Charles I. It appears to me that the people of Ohio are about two centuries in advance in some things, but as inferior in others as Lake Mattamusket to blue Erie itself." In other words, he liked the serious tone of life he saw in Ohio, and the open-handed hospitality and generosity of the Virginians and Carolinians. In one little town that he visited—quite a centre of old-time society and fashion—there was "but

[1] Now known as the Buffalo Lithia Springs.

one member of the church, and he a member of the Jockey Club."

In the midst of surroundings so unfavorable for developing his serious impressions, he cultivated the more earnestly the society of such Christian people as he knew. With especial warmth does he speak of Dr. S. L. Graham, then the pastor of a group of churches in his neighborhood, and afterwards one of his theological instructors at Union Seminary. He writes his mother:

> I spent a very pleasant day and night with the Rev. Dr. Graham. Of all characters on the earth, I love and respect a sensible, kind-hearted Presbyterian minister. Dr. Graham was run in the good old mould. He thinks Uncle James is just the thing.

In February (1838) he wrote:

> Presbytery meets in Oxford, twenty miles to the south of us. A few days will intervene between presbytery and the meeting of the Seminary Board, and Uncle Drury is expected to spend the time here assisting Dr. Graham in a protracted meeting. The sacrament will then be administered, and if my life is spared, I hope to occupy a seat at the table of the Lord. I know, my dear mother, you will join in the prayer that it may be a profitable season to me. I think it very important that the *first* approach should be made in a right frame of mind. I feel that no event that has ever happened to me is as solemn and important in its results as the time when the sinner acknowledges publicly his submission to God, and takes the vows of the church upon him. May God give me grace to make a more unreserved surrender of all that I have and am, at that time, that I have ever done before! I had rather be the meanest and humblest Christian on earth than to enjoy all the pleasures the world can give, even if I could enjoy them forever. I hope I do not say this in any spirit of self-confidence, for if I have mortified my pride and made any progress in grace, of all the agents I have been the most passive and inefficient.

Again (May 16th) he wrote:

> On the Sabbath, I trust, I was enabled to commit my all into the hands of the Saviour, of whose broken body and shed blood I for the first time partook. It was with fear and trembling that I took my seat with the Lord's professed followers; yet I believe it was good for me to be there. May God give me more faith and zeal, and complete the change which, I humbly hope, he has commenced in this unfeeling heart of mine.[1]

Of that first communion he recalled that he passed the whole time in weeping. He could not analyze his feelings, nor explain just why. His tears did not lie near the surface, but his emotions were deep.

That fall he returned to college for his senior year. The break in the course—generally such a disadvantage to a student—he turned into an advantage, by making the teaching of his pupils a review to himself of the elementary studies, while in private he reviewed his more advanced studies in the determination to "graduate at least passably." Instead, too, of destroying that class feeling which grows up from pursuing the whole course with the same class, he retained the warmest affection for the members of both the classes with which he was associated, and inspired the same life-long affection in them. Among the friends of his college days one thinks first of the great theologian at whose

[1] It is impossible to say with certainty where this first communion took place. The above extract is from the midst of an account of a meeting of West Hanover Presbytery at Charlotte Court-house. He had accompanied his Uncle Drury to Hampden-Sidney as he went to the meeting of the board, and thence went to Charlotte Court-house to attend the preaching during presbytery. On the other hand, my uncle told me, only a few years ago, that his first communion was in North Carolina. It may be that he was received into the church at the time of his Uncle Drury's visit, but for some reason the sacrament was not celebrated according to the expectation expressed in his February letter, so that he did not partake of the communion until the opportunity was offered at Charlotte Court-house. His name is on the roll of Shiloh Church, in Granville county, N. C.

grave he stood just a year before his own departure and pronounced his glowing eulogy upon the scholar and thinker, and his tender tribute to the man and friend—Robert L. Dabney; of the genial and scholarly editor of the *Central Presbyterian,* William T. Richardson, whose last years were spent again in intimate association with him, and to whom also he paid the last sad tribute of love; of the courtly Christian gentleman, Charles S. Carrington, so long an elder in his church; of the honorable lawyer and upright judge, Frank D. Irving; of Thomas S. Bocock, the first Speaker of the Confederate House of Representatives; and of that saintly, lovable, gifted soul, who never seemed quite at home in this world, John G. Shepperson. He survived them all, and he loved them all to the end. When Dr. Richardson died, he remarked with great feeling, "That is the last member of my class." Dr. Dabney was still living, but he belonged to the class with which he began, not that with which he graduated.

The first public speech made by Mr. Hoge, so far as is known, was the Fourth of July oration, during one of the years of his course. The college had a summer term at that time, and the Fourth of July was celebrated with considerable *éclat.* There was an oration by one of the students, and it was one of the honors of the college to be appointed to deliver it. After the public exercises there was a banquet, attended by the distinguished men of the surrounding counties, where wit and wine flowed freely. The only reference to this performance is in a letter from one of his sisters to her brother William, "Moses writes that he is to deliver the Fourth of July oration; when will you be doing anything so grand?"

In August, 1839, Mrs. Hoge writes to William: "Your brother writes us that he has passed his final examinations, and that the first honor was given him. He did not seem to feel so much elation at his own success as sympathy for a young man who expected the honor."

The faded commencement programme is preserved, dated September 25, 1839. The salutatory is delivered by Francis D. Irving, of Cumberland; the Philosophical oration by William C. Carrington, of Charlotte; the Patriotic oration by Charles S. Carrington, of Halifax, on "The Present Policy and Future Fate of Arbitrary Governments"; the Cliosophic oration by William T. Richardson, on "Modern Eloquence." The Masters' orations were delivered by J. Vernon Cosby, of Prince Edward, and J. W. Clapp, of Abingdon. Other orations were "The Spirit of Independence," by Samuel Branch, Jr.; "The Responsibilities of American Youth," by Willis Wilson, of Cumberland; and "Political Morality," by William B. Shepard, of Buckingham. William H. Anderson, of Nottoway, and John A. Lancaster, of Buckingham, made orations whose subjects are not given. Last came "The Desecration of Literature, with the Valedictory Addresses," by Moses D. Hoge, of Prince Edward, and the exercises closed with the conferring of degrees and the baccalaureate address by the president. The late Judge F. R. Farrar, of Amelia, was present at this commencement, and a few years ago described it in a letter to the *Richmond Dispatch:*

> Dr. Hoge won the first honor, and was the valedictorian. While at college he gained a widespread reputation as an orator. I have often heard the members of his society say that his speeches in debate were brilliant and powerful. A great crowd was at the commencement to hear the youthful orator. My father and mother carried me with them; I was a mere boy, possibly not over ten years of age. The president of the college introduced the speaker. He was a tall youth, lithe and graceful in every movement. His cheeks were pale and colorless. There was some nervousness in his manner. I was too young to understand all that he said, but there was something in his parting words that impressed me—his tone, his look, the melting cadence of his voice. I gazed up in my mother's face; her eyes were filled with tears. I pressed closer to her side, and wept bitterly.

His own account is as modest as it is brief, "I could write you a volume about commencement. The day was delightful, neither cool or hot; clear, with a bracing breeze stirring. The speeches were neither too long nor too short; no one was wearied, and all left in good spirits. The general remark was that it was the most pleasant commencement ever witnessed in that church." The letter was to his mother, and was filled with an earnest appeal to her to come and visit him, for now he had been elected tutor in the college; every one was asking, "When is your mother coming to see us?" He would take her to Montrose at Christmas, and return with her in the fall to Tennessee.

It was not to be. She was never to see Virginia again. Already the insidious malady that was to end her earthly life had begun its inroads. The family were now in Gallatin, Tenn. On leaving Granville, they had removed to Zanesville, where Anne Lacy was teaching, and where in the spring of 1838 she was married to William H. Marquess. In the following winter they removed to Gallatin, where Mr. Marquess took charge of a seminary for girls, and where Mrs. Hoge's only sister, formerly Mrs. Brookes, now Mrs. Rogers, lived. William was left in Ohio to enter college at Athens.

All that year the scattered family were anticipating the reunion in the fall. It was one of those bright hopes that Heaven permitted to be fulfilled.

In June, after the spring vacation, which he had spent at his uncle Thomas Hoge's, Moses writes his sister:

> The morning I left, Uncle Thomas gave me a clean-limbed filly, daughter of a mare he bought from Colonel William R. Johnson, Medley and Diomede stock, Alonzo and American Eclipse being her sire and grandsire. I shall keep her at the college and train her during the summer for my journey next fall. The session will end September 9th, and vacation will continue to November 1st, so that in three months I expect to set my face Tennessee-wards. If it is possible, William must be there. I received a long

letter from Mr. Ballantine last week in which he says that William is popular with the faculty and students; that he is studious, learns well in all departments, and is very promising. This to me was indeed glad tidings. Give him credit for all this when you write. It will stimulate him if you let him know that you think well and expect much of him. I am going to send you the *Albion* or *Southern Literary Messenger*. W. C. Rives and Henry Clay are expected at Cumberland Court-house next month; also the Honorable Mr. Benton and others at a Democratic dinner in Farmville. I will try to see them all.

This afternoon I am going up to Uncle Horace's to spend Saturday and Sunday, and exercise my Horse a little. Horse should always be spelled with a capital letter, being the noblest of created animals, man not excepted; for look at the Hottentots, the Hindoos, the Laplanders, the Locofocos, and tell us if they maintain the same uniform respectability of character that horses do! A Horse, whether in Shetland, Arabia, the South American plains, or in civilized lands, is a gentleman. But I did not mean to fly the track at such a canter.

Who that has seen him galloping by on "Lucille" on crisp, bright mornings before breakfast, or that has seen his delight in showing off her accomplishments, and making her come at his call, does not recognize the man they knew in the youth who wrote that letter? Or rather, I should say, recognize the perennial youth, in the man they knew and loved?

His determination to hear Clay, Rives, Benton, and others brings out another characteristic that he never lost—his eagerness to learn from *men*, as well as books. A little later he speaks of going to Farmville daily to the sessions of the Methodist conference, that he may hear their leading men, and learn their methods. While at college he went to "Roanoke," the home of Randolph, to see it just as it was in his life time, and on his visit to Tennessee he went to the "Hermitage" to see Andrew Jackson. The year before this he made a horseback trip to the Valley of Virginia with Dr. Graham, who had now become a professor in the seminary, and while he writes glowingly of the scenery and the won-

ders of nature, he seems most interested in "old Father Mitchell:" [1] "He is now ninety-three years old, and perhaps the oldest minister in the United States who preaches regularly. He dresses just as they used to at the close of the last century—long-waisted coat, standing collar, broad skirts, shorts, knee buckles and top-boots. He looks more like an Egyptian mummy than any living creature I ever saw, yet he thinks nothing of mounting his horse and riding forty miles in a day. . . . All through this country I found family friends. Some one said of me, 'He is mighty like his mother,' but the old man said, 'No, he favors Davies the most.'"

There might well be room for difference of opinion on this point. He derived his stature from the Lacys, his spare form from the Hoges. The warm bronze of his complexion was from his mother, and he had his mother's eyes. But there was in his eyes a flashing intensity that came from his father, as did the aquiline cast of his features. He did not inherit his mother's musical gifts, as did his brother and sisters, but through her he derived the wonderful voice of his grandfather Lacy, with just enough of the nasal quality of Dr. Hoge to produce those resonant trumpet blasts that gave variety and power to its marvellous silver cadences. His gesture, too, had its beauty from Mr. Lacy; its nervous intensity, and those strange, impressive, angular motions, that seemed all his own, from Dr. Hoge. From both sides he was entitled to quick sensibilities and tender emotions, but

[1] Shortly before Father Mitchell died, he told Mr. Shepperson this interesting fact in connection with the Rev. Drury Lacy, which Mr. Shepperson thus communicates to his friend:

"In the early part of their ministry, he and your Grandfather Lacy made an agreement that each should remember the family of the other at the throne of grace every Sabbath morning. This was adhered to strictly as long as your grandfather lived—at the time of his death all his children, *except your Uncle Drury*, and all of Mr. Mitchell's children, thirteen, were hopefully pious."

The exception was underscored because he had long been a devoted minister of the gospel. He was converted under Mr. Nettleton, after his father's death.

his extraordinary range of emotional expression came from the Lacys, and his no less extraordinary power of repression and self-command from the Hoges. So, too, the penetration and vigor of his intellect, his perseverance in investigation and his thoroughness in mastery of a subject, came from his father's side, while the refinements and charm of his literary quality were the marked characteristics of his mother's family. In a word, strength and power came most largely from the Hoges, beauty and grace from the Lacys. From both sides he inherited a dignity of character, a conscientious devotion to duty, and a sense of obligation to do something, and be something in the world.

The fall came around, and the family was once more together. The father, it is true, was gone, but the eldest daughter held in her happy arms a tiny pledge that this good stock was not to perish from the earth.

Of that reunion we have no record of incident, for, as all were together, no letters were exchanged. But it remained a bright memory for all the days that were to come, though over its brightness at the time there hung the shadow of death. All knew that it was to be the last. We can only imagine the mother's pride and joy in resting her fond eyes once again upon her two boys, one the thoughtful young man with a sense of life's responsibilities upon him, the other a laughing, loving boy, full of all hope and promise; both overflowing with a love and tenderness that each expressed in his own way. Brothers and sisters found new joy in each other, and opened to each other their hearts expanding with new experience and aspiration. But the centre of the circle was the couch of the sufferer, and all dreaded the hour of parting. Parting is always sad; sometimes it is tragic. But it had to come, and was gotten over somehow; as such things are. Just afterwards Mr. Marquess wrote William (October 27, 1840):

> On my return from the stage to your mother's room, I found her, as I expected, under deep feeling at the idea of having in all probability taken a final earthly leave of her

sons. It was not long, however, before she became composed. She has since manifested much tenderness of feeling towards you and Moses, making frequent mention of your names, and sending her blessing after you. . . . I think your mother continues to decline.

At last he writes, on November 20, 1840:

Your good mother continued to decline until the day before yesterday, when at eleven o'clock A. M. she breathed her last. She died in peace and retained her reason to the last, and, until a few moments before she ceased to breathe, was able to utter her thoughts. Just before she died Elizabeth told me to ask her if she knew us. I did so, but she gave no sign. I then asked her if she knew her Saviour and felt his presence. She gently nodded her head, pleasantly raised her eyes to heaven, and expired.

We received your letter on the 6th, and one from Moses [1] by the same mail. Your mother was desiring to hear from "her boys" once more before she died, and was gratified. She wanted you and Moses to know how well attended she was during her illness, particularly as she became worse after you left. Your Aunt Rogers was her "Angel of Mercy," as she termed her."

She was buried in Gallatin, but was afterwards removed to her husband's side in Athens. Her death brought to fruition the seed that her life had sown. Early in 1841 William was received into the church in Athens, and in the latter part of the year Elizabeth united with the church in Gallatin. She thus announces it to William:

At the last communion season, I—the last of my family in every good word and work—united with the church. I know that you will rejoice at this. Moses says in relation to it, "Although our mother has left us, the happy fruit of her prayers is even now experienced on the earth. The children of parents passed into the skies, may it ever be our constant ambition to imitate them, even as they imitated their Lord and ours. You bear the name, and that you

[1] Moses' letter was from New Orleans. To avoid the long horseback ride through Tennessee and Virginia, he went by river steamboats to New Orleans, and by sea to Norfolk.

may inherit all the virtues without the trials of our departed mother, is the highest wish I can make for you." Much more he adds about our mother, her character as a mother, a woman and a Christian; it is all worthy of being in print, and when the Life and Writings of Moses D. Hoge, D. D., are being written, this letter shall find place—part of it, at least.

Dear young enthusiast, prophesying with the insight of love that which should come to pass, but which your eyes were never to see, your wish should be fulfilled had not the letter perished, save for the quoted fragment. But long years after another letter (to Mrs. Marquess) was written that reproduces the thoughts of that time, and it shall take its place:

RICHMOND, VA., *November* 18, 1878.

MY DEAR SISTER: It is thirty-eight years to-day since our precious mother died!

And now, as I pause a moment and look at the sentence I have written, it has an incredible look about it. Not incredible that she is dead, but that nearly forty years have fled since that event. More years than our father lived in his whole life!

It seems so strange that this can be true; that I could have lived so many years, and yet feel as fresh and strong and young (of course I am not jesting now) as I do this day. Thirty-eight years since our mother died, and our father only lived to see thirty-three!

He died, as you know, on Christmas night, in 1826. I remember the scene well. When I think of it, I feel as if it may have occurred just when it did or five hundred or a thousand years ago. After a certain lapse of time, I imagine, when we come to analyze our feelings—or rather our sense of duration—we entirely lose our ability to conceive of it, and it becomes utterly vague and indefinite. (I have never seen this referred to by any writer, but I have often experienced it.) The impression, the conviction of being still young, owing to perfect physical health and perennial freshness of feeling—all the poetry and romance of life being as vivid as ever, makes these old dates seem like a reproach, a painful reality. A few weeks of sickness, or rather the real giving away of the constitutional vigor,

would change all this and make these long remembrances seem entirely natural, and I do not forget that I may at any time be brought, and that very suddenly, too, to the realization.

I have kept some of the journals I wrote while a college student—though I do not keep any now—and I find this record: "January 6, 1841. Last night I learned by the *Watchman of the South*" (Dr. Plumer's paper) "that my dear mother died on the 18th of November." (In those days news was transmitted so slowly that now it appears almost absurd.) "She is now with her Saviour, with the church triumphant, with her father and mother and husband, with more relations and friends than she left behind. She has bidden an eternal adieu to the pains and toils and disquietudes of this weary life—and hers were many—and has gone to the place where she is—

"'No more to sigh nor shed the bitter tear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.'

"Dear mother! shall it not henceforth be my highest ambition to follow in your footsteps? God grant that your parting words, 'It is not for ever,' may prove true!

"'My mother, when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son?'

"Long shall the anniversary of thy death be consecrated to the remembrances of thy virtues." (I am grateful to say that this feeling is as strong in my heart as it was thirty-eight years ago.) "Were I to *say* that my mother was the most perfect being I ever knew, the remark would be ascribed to filial partiality, but the thought may be cherished in my inner sanctuary of the bosom which no eye but that of God can penetrate."

* * * * * *

Your ever affectionate brother,
MOSES D. HOGE.

"Happy he,
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow,
* * * *
"When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself to Speech."—TENNYSON.

NEAR the end of Mr. Hoge's college course, his kinsman, the Rev. Dr. B. M. Smith, then a young minister, approached him on the subject of the ministry. It was a subject to which, with his ancestry and his gifts, his serious turn of mind and his religious principles, he must already have given thought. But his answer was remarkable. He replied that he did not think it would be worth while for him to study a profession, as he did not expect to live long enough to practice it. At this period of his life, and for many years after, he was of a bilious temperament that was not only itself depressing, but that suggested the type of disease that had so early ended his father's life. Could a flash of the future have fallen on his vision, revealing a half century's ministry crowned by such demonstration as is ordinarily awarded only to heroes returning in victory from the field of battle, or statesmen whose beneficent rule has brought nations to honor and prosperity, how would the pale, despondent youth have leaped to his task. But God leads us on by other means, and without such vision the mood passed. His resolve must have been made during the first year of his tutorship—the year before his mother died; for he wrote to her (July 14, 1840), alluding to it as a settled question:

> Mr. Maxwell was at my room the other day, and urged the old subject of my remaining in the college. He said he did not wish me to abandon my determination to engage in nothing that would prevent my studying divinity, but insisted that both might be done, and that the one would be auxiliary to the other. He referred me to my grandfathers, and Drs. Smith, Rice, Alexander, and others, who had been eminently useful both as preachers and instructors. I have taken the matter into serious consideration.

When he left his mother's bedside the following fall, it was to enter upon his studies in Union Theological Seminary in addition to his duties in the college.

No letter of the time tells us just what were his thoughts in reaching this conclusion, but, in a letter written in his early ministry to his younger brother, we see that he makes the grounds of a call to the ministry to consist in *fitness* for the work, the *good* to be accomplished, and the *need* for properly qualified ministers; in other words, the divine call works upon a rational mind through rational means. He writes:

> Dr. McGuffey was here some months since, and we had several long conversations about you and your prospects. We both regretted that you had not yet seen your way clear to commence the study of theology. We agreed that your qualifications and constitution of mind seemed peculiarly to fit you for usefulness in the ministry. You are perfectly aware of the fact that, should you be instrumental in the conversion of one sinner, you would, in "saving a soul from death," accomplish more real good for time and for eternity, than you could in any secular calling, however useful and honorable. You must be aware, too, that God has endowed you with such gifts as seem to point to the propriety of engaging in his service in that very mode. Never before has the church, especially our Southern Church, so much needed ministers of the *right stamp and order* of talents. My dear brother, be careful how you disregard the teachings of God's providence and the opinions of those who are entitled to your consideration.

The Faculty of the Seminary had been reorganized shortly before Mr. Hoge began his studies. The venerable Dr. Baxter, who had succeeded Dr. Rice as professor of Systematic Theology, was still at its head, but two of the professors, adhering to the New School, were removed by the Board, and their places were filled by Dr. Samuel L. Graham in the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Polity, and the Rev. Francis S. Sampson as Assistant Instructor. Mr. Hoge's previous relations with Dr. Graham we have already seen. Mr. Sampson was then in the youthful promise whose golden prime shed such lustre upon the institution. Of Dr. Baxter, as he remembered him, Dr. Hoge spoke in his reminiscences at the seventieth anniversary of the Seminary in 1894:

> Dr. Baxter was senior professor in this Seminary when I came as a student to Hampden-Sidney College. That picture [pointing to the portrait on the wall] does not give a correct idea of the face or form of that noble man. It fails to represent the majesty of his real presence. Nor do the fragments of his writings which have been preserved give any adequate idea of his intellectual power. How much it is to be regretted that he did not commit to writing the great thoughts which gave such dignity and impressiveness to his *extempore* discourses. There were heroes before Agamemnon, but "they had no poet, and they died." Baxter had no reporter, and the world is poorer because his discourses have not been transmitted to us. It has been my privilege to hear many of the most distinguished divines in our own and in foreign lands. I have heard few who surpassed Dr. Baxter in argumentative force, in pathos, or in pulpit effectiveness. He had one unique peculiarity. Often in the midst of a logical passage his cheek would flush, his face quiver, and great tears would flow down his manly face. What in the world could be so strangely affecting Dr. Baxter in that argumentative paragraph? It was that he possessed a wonderful power of *anticipating* what he was going to say. Before he had finished the logical discussion, he was thinking of some tender scene in the life of our Lord which he intended to

> depict. Before he got to the place he was trembling with emotion at the sight of the dear, sad cross, standing full in his view, in its mournful, unutterable glory, and then flowed the irrepressible tears—tears that touched all hearts and prepared them for what was coming. I do not know of any other speaker who ever affected his hearers in a similar way. As a teacher in the class-room his method was peculiar. If a young man stated an untenable position, and especially if he was self-confident, it was the Doctor's method never to answer him at all, but to ask him question after question, as a lawyer would cross-question a witness, until he made him wind himself up completely and so discover his error; and then the good Doctor would shake all over with a gentle laugh, not derisive, but kindly (he weighed between two and three hundred), and his end was gained, and the pupil loved the preceptor all the more for the kindly confutation.

Dr. Baxter died in the first year of Mr. Hoge's theological course, and then began Dr. Samuel B. Wilson's twenty-eight years of useful and honorable service.

The standard of scholarship among the students does not seem to have been high. Or perhaps our young student, with his own high ideals, had not yet acquired that large charity of judgment for which he was afterwards so conspicuous. His friend, John G. Shepperson, then just out of the Seminary, gives sympathy mingled with gentle rebuke in his reply to one of Mr. Hoge's letters:

> I was much amused with the account you gave me of the debate in the Seminary. The chastisement you gave H—— was just; but before proceeding further with this kind of work, you ought to deliberate thoroughly whether you are willing to be the Ishmael of the institution. He who makes it his business to expose presumptuous ignorance will find ample employment, but small thanks. Were there a prospect of improvement, the chance of profit might be worth the hazard, but—(Proverbs xxvii. 22 will complete the sentence, though in stronger terms than are applicable to the case).

> I am sorry to hear so bad an account as to the standard of literary attainments in the Seminary. If our professors will not guard the sacred office from the intrusion of uneducated, or, what is still worse, half-educated men, I do hope our presbyteries will. This has been one of the most fruitful sources of those difficulties from which we are just beginning to recover. Let the same course be persisted in, and their renewal and permanency are inevitable.

But if Mr. Hoge found the scholarship of most of his fellow-students disappointing, there were a number to whom he was warmly attached, and there was one to whom his soul was knit as the soul of Jonathan to David. John Parsons Greenleaf, born of a well-known New England family, had come to Virginia on account of his health, making his home in Nottoway county, where he became a member of the church under the care of Dr. Theodorick Pryor. He entered Union Seminary the year that Moses Hoge became tutor in the college. Both were men of quick perceptions, delicate sensibilities, with all the mental and spiritual sympathies of richly endowed natures, and their friendship was immediate and constant. In discoursing with one another of the high themes that occupied their thoughts and the high ideals that filled their souls, they drew from one another the richest and best that was in their hearts. Their earthly intercourse was brief. Mr. Greenleaf went abroad upon the completion of his studies in the hope of recuperating his strength in the south of France, before entering upon the work to which Presbytery had licensed him. He was greatly benefited, and embarked for his return on the same ship in which he had gone over—a sailing vessel, chosen for the sake of the prolonged benefit of the sea voyage. From Marseilles he wrote Mr. Hoge a most cheerful letter, full of joyous anticipations of home and friends. He finished it on board, and sent it back by the pilot, closing thus:

> Our anchors are up. My traps are all on board. I am looking out of the window at the motley crowd on the

quay. God speed the ship. Daybreak will find us on our way. I ought to have written you a different sort of letter, for this may be the *last*. If I never write to you again, farewell. Remember me most kindly to *our friends*, and believe me to the last, theirs and yours, J. P. G.

A few days after, a sudden squall struck the vessel, so that she careened almost on her beam ends. Feeling the lurch, Mr. Greenleaf sprang from his seat on deck and grasped a ring of the mast. The wrench as the vessel righted herself was so severe as to cause a rupture of the lung. The hemorrhage could not be assuaged, and he died in a few hours, and his body was committed to the sea.

His father saw that the vessel had been spoken and went to the pier to meet him. "The story of that heart-breaking return," writes the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Terhune, his brother-in-law, "to those who had been joyously awaiting the son and husband and brother, is one of the saddest recollections of my childhood."

But to Mr. Hoge this was not the end of their friendship; it only made it a more sacred thing. Yet he did not cherish it as a dead relic to be kept in a casket. It was a living fountain, flowing fresh and clear to the end, sending out streams of sentiment and sympathy, associating itself with all the fuller and larger experiences of his growing manhood and age, and with the visions and hopes of the infinite future. One instinctively thinks of Tennyson's friendship for Hallam, but there was one feature of this devotion of Mr. Hoge for his friend that was, if possible, more beautiful: the world knew nothing of it; and even those nearest to him never suspected that, while he was pursuing his earnest, throbbing, intense life, in the active, living present, this beautiful love of his youth was fresh and fragrant and youthful still. To Mr. Greenleaf's venerable and saintly father, the Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, of Brooklyn, he gave the reverence and affection of a son. He always spoke of him as "the good old shepherd." To the young widow of

his friend, a daughter of noble old Judge Terhune, of New Brunswick, he gave the love of a brother, and for forty-six years, until her death in 1889, their correspondence flowed on—an unfailing tribute to a common devotion, and an ever fresh memorial of a common sorrow.

Only an extract here and there through the long years of this life-poem can be given.

PARIS, *October* 16, 1854.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY: When I reached this brilliant city, I found another of your sweet letters, full of resignation for your trials, of thankfulness for your mercies, and of sympathy for my joys in this wonderfully delightful journey. That was a charming picture you drew of your chamber, and of its inmate, during Susan's visit.

* * * * * * *

I was turned back by a company of Austrian soldiers, and not permitted to go to Florence, because I had been where cholera had been. But I did not lose Genoa. Why did I go there? For one reason only, to see the Mediterranean! I saw it sweetly sleeping in the moonlight, and the next day flashing its waves in the face of the sun, and while on its banks I wrote a page in my journal which I tear out and enclose for you.

[*Extract from his Journal.*]

October 3d. I am on the top of the tower of a church on the highest hill in Genoa. Just beneath me the waves of the blue Mediterranean kiss the shore. I am alone—as I wish to be, when I look for the first time on the magnificent tomb in whose coral chamber my friend sleeps. Here is the sea over which Roman navies sailed, upon which Paul made his voyages, whose shores Virgil sung, and where my noble comrade saw the last of earth and the first of heaven. I love the Mediterranean. Dear sister, now I think of you.

RICHMOND, VA., *May* 9, 1866.

MY DEAR SISTER: A letter came from Bessie to-day informing me how much earth had lost of its attractiveness to you, and how much heaven had gained in taking to itself so much purity, goodness, gentleness and truth, that was incarnate in the dear old shepherd.

But for my lively conception of your desolate feeling in having your sweetest fountain of earthly comfort dried up, I could only drop a tear of gratitude in the memory of a life so light with the beauty of holiness, and now so crowned with immortal blessedness. It is a thing to give God thanks for, that such a man was born and lived so long, and then died, leaving a memory so fragrant with all that is lovely and of good report.

My sister, I cannot expect you to feel with me with reference to such events in times like these: for I am in a horror of great darkness at the mystery of God's providence toward our dear land, and I count none happy but the blessed dead who have died in the Lord.

But for those naturally and spiritually dependent on me, I would prefer this night to be sleeping beneath the clods of the valley, or with Parsons in some coral chamber of the sea.

RICHMOND, VA., *March* 6, 1883.

MY DEAR SISTER: Was there ever a regard more tender and unchanging than that which has existed between us, need I say how many years?

It has been a source of unhappiness to me that when I meet the friends of my youth they often seem to have lost the affection they once expressed, while mine has been undiminished with the flight of years.

I never get over anything. My old loves have the fresh morning dew upon them still; my old bereavements yet wear the weeds and are shaded by the cypress. I live over with fond delight my years of intimacy with J. P. G.; our days of sunshine and our nights still brighter and more jubilant; I never see the ocean that my tears do not mingle with its salt, sad waves.

It was good and kind in you to write on the ever remembered 22d of February. Your letter came while I was absent from home. . . . And so I was prevented from an earlier acknowledgment of your most welcome letter. Its clear and steady chirography assures me that, with all your cares and anxieties, you are stronger in health, and I did not need any assurance that you were unabated in affection.

Your portraiture of your father's serene and beautiful old age was worthy both of him and of your own loyal and

tender devotion. I was grieved to hear of Mrs. Terhune's failing health, for she has been good to him, to you and to me, and what more could I ask?

RICHMOND, VA., *February 27*, 1885.

MY DEAR SISTER: Since your letter, so full of sorrow, so full of hope, was received, I have been reviewing the history of our more than friendship, and the more than fraternal and sisterly affection that has existed between us, without a ripple of doubt, distrust or disagreement to break its clear, calm surface for nearly forty years. I say more than friendship and more than fraternal and sisterly love, because I believe the bonds of Christian affection have hallowed and made immortal all the ties of mere earthly regard. Was there ever before a confidence so untroubled and unruffled as ours, on which no passing cloud ever cast a momentary shadow? Is not our love one which will survive the stroke of death, and spring up and flourish beautiful and immortal in the paradise of God?

I have also been reviewing the mystery of God's dealings with you during all these years. Our acquaintance began in the inscrutable bereavement that desolated your young life and robbed me of half of my heart, and since that supreme event, how full of vicissitudes has been your lot! As you were not permitted to live for one to whom you gave your earthly all, it has since been your mission to minister to one who is both Father and Mother, wise and watchful as the one, tender and true as the other. You feel that "life is worth living" while you can do this, and now that he is once more alone, in one sense, he was never less alone, not only because he has a noble son to cherish him, and a daughter to do all but worship him, but because he has a Saviour whose love and tenderness could not be fully manifested until old age gave him the opportunity of demonstrating the strength and the sweetness of all-sufficient grace.

RICHMOND, VA., *February 22*, 1888.

MY DEAR SISTER: Although I am writing this letter Thursday night, it is really the 22d of February, as it is past one o'clock.

Since your generous and most welcome letter was received I have been in no mood for writing. Day after

day I have been driven by my work, not driving it. Sermons, lectures, committee meetings, funeral services, visits to the sick and bereaved, endless arrivals and departures of company from my house, have taxed my time to the utmost, so that with all my diligence I have not been able to keep abreast with my engagements, but have drifted constantly to the leeward. I once told you of my fancy for getting a good place and time in which to *read* my letters, and of my carrying one I once received in New York, and which I was anxious to read, for hours without opening it, until at last I found the right spot in an alcove of the Astor Library, and there broke the seal and luxuriated in the liberated treasures it contained.

So I have waited for a propitious and genial hour in which to write to you, without finding it. And certainly I have not found it now, after a most fatiguing day and company at my house to-night until twelve o'clock.

As the years pass, life grows more crowded with exacting duties, leaving less and less time for social pleasures and the communings which the heart is always craving.

Is this to be the story of all the future? In all probability it will, and the hurry and the worry will continue until the blessed clime is reached beyond the flight of time and the reign of death, and the long eternity of love will begin.

You will receive this before the 22d is quite ended, and as you read it in your chamber at night you will be reminded that I do not forget you, or the anniversary days (how numerous they are becoming), when memory gives a resurrection to all the past, and when the scenes and the friends of the days when we lived in the affections are all revived and clothed in the beauty which never fades.

Prince Edward, Charlotte, London, Brooklyn, Marseilles, the Mediterranean, Heaven: What reminiscences, what joys, what griefs, what hopes these names inspire!

When you come to see me some time this spring, we will talk over these things. Or should anything prevent that, there is a summer coming when the skies will be blue and the days long, when I will find you and tell you how dear you ever will be to

Your affectionate brother,

MOSES D. HOGE.

But Mr. Hoge's friendship for Mr. Greenleaf was not the only attachment of his student days. There was another tie formed which, if less unusual, was closer and tenderer, and like the other endured to the end. Three or four miles from Hampden-Sidney was the old homestead of "Poplar Hill," formerly the home of Francis Watkins, but then of James D. Wood, who had married his daughter Frances. In this family that fine type of English blood represented in the Watkins, Venable and Morton families was mingled with a Huguenot strain. Their French ancestress, Susanne Rochet, had, when a little girl, been "exported" from Sedan to Amsterdam in a hogshead, during the persecution that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; her sisters, already in Amsterdam, having written for their "little nightcap" [1] to be sent to them. In time she married Abraham Micheaux, another Huguenot *emigré*, and came to Virginia.

In the family at Poplar Hill, where Mr. Hoge was a frequent and welcome visitor, were several young ladies, but it was the namesake of the "little nightcap" who won his heart. Between a young lady of such serious ancestry and a dignified college tutor and theologian it might be expected that courtship would be conducted on thoroughly correct and conventional lines. But young love needs its spice of mystery and adventure, and long afterwards in a letter to Mrs. Greenleaf from Hampden-Sidney this secret comes out:

> The old college church has been pulled down for the purpose of erecting a new and larger one on the same spot. Part of the old wall was standing the other day, and gave me a fit of throat stricture as I remembered the spiritual and other love passages I had known in that church, and how often I had climbed through a window in that fragment of wall, night after night, to get letters and notes from Susan and Betty [the sister and confidante] con-

[1] Such enigmatical expressions being necessary to avert suspicion.

cealed cunningly under the pew in which they sat. But what of all that?

'Only a woman's hair.'

Do you remember Thackeray's comment on that record of Swift?

When the time had come for their love to leave its underground channel and come out into the light of day, Mr. Hoge took occasion to ride home one afternoon with Mr. Wood for the purpose of asking his consent to their engagement. Mr. Wood talked as they rode of crops and weather and the affairs of Church and State. Mr. Hoge listened with growing impatience until they reached the gate, when he drew rein and said: "Mr. Wood, I came with you this afternoon for the express purpose of speaking to you on one subject, and you have not given me a single moment to say to you what I came to say. I want to ask your consent to my engagement to your daughter Susan." At this abrupt disclosure Mr. Wood expressed the greatest surprise; said he never had thought his visits were other than those of friendship to the family; and readily gave his consent. There were others in the family who had had other thoughts.

Thus happily engaged to one who filled his heart, and who was so richly to supplement as well as bless his life, Mr. Hoge must have looked forward the more eagerly to his approaching licensure and settlement in the ministry.

The church that first sought his services was one to which he had occasionally ministered during his theological course, the Lacy-Hoge church, in Mecklenburg county, named for his two grandfathers. The correspondence is interesting; indeed pathetic. They argue their case with such zeal, arguing, as it seems now, against fate. They tell him that in a city like Richmond, holding a subordinate place to a man of Dr. Plumer's eminence, it will be impossible for him to take the position to which his gifts entitled him, or "by any

sort of zeal and self-devotion to acquire that distinction for usefulness to which every minister ought to aspire." But in the end they pray that God may guide him "so that himself and all interested in his future labors may be blessed and his glory advanced." And God guided him.

At the same time his services were sought in quite a different direction. Through the medium of the Rev. John Leyburn, then of Petersburg, Va., he was invited to the Second Church of Mobile, Ala. He was rather disposed to this Southern field because of the fear he then entertained of some hereditary pulmonary weakness.

But at this time Dr. Plumer was planning a forward movement in Richmond. His own church was far down town, and the old church founded by Parson Buchanan had gone with the New School Assembly in the great schism. Thus the rapidly growing western section of the city was left without a Presbyterian church of the Old School. Dr. Plumer desired to plant a mission chapel higher up town, and to man it with one capable of drawing and holding the class of people that were moving in that direction. His penetrating eye saw in Moses Hoge the man for the place and the time. The story was told by Dr. Hoge on his fiftieth anniversary:

> It was a singular providence that brought me to this city. As I drew near to the end of my course in the Theological Seminary, a little country church in Mecklenburg county signified its wish to engage me as its pastor as soon as I obtained my license. Its attention was called to me, no doubt, chiefly because it bore the name of both of my grandfathers; it was called the Lacy-Hoge Church. About that time, however, the venerable Dr. Plumer, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, made a visit to Prince Edward, and told me I would probably be invited to this city to become his assistant. I assured him of my preference for a small country charge, at least until I gained some experience and had composed some sermons. The Doctor requested a meeting of the Faculty of

> the Theological Seminary, explained his wishes to them, and sent for me. They united in advising me to go to Richmond in case I received an invitation. There was another small church in another county to which I had been recommended, but all prospect of my settlement there was blighted by an influential elder, who frankly told the people that he did not think me qualified for the position. Thus in two instances my desire to become a country pastor was disappointed.[1]

Mr. Hoge was licensed as a probationer for the gospel ministry by West Hanover Presbytery in Lynchburg, October 6, 1843, in the same church in which his father had been licensed before him, under the circumstances already described.[2] "Thus three generations of the same family were connected by this strange sequence of services in the same church."[3]

On his return from Lynchburg he stopped over night at a place where a protracted meeting was in progress in a Baptist church. He was invited to preach and did so, and that sermon was the means of awakening several souls. About the same time Judge Farrar heard him at Prides Church in Amelia, and thus describes the occasion:

> The church was nothing more than a barn, without ceiling or plastering. I recall this incident: My father, with others, went up to the church to arrange it for the Sunday service. There were some timber sleepers that lay right over the pulpit. Dol Motley, a college mate of Dr. Hoge, was present, and he said, "Look here, if Hoge gets on one of his big flights he will knock that sleeper through the top of the house." The timber was cut out. On Sunday a great crowd assembled to hear the young preacher. He announced his text distinctly and with perfect composure, "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled and answered, go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I

[1] Memorial Address, Appendix, p. 473. [2] Page 15.
[3] Memorial Address, Appendix, p. 473.

will call for thee." In a moment every eye was fixed, deathlike silence spread over the waiting congregation, the country folks gazed on him with absolute amazement, he rose higher and higher with his theme, swaying his hearers at will.

Old Dr. Southall, a man distinguished for his literary attainments, said it was the finest specimen of pulpit oratory he had ever heard. Even in that first sermon that I heard, Dr. Hoge exhibited that matchless power of eloquence which has made him famous. He caught the keynote:

> "Power above powers, oh! heavenly eloquence;
> That with strong run of commanding words
> Dost manage, guide, and master the high eminence of men's affections."

From several sources comes evidence that in these first sermons there was not only the eloquence of intellect, but the eloquence that reached the heart. What heart has not been touched by that exquisite sketch, "His Mother's Sermon"? May there not have been the same influence here? On the death of his mother, his mother's cousin and his venerable friend, the widow of Dr. Rice, wrote him:

> This tenderest tie has been broken just as you are commencing a preparation for the ministry of the gospel. It may be to make you a more holy, devout and *heavenly* preacher. Your beloved mother, you say, had an influence or connection with almost everything you did. May she not still have, in your course for a better world? You may at last, with inconceivable joy, recount to her your labors here, and all your difficulties overcome by Him who has promised strength sufficient for our day.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY MINISTRY.

"Build it well whate'er you do,
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it high and clear and broad,
Build it for the eye of God."

AFTER a visit to Richmond in the fall of 1843, Mr. Hoge began his labors there, on the invitation of the session of the First Presbyterian Church, in the early part of 1844, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer. It was an inspiring relation. Dr. Plumer was a man marked before the whole country. In the Assembly of 1837 he was one of that brilliant band of leaders who held the Assembly true to Calvinism in doctrine and Presbyterianism in government. He brought in the final report that cited the semi-congregational synods before the bar of the Assembly, an act whose immediate result was the New School schism, but whose final outcome was the perpetuation of the Presbyterian Church in America as Presbyterian. In the memorable Assembly of 1838, after the withdrawal of the New School members, he was elected Moderator. Mr. Hoge, while teaching in North Carolina, reading the reports of that Assembly, wrote his mother: "Mr. Plumer is the very man for Moderator. His manner of conducting the *Watchman* proves that he has watched and governed his temper, and no one doubts his abilities or knowledge of church discipline."

Forty-two years afterwards, at his funeral in the First Church, Richmond, Dr. Hoge said:

> I have witnessed many affecting scenes in this church, but none combining so many elements of solemn and tender impressiveness as this. The memories of years long

gone by come freshly back and fill this place. The name that has been on so many lips to-day, in connection with this funeral service, is linked with the associations and the recollections of the whole lives of many here present. To a large number of this congregation that name has been a household word, and the form of the man of God who bore it familiar to them from early childhood. The look he wore, the tones of his voice, his slow and measured step, the strange power of his presence to arrest attention and to awaken interest—these can never be forgotten.

And there are others who remember him with a still more sacred regard, because bound to him by the tie which connects the saved soul with the instrument of its salvation —the Christian child with the spiritual father—for there are those among the older members of this church who will ever bless God for the awakening sermon and the pastoral counsel by which they were led to receive the consecrated emblems of their first communion at his hands. Here, also, are those who, in the bereavements and various forms of trial through which they have passed, long since his connection with this church terminated, have been comforted by the assurance of his sympathy and love by the letters which it was the custom of his whole life to write to those who were in any trouble, that he might "comfort them with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God."

Moreover, there are few of those here present to-day who have not seen and heard him in the pulpit. That was his throne. There he proved himself the master of assemblies; and whenever it was known that he would officiate in any church in this city, that was the signal and the assurance of an overflowing audience. Those who did not care for the ordinances of God's house, and rarely attended any church, came when it was known that he would be the preacher; while those who loved the sanctuary and proved their devotion by their regular attendance, and who had heard him oftenest, were among the most anxious to hear him again, whenever the opportunity was afforded them.

Thus when we remember how he was linked to this community in the many ways by which he indelibly impressed himself upon our people, we cannot wonder at the affecting demonstrations of this hour, now that all who

can, have crowded within these walls to pay the last sad tribute of respect and affection to the man and the minister, the friend and the father, whose hand we shall not clasp again until "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and whose voice we shall not hear again until it mingles in the anthem which the choristers of heaven sing to the glory of the King of kings.

It is not true that out of the fulness of the heart a ready utterance always comes. There are times when the fulness of emotion makes silence more natural than speech; and to-day I feel that my more appropriate place would be among those who weep beneath this pulpit than among those who speak from it, for when I look upon this bereaved family, upon this vast mourning assembly, and remember whose dust it is which this coffin encloses, I feel how incompetent I am for the duty assigned me—a duty assigned to me only because of the peculiar relations I so long sustained to him.

But for Dr. Plumer, I would not have made my home in this city. While yet a student in the Theological Seminary, he paid me a visit and invited and advised me to come to Richmond on the completion of my studies there.

The only church of which I have ever been the pastor was projected and fostered by him. He preached the dedication sermon of our house of worship, and during all the years since our acquaintance commenced there was never a ripple on the smooth current of our intercourse—an intercourse characterized by kindness, consideration, and encouragement on his part; by reverence, devotion, and affection on mine.

Such was the affection Dr. Plumer inspired in his young assistant; the regard he felt for Mr. Hoge is indicated by the fact that he preserved, labelled and filed away every scrap of writing he ever received from him.

The First Presbyterian Church, in which Mr. Hoge first ministered, was on Franklin street, a short distance above the Exchange Hotel and on the opposite side of the street. It was a plain, but dignified building of red brick, the main auditorium being over a high basement. When the church

moved to its new edifice on Capitol street—on the present site of the City Hall—the old building was sold and became known as the Metropolitan Hall. Its convenience to the Exchange Hotel made it a favorite place for political conventions. Afterwards, as the character of the surroundings changed, it became a low theatre, and those who had sacred associations with it rejoiced when it was at last torn down to give place to a factory.

The Richmond of 1844 was, of course, not the Richmond of to-day. The aristocratic and wealthy section of the city lay to the north and east of the Capitol Square. The handsome houses that faced the Square have given place to hotels and public buildings; but the stranger is still impressed with the elegant and commodious residences on lower Broad street, the corresponding portions of Clay and Marshall and the intersecting streets, while others still rear their stately fronts behind the Governor's Mansion, on the hill running down to the Exchange Hotel—once the centre of all fashionable and political gatherings in the Commonwealth. In this region was the home of Chief Justice Marshall, and as late as the time of the war between the States one of its most spacious mansions became the "White House of the Confederacy." [1]

The city, however, had begun to grow westward. On Main and Franklin and Grace streets elegant residences had begun to appear some time before, and had even overflowed into the "Rutherfoord Extension" beyond First street. But these houses generally stood far apart in large gardens, and a visitor to the city, looking out of his window on an early spring morning, was more impressed with the snowy drifts of apple and cherry blossoms, and the pink flush of the peach orchards, than with the architectural beauty and material growth of the city.

When it was decided to plant a colony of the First Church,

[1] Now the Confederate Museum.

the site selected was a lot on Fifth street, near Main. Next door was the house built by Major Gibbon, an officer of the Revolutionary war, which afterwards became Dr. Hoge's residence for the last thirty-eight years of his life. Across Main street was the Allen residence, for a time the home of Edgar A. Poe, while opposite was the house in which William Wirt wrote his Life of Henry. But in spite of the evident tendency and promise of this part of the city, there were those who gravely doubted the wisdom of building "so far west."

However, the progressive spirit prevailed, and a wooden chapel was erected on this lot, until it could be seen whether a permanent congregation could be gathered here.

Of the religious condition of Richmond and Virginia Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, gives the following picture at the time he was ordained deacon—five years before Mr. Hoge came to Richmond:

> More than half a century ago, I was made deacon by Bishop Moore at the "Monumental" Church in Richmond. The day was bright and beautiful, a very typical Easter Day. Few came up to partake of the sacred feast—a few old people, the young conspicuously absent. Indeed, it was rare to find a communicant among the educated men of that day. The wave of French infidelity had swept away nearly every vestige of faith from the minds of our men. One of the very few who had survived the general wreck told me that, when a student at William and Mary, he was a guest at a dinner party given to a number of the distinguished men of the day. The guests made themselves merry with profane anecdotes and jests. He said that he fell into the current of talk, and that the most distinguished man of the group reached round a guest sitting between them, and patted him on the head, congratulating him upon his "Emancipation." Said my friend, "It took me twenty years to get over that pat on my head."

But a year or two later, he goes on, there had come a period of pentecostal revival in which he and the Rev.

Mr. Johns—afterwards Bishop Johns—assisted Dr. Norwood in double-daily services at the Monumental Church. This revival was part of a widespread religious movement that pervaded the whole community and all churches. The precise relations of this revival to the forward movement planned by Dr. Plumer we do not know. Doubtless the growth consequent upon it made the movement possible. Mr. Hoge did not begin his work upon the crest of the wave, but the broadened and deepened religious life of the city presented him with a more open door, and furnished him a more cordial coöperation.

Before the chapel was built, he divided the services at the First Church with Dr. Plumer. Afterwards he preached altogether at the Chapel; but it was arranged that his second service should be in the afternoon—instead of the evening, as at the First Church—so that each could attend the second service of the other, and that they could more easily assist each other as occasion required. Thus began those afternoon services that for fifty-five years have been one of the most prominent features in the religious life of Richmond. Of these services Bishop Randolph once said:[1] "You see around you Methodists and Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Baptists, all singing the hymns and joining in the worship and listening with rapt attention to the words of the preacher. It has been said that there is less of denominational jealousy, and more of the broad, sweet spirit of Christian unity among the churches in the city of Richmond than in the majority of communities in our land. . . . Perhaps these afternoon services have helped to educate our people into the great principles of practical Christian unity."

Mr. Hoge's success in Richmond was immediate and assured. The little chapel was crowded from Sunday to Sunday. Names were handed in for membership; some from the First Church, Dr. Plumer encouraging; some from

[1] Address on the occasion of Dr. Hoge's forty-fifth anniversary.

outside—sixty-three in all. They were duly organized into a church, and their first act as an organized congregation was to call him as their pastor. The call was accepted, and on the evening of February 27, 1845, he was solemnly ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, and installed the pastor of what was now called the Second Presbyterian Church. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Leyburn, the charge to the pastor delivered by Dr. Plumer, and the charge to the people by the Rev. Mr. Lyon.

When he returned that evening to his rooms at the Exchange Hotel an unusual welcome awaited him. Shortly after his settlement in Richmond, on March 20, 1844, his engagement to Miss Wood was consummated by a quiet wedding at Poplar Hill. The ceremony was unpleasantly remembered for the "gratuitous twenty-minute sermon" of the officiating minister; but all else was joy. To a dear friend he once wrote:

> Twenty-five years ago this moment, I was riding down with McClellan in the carriage from Mr. Henry E. Watkins', where I had spent the day, to Mr. Wood's. The hope, and joy, and dear expectation of that particular time comes freshly back to my memory now. I can feel at this instant the kiss that Susan gave me when I met her for a second in the passage before the wedding ceremony commenced, and all the events of the evening—many of which, I thought, had faded out of mind—return and come out distinctly, as lines traced in sympathetic ink when brought to the presence of heat. The day after our marriage I went to College Hill, and in the evening to a party Mr. Ewell gave us. But the ride to Richmond, or rather to Montrose, where we spent two or three days, was unspeakably delightful. The carriage was new, the roads were good, the weather was bright, and heaven was in our hearts.

They made their home very happily at the Exchange Hotel, and on his ordination night, when he returned, he

found a tiny stranger, "made in his image, after his likeness," to fill up the measure of his joys. The solemn and joyful experiences of that day were consecrated to the memory of his mother, and the child was named Elizabeth Lacy.

It is difficult for us who knew him in later years to keep in mind that, in entering upon the duties of his pastorate, he had, in addition to all the arduous labors in which he engaged, to struggle with the burden of ill-health. The following letter to his sister Elizabeth shows that he was not yet free from the anxieties of his college days. But beneath what appears on the face of the letter there was a deeper significance. What with him was only a fear was with his sister a fact. The insidious seeds of consumption had evidently appeared, and her young life, so full of gentleness and love, of brightness and aspiration, was marked for an early end. This letter, expressing his own thoughts and feelings, was his delicate and tactful way of directing her thoughts and feelings into the same channel, and of preparing her mind as gently as possible for the recognition of her condition:

September 2, 1845.

Thanks to the liberality of my congregation, I was enabled to make a long and pleasant trip to the North. I spent a week in New York and Brooklyn, then went to West Point, and so on up the Hudson and Lake Champlain to Canada. . . . I feel much better since I returned, but am not as strong as when I came to Richmond. I have some reason to apprehend some trouble from my lungs, though nothing very decided has manifested itself yet. We should not forget that we are of a *short-lived race*, and cannot expect to see many days upon earth. I do not anticipate old age, and it fills me with no sorrow that I cannot look forward to such a period. When the bodily powers begin to decay and the mind to decay also; when the infirmities of years come and one loses relish for the enjoyments of life and hangs as a burden upon friends—then, if prepared for the change, he should welcome the grave as a peaceful and sacred asylum, and be like the wearied trav-

eller, who, when the shades of night come, calmly folds his mantle around him and lies down to his repose. And yet, should my health and strength of body and mind continue, it seems to me I have as much to live for as anybody else. I have so many ties to bind me to life—many to love, many who love me in return, many comforts for the present and good prospects of happiness and usefulness for the future. And even should I become permanently diseased—an invalid for years—if I only had such a spirit of heavenly-mindedness as some have been blessed with, what right would I have to complain? It was in a sick chamber, where he languished for many long years, that the author of *The Saint's Everlasting Rest* enjoyed those anticipations of heaven which he has recorded for our encouragement, and whose reality he no doubt finds to be all the sweeter now, in contrasting his present rest with the disquietude he was subject to before his mortal put on immortality. Whether our stay on earth be long or brief, that which we should strive for is so to live that whether present or absent, living or dying, we may be the Lord's. I have every reason to be thankful that my lot has been cast here. I have a small, but growing church, and when I returned home the other day, the affectionate greetings of my people and the warm grasp of their hands encouraged my heart and strengthened my belief that I had a firm place in their regard. Next Monday week I shall set off for Prince Edward to see Susan and to attend the commencement in the college. I there expect to meet with many old friends and acquaintances, and to enjoy a few days' more rest amidst the quiet shades of my venerable alma mater. You cannot imagine how much more I feel interested in Sister Anne Lacy's children since little Bess was born. I never loved children before; now I notice all, and would be glad to have a romp with hers especially.

In nineteen months from the date of this letter, her brief course was finished in faith and hope, while for him more than half a century of abounding work was in store. She died in Clarksville, Tenn., April 3, 1847, and was borne to Gallatin, Tenn., and laid beside her mother. Later both were laid by the husband and father in Athens, Ohio.

From the beginning of his ministry Mr. Hoge was fortunate in the elders that were associated with him in the counsels of the church. Of his first session he considered Mr. John B. Martin one of the most thorough Bible scholars he had ever met, outside of those trained in theological schools. It was his custom while working at his art—he was a portrait-painter and wood-engraver—to keep a Bible open beside him, and to take up a verse at a time for meditation, turning it over in his mind, looking at what came before and after, assimilating it to his previous knowledge, and never leaving it until he had arrived at some interpretation that satisfied him. His four sons all became ministers of the gospel. Mr. Michael Gretter, a brother of Dr. Gretter, long the honored pastor of the church in Greensboro, N. C., was a wise and godly counsellor; his life, Dr. Hoge once said, "a living hymn of praise to God;" Mr. Guernsey A. Denison soon left Richmond, and years after took part—as clerk of the session—in Dr. Hoge's call to Memphis. Mr. Richard Sterling was teacher of a boys' classical school, and to his subsequent departure from the city Mr. Hoge refers with great regret.

It soon became apparent that the chapel in which the church began its life was hopelessly and ridiculously inadequate; and with Mr. Hawes, then one of his deacons, he went North to secure plans for a church. Meanwhile the congregation filled seats, aisles and windows. The preaching of the young pastor attracted the attention of all classes in the community. Men of letters, like John R. Thompson, were attracted by the literary grace of his style; eminent legal minds, by the clearness and cogency of his reasoning; and all classes by the power of the gospel message, freshly presented to human needs, with a wealth of illustration and a power of human sympathy that found its way to the heart.

From the first, while he did not neglect the discipline of the pen, he cultivated the art of extempore speech. By delib-

erate judgment, or more probably by a combination of intuition with a process of natural selection, he settled upon the field he was best fitted to occupy—a preacher to the people. That settled, he made all else bend to it. He did not aspire to be a scientific biblical scholar, nor a profound and metaphysical theologian, nor an acute polemic, nor a skilled ecclesiastic. Whatever success he achieved in any of these directions came to him incidentally. Had he sought success in any of these lines he could probably have achieved it. But he would not have been what he was. The results of the best biblical scholarship and of the profoundest theological thought he eagerly acquired. But he left the processes to others. His task was to take the truth and make it attractive and beautiful, that he might win the hearts and guide the consciences of the people, by bringing them under its power.

He first sought definiteness of thought. His creed was clear and his faith in it firm. It determined the bounds of his thinking and prevented the waste of his energies in vagaries and novelties. Any particular subject was thoroughly thought out, and its principles clearly settled in his own mind.

His next aim was fulness of matter. The kingdom of letters he loved for its own sake. The thought of great men struck an answering chord in his own soul. But he recognized in this field the richest source of the furnishing of a man who would make the truth of God popular. Had he been only and distinctly a man of letters, his range of literary and historical knowledge could hardly have been greater.

With his love of literature was associated an intense love of nature. The changes of the seasons, the succession of day and night, the phenomena of the heavens and of the atmosphere; the beauties of landscape and sea; trees, flowers, birds; all had their charms, and all were studied; not scientifically, but æsthetically. With the moods of nature he had

the greatest sympathy, and with the authors who had mastered her moods.

Another important source of his culture was—what he constantly deplored as an interruption of his time—the constant demands upon him, of every sort, that made him, in spite of himself, a man of affairs. Vexatious, harassing, needless, as are so many of the calls made upon a city pastor's time, they bring to him, as nothing else can, that knowledge which is hardly less essential to his work than his knowledge of God's word—the knowledge of the human heart, and the springs that control human action. He learned to know mankind by knowing men. He was a master of assemblies because he was a master of individuals. If his eloquence touched every chord of the human heart, it was because he knew the instrument upon which he played. In the best sense of the word, he was a man of the world. Like the Apostle Paul, he could adapt himself to all classes of men, and there was never any position in which he was placed that he was not master of it—and of himself.

With all this there was another element that brought all this into play, and made it all bear upon his main end, his freshness of interest and observation. Whatever the subject —the word of God itself, history, literature, nature, or man —he observed it for himself and saw it with his own eyes. And he had eyes to see not only the surface, but the meaning of things, and their hidden relations. Underlying all other qualities and acquirements, it is hardly necessary to say—for it will speak for itself—was a profound and genuine spirituality, a devoted spiritual culture, and a humble sense of his dependence on God.

In these statements we are not projecting the Dr. Hoge whom we knew in his meridian and evening back into the early morning of his ministry. A few extracts from letters of the time will illustrate and sustain every statement that has been made.

Writing to his younger brother about some pieces of his (May, 1845), he says:

> Like most young writers, you attend more to phraseology than to the naked, simple *thought*. *That* is the main thing. If you wish to make an impression be sure to have a striking idea, and then express it strongly and in the simplest words. A century ago more was thought of a rounded period and a flowing style than at present; now the world requires *ideas* tersely and concisely expressed. It is not so much how you say a thing, but *what* you have to say.
>
> By the way, I think Macaulay one of the worst writers to *imitate*, while he is beyond praise himself. There can only be one Johnson, one Dryden, one Shakespeare, one Milton, one Burns, one Carlyle, one Macaulay. An imitator is only a counterfeit dollar. Let each man strike out a course for himself. All genius cannot be run in the same moulds.

Again he wrote, in a letter that is recalled, but now lost, that it was his custom in everything that impressed him in nature, in science, or in human life, whether an incident that came under his own observation, or one told in the public press, to ask himself, What spiritual truth can I illustrate by this?

It was probably at a somewhat later period that he began his "Index Rerum," but it was a development of habits already formed. In it is found, classified and alphabetically arranged, almost every conceivable topic of human interest bearing on religious life and religious themes. These topics were entered as they occurred to him, and in all his reading or thinking, when he came to anything bearing upon them, he jotted it down beneath the appropriate head. Thus there grew up under his hand a great thesaurus of subject and treatment and illustrations, always ready to his hand, but capable of endless variety in presentation.

He frequently complains of how little he can accomplish on account of interruptions, but reveals at the same time the extent of his aims and the loftiness of his ideal.

The following is to his brother (1848):

> As to general improvement, I fear I am making but little progress. The longer I live here the more engagements multiply around me. I have so much business to transact for various boards, societies, etc., together with so many interruptions by calls from friends and strangers, that very little time is left for study. Much time has to be devoted to the preparation of pulpit exercises; so that I have scarcely any opportunity for the prosecution of those branches of knowledge which a minister should be well versed in. Even the general literature of the day has to be neglected. Sometimes an interesting number of a review lies on my table a month before I cut the leaves, or even make myself acquainted with the table of contents. Life is too short for much efficient action, together with the acquisition of profound and various learning.

Sometimes, under the pressure of this idea, he became discouraged and restless.

He wrote Dr. Plumer (June, 1848):

> If I visit Baltimore this summer, I may confer with you about leaving Richmond, unless, indeed, I come to a decision before I see you. Not that I am tired of the place; not that I have any reason to believe the people are tired of me, but perhaps that is the best state of feeling in which to separate. I have now been here four years, which it strikes me is long enough for a *first settlement.* The next time I might remain eight years or longer. But I cannot improve, cannot study—except in the way of direct pulpit preparation—if I lead this life. If I remain here I shall never be a better preacher than I am now, which is a discouraging anticipation.

The spirit of prophecy was not on him that day!

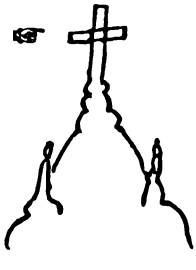
A few more extracts will serve to sustain what has been said, and show something of his thoughts at this period—the subjects that revolved in his mind—his ideas about art, nature, life and public affairs.

To Dr. Plumer (1847):

> For more than a year I have been desirous of preaching a sermon on the phrase, "The King of Glory," but the theme is so sublime I have been afraid to undertake it. I wish at some time you would suggest a plan of a discourse, for I shall never be easy until I have preached a sermon upon it. Of course, a man can succeed better by following his own divisions, but you can give me the skeleton that *you* would use, or at least some valuable hints.

To Mrs. Greenleaf (1846), about his church:

> I go in for a stone Gothic, rubble wall, crevices for moss and ivy; holes where old Time may stick in his memorials; cozy loop-holes of retreat, where the sparrow may find a house for herself (and husband) and the swallow a nest for her young. The congregation are coming into my views, though I have not yet imparted to them the details as touching the fowls of the air and the "ivy green." I am tired of Grecian temples with spires on them—as out of place on that classic structure as a cockade would be in a parson's hat. The back of the pulpit should run up on this wise; but in this I must consult the shade of John Calvin.



The Gothic style he secured; and the pulpit back, but without the cross. The stone he had to forego, and after the advent of the English sparrows to America, he was glad enough to be without the loop-holes.

To Mrs. Greenleaf (1849), during the prevalence of cholera:

> *July 3d.* What a delicious day! There is all the luxury of the fall-feeling in it. The breeze is strong and cool. The face of nature wears a smile, in which I see something of sadness. My mind reverts to the past. I seem to be transported to former scenes and again to mingle with old companions. . . . .

July 6th. This singularly beautiful weather continues, and no change need be expected until half-past four o'clock Sunday afternoon.[1] By day the blue sky is of liquid softness, by night the moon is as a burnished mirror. But these fresh, well-tempered breezes bring no glow to the wasted cheek. These clear, sparkling skies look down upon the sick and sorrowing, and Nature smiles around the tomb.

To Doctor Plumer (1847), after a visit to the school for the blind in Staunton:

I asked one of the blind girls if she felt the loss of sight to be a great deprivation. She answered that she did not. I asked her why it was that she did not deplore what was so generally regarded as a sore calamity. Her reply made my eyes run over, for it went right to my heart. She said, "I cannot deplore the want of sight, for I trust it has been the means of leading me to see Christ!" I brought it in in a sermon I preached the next night. Perhaps you have heard of the interesting meeting I held with the young people in Staunton[2] on Sabbath afternoon while the communion was administered in the church. The lecture-room was more than full, and there was a general indication of deep emotion, which seemed to increase on Monday. One young lady made a profession of faith before I left, and I learn there have been two others since.

He is interested in all that is going on. To his aunt, Mrs. Horace Lacy, he writes (1845):

We have had very exciting times in Richmond during the last few weeks: the breaking up of the Legislature, the commencement of the Medical College, the temperance lectures of the (justly) celebrated Mr. Gough, parades, the transit (gloria mundi) of Mr. Tyler, the arrival of Mr. Calhoun, who is now in the city.

He wrote Dr. Plumer (1847) of the following incident, which, despite the stiltedness of youthful embarrassment, shows his courage and conscientiousness:

[1] The hour of his service. [2] During a meeting of synod.

You saw of my being at the Webster dinner. It happened in this wise. Just before the hour, McFarland came to me and told me a ticket and a seat had been provided for me, and very politely urged me to accept the invitation. I very respectfully declined, and he still urged it, with the request that I should ask a blessing before they sat down to the table. Just then Sidney Baxter, who can sniff up the least indiscretion in a minister, came and joined in the same request; so I consented, thinking—

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Must sure be right."

Mr. Webster was then in the parlor, receiving introductions to his guests. When I was introduced, a rather interesting incident occurred. Mr. Webster immediately commenced a serious conversation, and narrated several wonderful escapes of his from death—the last, you remember, from the Atlantic. Now, said I to myself, Providence has thrown this opportunity in my way; I am a young minister, and this is a Senator, but I *am* a minister, and he a dying mortal, so I will improve the occasion. (You know I am never embarrassed when the pinch *comes.*) So I said very deliberately, "Mr. Webster, you cannot fail to be impressed with the special providence of God in your frequent preservation—perhaps you remember the striking sentiment of the Psalmist on this subject, 'Whoso is *wise,* and *will observe these things,* even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.'" I saw instantly that Mr. Webster was pleased, and to this I attribute all the respect he paid me at dinner; I sat opposite. He pretended to know my family, asked after Uncle James' health, etc., said he meant to see him before he returned to Massachusetts, etc., etc. A minister never loses by fidelity.

I am now set down for a Whig, anyhow! And some Episcopalians have expressed hopes of my conversion!

The last remark probably refers to an incident mentioned in the same letter: his preaching the funeral sermon of a son of the Hon. John Minor Botts in St. James' Episcopal Church. The young man lost his life in the Mexican war, and Dr. Adam Empie, the rector, finding that it was the wish of the family, invited him to preach the sermon,

then customary, at the funeral. He sent a friend to ascertain if any distinction would be made; and, finding that the whole church would be open to him, he accepted. From that time he seems to have been regarded in Richmond as within the succession, officiating freely in Episcopal churches, at funerals, marriages, and other services.

Of the effect of his preaching at this time, the following account of a sermon at the White Sulphur Springs (1847), written in the confidence of a husband to a wife, reveals his own feelings and what others thought and said:

> At night the room was crammed. All the *élite* of the place were present—the Singletons, Brookes, Lyons, Stanards, Bruces, Seddons, etc., etc. I preached from John vii. 37; used no MS., but spoke *extempore*. I never felt so much like preaching before, and never spoke with greater comfort to myself. The audience was as still as death, until a lady (Mrs. H—— that was, now divorced; you know who I mean) commenced weeping aloud, and there was so much emotion produced in the audience that I thought proper to glance off from the point I was then discussing to one not so exciting to the feelings. A gentleman from Mobile told me this morning, 'It was one of the most considerate things he ever saw, for I had the passions of my audience entirely under my command, and it would have been in bad taste to have taken advantage of the excitement.' Several gamblers were present. Just as I came out of the door, I heard one say that he had never heard such preaching in his life before. Mr. Lyons the next day paid me one of the greatest compliments I ever received. You know I do not tell you these things through vanity, though I *am* exceedingly gratified whenever my preaching produces such an impression, but because I am grateful to God when he makes me instrumental in commanding the attention and touching the heart of a large audience. I never prayed more fervently for divine aid, before preaching, than I did on Sunday night; and when I returned to my cabin, it was, I trust, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, that God had heard my prayer, and blessed the discourse to the good of those who heard it. Young Mr. Smith told me yesterday, with tears

in his eyes, that it was the first time in his life when he was sorry when a sermon ended. A great part of it was a plain, affectionate appeal to the impenitent. A seed may fall by these wayside places, which may bear fruit to the glory of God.

Mr. Clay arrived Sunday night. I am sorry that since he has made a profession of religion, he sets the example of travelling on Sunday. He told me yesterday morning he regretted he was too much fatigued to attend preaching the night before, having arrived late in the stage. He said he knew Grandfather Hoge, etc. He is very plain in his manners, and quite cheerful. He spends much of his time with the ladies. I had some conversation with him on religious topics. He speaks quite feelingly, and I hope he is a converted man.

Mr. Lyons this evening, after tea, took me by the arm and said he wished to take me to his cabin and introduce me to the ladies. Mr. Clay was there, and had there been a good light in the room, the company might have seen me blush at a remark he made. He commenced talking again about my preaching, and said, "I was very sorry I was so tired as not to be able to get out on Sunday night at the time, but I regret it the more *since I have heard from so many what a sermon you preached.*" I confess I never felt more foolish, but I immediately made a remark which changed the conversation.

His personal power over men is illustrated by the way men looked to him instinctively as the one person who could have prevented one of the most distressing affairs that ever threw its shadow over Richmond—the Ritchie-Pleasants duel. To a friend who had written to him for particulars, he first quotes an allusion he made to it in a sermon the following Sunday:

Almost every succeeding week convinces the minister of reconciliation of the solemnity and *urgency* of these considerations—and O how does his soul faint and die within him as he sees one after another of those with whom he has reasoned and prayed and wept, and who have admitted the propriety of all, suddenly cut off and called to the last ac-

count. But day before yesterday, returning home after a few weeks' absence, as the spires of our city fell upon my eye, all anticipations of pleasant meeting with family and friends were forgotten in *the remembrance of one who heard his last sermon in this house,* and bitter tears would gush forth as this text came forcibly to mind in its application to him, "Oh! that thou hadst known, *even thou,* the things that belonged to thy peace—but now"—

He then proceeds with his account:

I have visited the bereaved family since my return; all their grief seemed to break forth anew as I entered the room. His sister clasped her hands and exclaimed, "O merciful God, Mr. Hoge, if you had been here, my brother had not died." And there sat his old grey-headed mother the picture of woe—smitten of God and afflicted. What comfort could I give them? Yet I tried. His mother remembered with great satisfaction that ever since his conversation with me he had regularly retired every day to read his Testament. He directed that it should be buried with him, and assured his mother that he was trying to fix his entire view upon the Saviour of sinners. He expressed great anxiety to see me again—wished a friend to inform Ritchie that he pardoned him. With regard to the duel itself, he seemed to feel that he had discharged an imperative duty. He went to the field to offer himself a sacrifice, if necessary, to the sentiment that honor is dearer than life. The whole affair was extraordinary to the last degree. Pleasants determined not to kill Ritchie in any event, and it is supposed that he got up in the night and drew the balls from his pistols, which his seconds had loaded at eleven o'clock for the meeting, which was to take place at sunrise. This he declared before he died, and the proof is that he did fire one pistol directly in Ritchie's breast, which caused him to recoil, stunned and almost burned through the flesh. All wondered why he did not fall; but the mystery was solved after the affray by finding *a wad* in his bosom. Pleasants had him perfectly in his power then, but chose to fire a blank cartridge. It was perfect self-immolation.

Seldom has any event caused such gloom in a commu-

nity. His funeral took place on Sunday (the Sabbath after his death, I mean) in Mr. Stiles' church. One of Mr. Pleasants' sisters was a member of that church, hence the selection of Mr. Stiles. Thus was I saved a mournful duty. Several of the churches were closed on that day, and an immense procession followed the hearse to the burying-ground.

Unusual regret was expressed in Richmond that I should have been absent. I cannot tell how many have made the same remark to me, "If you had been at home, the duel would not have taken place. No one else could have prevented it." Humanly speaking, this is true. I knew exactly how to touch Pleasants, and his affection for me made my influence over him very great. Susan tells me that I was written to by persons knowing that the preliminaries of the duel were under consideration, requesting me to interfere.

But it is in vain now to say what would or could have been done. Providence saw fit that the whole event should occur just when and as it did. It is all over now—all irreparable—and what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Honor is appeased; put that in one scale: and one of the most brilliant lights of Virginia has been quenched, a soul has been hurried into eternity, his slayer by this act has fastened the undying worm to his own heart, several families have been filled with bitter, hopeless lamentation, and a whole community has been made to mourn; put that in the other.

In the early part of 1847 Dr. Plumer removed to Baltimore. Mr. Hoge was thus deprived of his "guide, philosopher and friend"—as he once termed him—and at the same time many new duties and responsibilities were thrown upon him. As the only (Old School) Presbyterian minister in the city, he was naturally brought into greater prominence, and that position of leadership was ever afterwards accorded to him. The very spring after Dr. Plumer's removal the General Assembly, then embracing the whole country, was to meet in the First Church, and the whole responsibility fell upon Mr. Hoge. He wrote his brother (April, 1847):

> Since Dr. Plumer removed to Baltimore, I have been the only Old School minister in Richmond, and have, in consequence, been much engrossed by pastoral and other duties. Besides my regular engagements, I am on the building committee of our new church, and teach two Bible classes. Added to all, I have been quite unwell for two or three weeks, though not sick enough to be laid up. I was, indeed, confined to my room one week; but as I lay on my sofa, I composed a sermon, and when Sabbath came, I procured a carriage, rode to church, preached and came back to bed again.
>
> We are looking forward with much interest to the meeting of the General Assembly, which convenes in Richmond in May. If you could break off from your present engagements and come to Virginia, it would be your best opportunity for making a visit. Cousin Moses Andrew is coming, with his wife, and Uncle James also—at least, such was his expectation when I saw him last fall. There will be a tremendous concourse here on that occasion. Even an ordinary ecclesiastical meeting attracts much attention and many visitors in Virginia; but a General Assembly will turn the whole State topsy-turvey. Uncle Drury Lacy writes me that he is coming, as well as several other relatives and old friends. I fear, however, that I shall not enjoy the meeting a great deal, for it will be a time of incessant labor and anxiety to me. The First Church, in which the Assembly will meet, has no pastor, and the greater part of the work, such as making arrangements for preaching, seeing to the accommodations of the delegates, etc., will be devolved upon me; this will so absorb my time as to leave very little opportunity for social enjoyment.

About the same time he wrote Dr. Plumer with regard to the First Church:

> The session have treated me with a delicate regard, of which I am gratefully sensible. They seem anxious to select a man who will be agreeable to me, and who would probably work with me in good-will and harmony.

The choice fell on the Rev. Thomas Verner Moore, with whom Mr. Hoge was most favorably impressed from the

first, and with whom there grew up a delightful intimacy and life-long friendship. It would have been difficult to find two ministers working in more perfect harmony, or with more mutual affection and admiration.

Mr. Hoge was full of plans for the development and building up of the Presbyterian cause. He once wrote Dr. Plumer that he thought it better to fail in a good many things than to work in old ruts and attempt nothing. He was early impressed with the need of church schools. Writing to Dr. Plumer of Mr. Sterling's departure, he said:

> By this move I shall lose an excellent and efficient elder, and always ready to come into my views of things and aid me in all my plans. After January 1st, we will have no Presbyterian school for boys in Richmond. So far as I have been able to enlighten myself on the subject of parochial schools, I approve of the system, and I have thought this would be a good time to break ground on the subject here.

This enterprise he prosecuted vigorously and successfully, and a classical school was for some time maintained under his general oversight. But other events were working out to bring him more actively into educational work. Early in 1848 he wrote his brother:

> At present I am occupying a field of difficulty and responsibility. To build up a new church in a city is an arduous undertaking, one requiring self-denial, energy and much patience—qualities in which I am sadly deficient. Providence has, however, thus far smiled on my labors, and by another year I expect to see my church the leading Presbyterian church in the city, in point of standing, influence, and enterprise. The new edifice, now nearly completed, will be the most beautiful structure of the kind in the State. It is a pure specimen of severe Gothic architecture within and without, and has been pronounced by good judges to be as faultless a model of the order as

the country contains. It was a great undertaking for a congregation so new and so small to erect such a building, but I hope our liabilities will all be met as they become due, so that in a reasonable time we may be free from debt.

But, as so often happens with a new enterprise under a young and popular minister, the financial strength of the congregation did not keep pace with the growth of the audience and the demand for increased seating capacity. The church was built, but it was burdened with a debt beyond the strength of the congregation. They had not built extravagantly, but to meet the reasonable expectations of the future. But it was more than they could stand. It is difficult for large and flourishing churches to meet their regular expenses; how, then, can young churches, struggling into existence, be expected to do this and provide buildings adequate for their future needs at the same time? It is one of the most serious problems of church extension. The little band struggled earnestly with their problem, but business failures and removals increased their difficulties, and at last they had to confess failure. At a meeting of the officers and others interested, the problem was canvassed in every phase, and the conclusion was reached that the church must be sold. But there was one factor with which they had not fully reckoned—their leader. It was in this crisis that he displayed the stuff that heroes are made of, the power to rise to a crisis and master it. When all had expressed themselves, he quietly informed them that the church would not be sold; that his salary would be applied to the payment of the debt, and he would support himself by teaching, as long as was necessary.

His opportunity came shortly afterwards. He had written Dr. Plumer of his intentions about his salary, and (July 29, 1848,) writes him of the working out of his scheme:

I welcomed your letter this evening, not only on account of hearing from you again, but because you were the first friend at a distance to approve of my scheme, and to wish me success.

As soon as I heard of Mrs. Carrington's determination to leave Richmond, I saw that there was no time to lose, or the game would pass (and, perhaps, for years) out of our hands. And not being able to think of any one who would make a suitable successor, I concluded to undertake the matter myself.

I came to this resolution without consulting a single human being. I mentioned my intention to several friends one day, and wrote my advertisement the next. The first intimation my church had of the affair was from the newspapers. One thing has encouraged me much, the universal favor with which it seems to be received. All seem confident that I shall have a large school. I thought it probable that some members of my church would object to my undertaking such an additional charge. I did not intend to change my course if they should object; but I am pleased to find that my whole congregation, so far as I can learn, are heartily in favor of it.

Doctor, I have one fortune—may God long continue it to me; I am rich in the possession of one of the best of wives. How few men could have taken such a step as I have done—one so much involving the happiness of a wife—while she was absent, and without even consulting her by letter. There was no time for this, and Susan saw my advertisement, perhaps, the same day that she read my letter informing her that she was to leave her pleasant rooms and easy life at the Exchange for the anxieties and labors of a large boarding school. I calculated on her consent. I knew she would not say a word in objection, but I confess I was not prepared for such a letter as she wrote me. You are no Mr. Wet-Eyes, but you could not read her letter without being at the expense of a tear or so. She says not a word about her own cares and responsibilities, but, woman-like, and good-wife-like, is very anxious lest I may have undertaken too much for my strength; assures me that her conscious want of qualification to be a pastor's wife has been her only source of disquiet and discouragement since our marriage; but now

she is thankful that providence has opened a door of usefulness even to her, and that perhaps her unremitting exertions may enable her to be of some use to me, and to others, and give me less cause for regret that I have married one so unqualified for a position like hers!

Susan has a fine turn for business; she is an excellent accountant (inherited), and an admirable housekeeper.

I now see the use that may be made of these qualities which I have given her no opportunity to display before. A prudent wife is from the Lord. I shall entrust all such matters to her, or make her secretary of the treasury at least.

Such was the origin of what became for many years one of the great institutions of Richmond—continued long after the immediate object had been achieved, because of its great value to the church and the cause of Christian education.

The school was located in a large frame building occupying the centre of a large lot on the southwest corner of Fifth and Franklin street, now occupied by five handsome residences. This became his home until he moved to the house adjoining his church.

The church was dedicated in the early part of 1848, Dr. Plumer preaching the dedication sermon, in fulfilment of Mr. Hoge's cherished desire, and his friend, John R. Thompson, contributing the following hymn, which was first sung on this occasion:

DEDICATION HYMN.

Lord! thou hast said where two or three
Together come to worship thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place.

Then let us feel, as here we raise
A temple to thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of thy love
As it is felt in realms above.

Lord! here upon thy sacred day
Teach us devoutly how to pray;
Our weakness let thy strength supply,
Nor to our darkness light deny.

Here teach our faltering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

And when at last, in life's decline,
This earthly temple we resign,
May we, O Lord, enjoy with thee
The Sabbaths of eternity!

CHAPTER VI.

In Full Service.

1851 — 1860.

"Get leave to work
In this world; 'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than man in benediction. God says, 'Sweat,
For foreheads'; men say, 'Crowns'; and so we are crowned;
Aye, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work! Get work."

—Robert Browning.

IN the scholastic year of 1850–'51, the Rev. William H. Ruffner, then chaplain of the University of Virginia, inaugurated a course of lectures before the students of that institution, on the Evidences of Christianity, which were afterwards published in a handsome octavo volume. The lecturers were all selected from the Presbyterian Church, as the chaplaincy is held in rotation by the different religious denominations, giving others the opportunity to follow a like course in their turn. The list of lecturers includes the foremost men from all parts of the church: William S. Plumer, then of Baltimore, who delivered the opening lecture; Alexander M'Gill, of Alleghany; James W. Alexander, of New York; Robert J. Breckinridge, and Stuart Robinson, of Kentucky; N. L. Rice, of Cincinnati; all men who had achieved national reputation in the church. With them were a number of the more prominent ministers of Virginia—men like Dr. Sampson, of Union Seminary; Dr. B. M. Smith, his predecessor and successor in the Seminary, but then of Staunton; Dr. Green, the President of Hampden-Sidney College; Dr. Henry Ruffner, of Washington College, and others. With this group of older men are found three of the younger men of the Synod: Van Zandt, of Petersburg, and Moore and Hoge, of Richmond; the last probably

the youngest of all. His name seems natural in such company now, but then he was less than thirty-three years of age, and he had just completed the sixth year of his ministry. It marks his entrance into full service, among men of recognized standing in the church.

The lecture was on a subject well suited to him: The Success of Christianity an Evidence of its Divine Origin; bringing into play his fine mastery of history. It was delivered in two parts, the evening lecture having especial relation to Gibbon's "Second Causes." One remarkable feature of the lecture—partly growing out of the subject, but more out of his ability to seize the permanent element in things—is that, while many of the lectures in the course are so entirely out of date as to be useless now, this lecture would be as profitable now as the day it was delivered. A high authority has recently said of it that "in the whole realm of apologetic literature there is not a more polished or powerful demonstration of Christianity."

It will be interesting, therefore, to read his own humorous account (to Dr. Plumer) of the extraordinary disadvantages under which it was delivered. Perhaps "some forlorn and shipwrecked brother," suffering under similar trials, "seeing, may take heart again":

> This week's *Watchman* will give you Ruffner's impressions of *the* lecture of the course! But it does not contain any account of the strange scenes which preceded its delivery. You may remember that last Sunday was a very warm day. Well, the sexton, having peculiar notions with regard to temperature—I mean peculiar to all the colored brethren, that when the weather is warm a tremendous fire is necessary—shut all the doors and windows of the chapel and made the stove red-hot. The consequence was that as soon as the audience crowded in, some of the ladies became faint. One leaned up against the wall, white as the wall itself, and had to be carried out. This made a sensation. Then such an opening of windows and shutters and doors never was seen. Professor Minor took a pitcher

of water and tried to put out the fire, causing a sweet smell and a most agreeable hissing.

Quiet being restored, as the choir was performing, the string, or something, about the melodeon snapped and threw all the singers out. The hymn being ended, during the first prayer one of the students uttered a most dismal and fearful groan, that still rings in my ears, and fell back in a fit. This, of course, suspended all the exercises. Five or six of the students took him up and carried him out to see what was the matter, followed by all the doctors. The best thing I could do was to give out a long hymn. While they were singing it the outsiders began to return, and by the time it was ended, all had returned, the alarm having subsided when it was known that the young man was subject to such attacks. I thought it would be impossible to engage the attention of the audience after such distracting scenes; but, strange to say, perfect quiet and the very best attention prevailed as soon as the lecture commenced, and nothing occurred to interrupt it during its delivery, which occupied just an hour. At night there was a real jam. Extra benches were brought in and filled, and then chairs were set wherever there was a vacant spot; I suppose fifty could not squeeze in, and stood at the windows outside. Many of the Charlottesville people were there, and this was the cause of the exclusion of so many of the students. Ruffner is mistaken about the "nail in a sure place." The lecture was *heard* with evident emotion, but it will not *read* well, and I am sorry that it must be printed. It will go down to posterity *because of the company it will be in,* and not because of any intrinsic merits, and thus it will be preserved, *like a fly in amber.*

In this connection, the following is too good to be lost:

PETERSBURG, VA., *October* 6, 1851.

MY DEAR FELLOW: You know I gave you to understand some time since that it was a hazardous experiment for you to suffer your lecture to be printed in the same volume with mine. That presumption, however, I could forgive, as the venial sin of a youthful authorship. Indeed, I rather admired the daring with which a man of your size swaggered, as if at home among the rest of us giants, and so long as the fond dream of your equality was confined to

your intellectual stature, I was little disposed to break the hallucination. But when, from Ruffner's twaddle about your "impressive face," you began to think that in personal appearance you were also likely to cut a figure, you know I warned you on the steamboat against any such delusion.

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as others see us."

The invocation is answered, and here you are! Did ever man behold the like? And this is to go forth to the world as the likeness of my friend Hoge? Shades of darkness! why did ye not cover it all, and not leave even the tip of a nose, or the sign of a shirt collar to indicate the resemblance? Couldn't you bribe the engraver to make you look somewhat respectable? My dear fellow, consider the company you are in, and for the sake of your friends and family do try to look like a Christian. I grant you, it is a "striking face," but then I should say it was rather in the passive voice, a face that had been *struck*. Your right eye seems to be looking up, as if to penetrate the shades of that overarching brow, whilst the left is equally intent upon exploring the darkness of the regions below. There is rather a pleasing hiatus in your features between the nose and upper lip, which leaves room for the imagination to fancy an imperial, but then your head, *"disjecta membra,"* is divided from your neck by a girdle of cimmerian darkness, bounded on its nethermost extremity by the dubious lines of a shirt collar. But I forbear.

Pray comfort your wife with the consideration that it is *so like you*. Dr. Plumer recognized it in a moment, and begged hard that I would give it to him, but I wouldn't; no, not I! And then he laughed—how he did laugh; I don't know but he is laughing yet—and I am so much disposed to laugh myself I really can't write any more.

Yours in tears of cachinnatory sympathy,

A. B. VAN ZANDT.

P. S.—My dear Hoge, pardon me for showing the within to Plumer, I couldn't resist; and lest you should proclaim war against Carter, let me say that this is the *proof impression of the unfinished plate* which I picked up at the engravers, and it bears no resemblance to the subsequent impressions. Hope to see you at presbytery.

Truly yours, A. B. VAN Z.

The proof in question is still extant, and confirms to the mind of one of Dr. Hoge's children the story of the pirate ancestor of the Lacys. The engraving as it appeared in the volume was a respectable likeness, but represents a much older looking man than Dr. Hoge appeared many years after. This is partly due to the old-fashioned style of the beard, but yet more to the increased vitality of his later years.

The story of this decade can best be told in the letters of the time, that may, in the main, be allowed to speak for themselves. The first belongs to the previous year, but is introductory to the events of this period.

To Dr. Plumer (March 21, 1850):

> During the present month I have been trying to find some one suitable to assist me in my school. I do not complain, nor do I encourage others to condole with or pity me; but the fact is, Doctor, this double work is killing me. I am faithful and laborious both in my school and in preparation for the pulpit. I have a growing estimate of what a sermon should be, and am more and more unwilling to enter the pulpit with imperfect preparation. I cannot consent to fall below what I am capable of doing, and that is putting the standard low enough. But to make three sermons a week, even such sermons as I preach, and to teach six hours a day, is more than I can stand. But while I am at the head of the school, I cannot keep out of it, and leave the work to my assistants. Hence my desire to find some one capable of taking charge of the entire establishment. I have got the thing fairly in motion. It has been the largest school in the city ever since I commenced, and now it may be safely turned over to any popular and competent man, and to such a man it will furnish a handsome revenue. But I cannot find him. I am willing to take a class in the school, say for an hour a day, if my connection with it will be of any advantage, as I think it will. I wish I could sell out during my next vacation. I do not know of another opening so desirable in Virginia for a teacher who wishes to establish himself permanently and comfortably. Do you know of any one who would suit and be suited here?

[illegible] the school [illegible] providentially [illegible] to him.

[illegible] in strange ways into [illegible] while teaching in Gal- [illegible] young daughter of [illegible] returned to Athens [illegible] formerly filled by his [illegible] blessed with two children, [illegible] after the namesake of his [illegible] Ballard, now of the New [illegible] in her youth she had been called [illegible] she lived and trusted, [illegible] months later her husband made the following [illegible] These seven years brought me, through [illegible] to preach the gospel. I preached my first sermon, by direction of Doctor Moses A. Hoge, my pastor, at Mill- [illegible], nine miles from Athens. He was licensed to preach the Presbytery of Hocking, September 11, 1850, and or-

dained at Millfield, a little church whose pastorate he accepted in connection with his professorship, April 29, 1851. The following summer his brother wrote to Dr. Plumer (July 25, 1851):

> It will be *eight years* next October since I came to Richmond.[1] They have been eight years of *happiness* to me. I wish I could add, eight years of usefulness. It is my fault that they have not been useful. For the happiness I am indebted to you. Nothing but your partiality and kindness (which I could never account for) brought me to Richmond. I shall never cease to be grateful to you for taking me by the hand as you did, on leaving the Seminary, a green, wayward, and, as I now know, unpromising youth, and for bringing me to a place where I have found so many friends, and enjoyed so many years of personal and domestic comfort. I esteem it one of the greatest blessings of my life that the first years of my ministry were spent under your influence, and I often feel ashamed that while you were in Richmond and since your removal, I have made so poor a return for your kindness to me. I still hope it may be in my power to render you, or yours, some service, though I now know of no way in which I can be useful to you. The past year has been the most prosperous, so far as my church and school are concerned. During the winter, I had over a hundred pupils, and now, in this warm weather, more than seventy-five in attendance. Mr. L——'s engagement with me will expire at the close of the present session, but I have induced my brother William to resign his professorship in the Ohio University for the sake of aiding me in my school next year. I may not be able to keep him long, nor do I desire to do so, as I am told he bids fair to take a high stand as a preacher. I received a letter from Mr. Van Zandt yesterday with regard to his undertaking the High Street Church, in Petersburg. Should he not be taken from me, I anticipate much advantage in having him with me next year, as he is said to be a capital teacher, and a man of lovely spirit. He will be here in August.
>
> You have heard of the death of Mrs. Robert Brooke.

[1] From the time of his first visit.

> She was, to my taste, a lady of the most agreeable manners; so self-possessed under all circumstances, with so much tact, and such a nice sense of propriety. Her piety, always of a high order, rapidly matured during the last months of her life. For weeks previous to her departure, she seemed "quite on the verge of heaven." There was a very unusual and affecting occurrence at her funeral, which took place from the First Church. Mr. Moore asked me to open the services, and to read a chapter of his selection, which I did. When I concluded he rose to take his text, but suddenly became overpowered with emotion, closed the Bible and sat down. He could not regain his composure. A large assembly was waiting, and at his request, I preached the sermon, although I had not one moment for premeditation. I was not embarrassed, however, by the unexpected call, for such an emergency always steadies and animates me. I selected a text from the chapter I read, and, by a most extraordinary coincidence, I took the very text (as I afterwards learned) from which he had designed to preach.
>
> Who will make a good professor in Dr. Graham's place in Union Seminary? I am one of the electors, and feel much interested in it.

In August Mr. Hoge went with Mrs. Hoge to Baltimore to meet his brother and his children. He wrote Dr. Plumer from Norfolk:

> Last night I broke my good rule of retiring early. The weather was pleasant, and William and I had the longest sort of a talk as we paced the upper deck, reviewing the various incidents in our lives since we parted. He seems to be a noble-hearted fellow, generous, unselfish, full of sympathy, and with elevated aims. It gives me great pleasure to see a brother bringing so much bodily and mental strength into the service of the Lord—energy united with deep-toned piety.

A little later, when he thought some effort was on foot to move his brother away, he sums up the advantages of the existing arrangement:

(1) The importance of sustaining the school and his brother's success in it. "He is the best teacher I ever saw, and all his classes respect and love him." (2) The abundance of work there was for both. (3) The career of prosperity now open to the church, when, after persevering and painful efforts, arrangements had been made for the payment of the entire church debt. (4) The advantage to his brother of having a home for his little ones where he could be with them. (5) "William is my only brother, from whom I have been separated since he was a child. We are happy in being together, especially in being associated as we are in the church. I do not admire the co-pastor system.[1] I would not be thus united with any one but a brother, nor with a brother unless he were such as William. But *we* can always work together in love and harmony.

"The present state of things seems all to have been ordered by a kind providence. It has all been brought about very gradually. No one had any idea of calling Brother William when he first came. By degrees the idea grew upon the people, until with unanimous voice they elected him, that I might have more time to study and visit without giving up my school, and that they might hear him preach and have his pastoral attention, both of which they prize. *Let all this alone.*"

The relation was indeed a happy one; happy in the rediscovery the brothers made of each other; happy in the mutual love that sprang forth afresh and that grew until death separated them; happy in the fellowship of service they enjoyed; happiest of all in the outpouring of the divine blessing upon their labors. William Hoge thus tells the story in a letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Julia P. Ballard:

RICHMOND, VA., *December 2*, 1851.

MY DEAR JULIA: I have a message to gladden any pious heart, but I want to send it where the thrill will be richest. I have hesitated some time between Aunt Sallie and yourself, but your beaming face rising before me has decided me.

[1] He changed his views on this in later life.

The windows of heaven are open, and a blessing of grace descending. Our house particularly is blessed. It is a place of weeping. Every girl, I think, is moved. Some are in bitterness. Some have had their mourning turned into joy. At least four of our boarders trust they have found true peace in believing. For some weeks past two or three have been tenderly impressed. On last Friday night I was engaged to assist Mr. Moore of the First Church, at his meeting preparatory to the sacrament. I preached "The Lord's Hand is not Shortened," etc. Nearly all of our girls attended; some were awakened. Saturday night I preached again, "The Ten Lepers." All went. On Sabbath I had to preach twice in our own church, Brother being absent at Norfolk to install a pastor. I gave them just what you heard once when you went with me to Millfield. In the morning, "Why Will Ye Die?" In the afternoon, "The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy." The audiences were large and much affected. Then came the hardest part of my day's work. Eight girls came to my study, one after another, for counsel and prayer, and while conversing or praying with one, the cries and prayers of others reached my ears. On Monday I felt strong and fresh again. In school, while hearing the Bible class, the plainest and simplest words seemed to go to the heart. The Spirit was there, and many were in tears. After school at four o'clock, between sixty and seventy assembled at a prayer-meeting at our house. Others were melted, and my cousin, Lizzie Hoge, was *filled* with joy. I sent her quickly off to my study that she might give her first hours to God, that her opened eyes might see only him who had opened them. At night I preached "The Prodigal Son." Weeping eyes were turned towards me, and at the close another was rejoicing in hope. And now, as I write in school, in a moment snatched from other duties, I see one and another turning from their books and burying their faces in their hands to hide their tears and suppress the rising sob. Inquiry meeting this afternoon. I preach to-night. Then Brother will be here, and the labor will be divided. But I am not tired. I have preached very calmly; quietly talked much of the time. But I must close; I know you are glad; I know you will pray for us—for *me*. Dearest love to all. Sincerely, W. J. HOGE.

P. S.—There is preaching, too, every night in Mr. Moore's church, and much interest there.

Just after I came here, we took a trip as far as Danville (near the borders of Carolina). Brother and myself conducted a communion meeting, and had to come away at once. But from that day the blessed work commenced, and I learn that some seventy made profession.

A few days later Moses Hoge writes of the same events to Dr. Plumer:

You have heard of the delightful season we are enjoying. The interest commenced among my boarders, then extended into the school, then into the congregation. Two sermons which Brother William preached for Mr. Moore previous to his communion were much blessed to the young people, who went down with him from my house, as well as to some of Mr. Moore's congregation. We have preaching in the lecture-room of each church every night. To-night Brother William preached for Mr. Moore, and I preached to my people. Oh! could my mother have only seen her two sons in the pulpit. Could she be in Richmond to-night, and know that both were preaching to solemn audiences, at the same hour—how she would rejoice. But if it would add to her joy in heaven, she *does* know it. About twelve have professed a hope, in my congregation, and some fifteen are now inquiring the way of life. I trust it is but the beginning of what we shall see. The first notes of praise from the lips of new converts give us here upon earth some preludes of heaven.

The blessed fruits of this revival are found to this day. It has been a common experience to the children of those who were associated in this work to meet godly women full of all the sweet graces of the Spirit and abounding in love and good works, who trace to this time the beginning of their Christian life.

But the relation could not continue. William Hoge had come into the ministry through too deep experiences to give so much of his time to the school-room. He accepted a call to the new Westminster Church in Baltimore, where he

began his ministry July 1, 1852, and Moses Hoge turned over the principal care of his school to others.

That fall he was elected Moderator of the Synod of Virginia—esteemed in Virginia an honor only second to the moderatorship of the General Assembly. He wrote Mrs. Hoge (Winchester, October 22, 1852):

> I think I was never so tardy in writing to you before, but it has happened on this wise. Immediately on my arrival here, I was elected Moderator. So that I had to be in my place early, and late, and all day. This thing of pinning a man down to the Moderator's chair is not exactly the thing to give him rest and recreation; but you know the honor of being Moderator of the Synod of Virginia makes the yoke easy, the burden light. The order of every day is to first hurry through breakfast, then hurry to Synod, then hurry through morning business, then hurry through dinner, then back to Synod, then a rush for supper, then preaching, then Synod after preaching, then a rush to bed, and so the time has gone; and this is the first time I have had a pen in my hand since I came to Winchester.

Mr. Hoge's immense capacity for work has always been a mystery to his friends, especially as he never had much system about it. In semi-humorous vein he sums up his occupations in a letter to Dr. Drury Lacy:

> RICHMOND, VA., *December* 3, 1853.
>
> MY DEAR UNCLE: I have got used to being "a wonder unto many," as to how I get through with my multifarious duties, and I have often been asked to communicate the secret. I preach three times a week and attend one prayer-meeting, besides those constantly occurring calls for addresses before societies of one sort and another. I teach school, run a team on the street, write occasionally for the papers, North and South; I entertain a great deal of company, receive any number of visits from country acquaintances and strangers; carry on as extensive a correspondence, perhaps, as any minister in the State; am general commission merchant for friends living out of town, and, until lately, have officiated as negro-hirer and

collector, and yet I am generally at anybody's service who wants me to visit the sick, take a walk, ride or go fishing. I read some poetry, and now and then a novel, and visit (they say) as much as any pastor in Richmond, but I don't know how I manage it. Perhaps the best explanation is that I attempt many things and do nothing well—that I am *Joannes omnium artium, magister nullius.*

After all, the reason why some men accomplish more than others is to be found in the different force of that faculty denominated the will. A resolute, unconquerable will can cause even a feeble physical frame to undergo toils, and perform wonders of endurance and action; but when a will which ignores such a word as impossible is combined with a vigorous physique, then I will not set any limits to what the proprietor of this happy combination of powers can effect.

I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now, should they be written in such a miserable hand, and I have no time this morning to add more. *Venit hora, absque mora.* Most truly yours, M. D. HOGE.

From his youth it had been Mr. Hoge's ardent desire to travel abroad. But the financial straits of his church, and the consequent *res angustae domi,* had made it impracticable. But in the spring of 1854, through the kindness of his good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, he was invited to go abroad with them as their escort. We will not follow him over ground now so familiar, but one letter from London will suffice to show the *eyes* he took with him, and his delight in all he saw. He wrote Mrs. Greenleaf (July 31, 1854):

MY DEAR SISTER: Would you not have been pleased to see me drive from the railway station to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, eat an immense dinner at nine thirty o'clock to-night, then light a cigar, and plunge into the Strand and wander on, in a sort of dreamy rapture, until I passed Temple Bar, and then on and on, until I stood spell-bound beneath the awful shadows of St. Paul's?

Oh! I am happy to-night; the dream of my youth, the ardent wish of my riper years—alas! that I should have

to say riper years: I want youth, youth forever—is now a reality. I look down from the window where I write upon a thousand flashing lights and rushing vehicles, and late as it is, these lights and this roar which smites my ear, all assure me that I am indeed in vast, heaving, tumultuous, interminable London. . . .

The ocean passage was charming. I never saw such a proportion of agreeable people in the same number, and yet among the passengers all, nearly all, nations were represented. Captain Nye said it was *his* most pleasant passage.

Of course, it did nothing but rain in Liverpool, and I saw but little of it, but what a sweet visit did I make to quaint, quiet, venerable Chester; and then the walks and drives and visits to old ruins I had in Wales; and then the fun I had in Ireland, the gratification I had in breakfasting with Dr. Cooke, the sorrow that I did not find McCosh in Belfast; and then the glorious morning sail up the Clyde to Glasgow, the visit to Bothwell Bridge and Hamilton Palace, the excursion to the Highlands, my walk through Rob Roy's country, my night ride on horseback through the Trossachs; my visit to Stirling Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Newbattle Abbey, Hawthornden, Roslin Castle, Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh Abbey, and to York Minster. No, these things I cannot tell you about, because I would not know where to begin and where to end. I could write a little book on each. Since my arrival in London, I have gone with the Webbs, by day, to see what we all want to see, and must see of course, such as St. Paul's, Westminster, the Tower, the Galleries; and by myself I have gone by night to see what *I* wanted to see; and when alone, how happy I have been, you can, though very few others can, imagine.

London is light all night, and many of its most interesting places are open until twelve o'clock. Ben Jonson's Tavern, The Argyle Rooms, Bolt Court, Vauxhall, etc., etc.; these I have seen, and there are a few more of the same sort yet on my list. To-day one of my most interesting visits was to St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. There John Howe preached, and many other Nonconformist divines, during the Commonwealth. I have in my library the "Morning Exercises" of these divines in six volumes.

In this church Ben Jonson and Oliver Cromwell were married, and beneath its pavement John Milton is buried. I stood over the slab and recalled many scenes in his life, and many passages in his works, with a delight they never afforded me previously.

Will it be possible for me to like Paris as much? Can I have a more romantic adventure than I had the other night on Cornhill?

But what is the use of writing about London? I could not reach letter A in the catalogue of what is to be seen and enjoyed.

To Dr. Plumer he writes after his return (March 13, 1855):

I regard the five months I spent abroad as five of the most pleasant and profitable of my life. I returned without visiting many places I was anxious to see, but I ought to be satisfied with a trip which carried me to London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Brussels, Antwerp, Cologne, Frankfort, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, Milan, Genoa, Turin, Verona, Venice, Lyons, and Paris, to say nothing of the finest lakes and the grandest mountains in the world.

But, after all, I returned more thankful than ever that I was born under a republican government, and in a Protestant country. It would be foolish not to admit that Europe is our superior in some of the trappings and ornaments of life, our superior in architecture, painting and sculpture and music; but in all the great rational ends of life—in virtue, integrity, honesty and *manliness*—in all that really makes a people great—in all that makes the future (Europe has nothing but a most dismal and tragic future for ages to come)—in all that makes the future radiant with the animating prospect of a destiny more glorious than ever allotted to any other nation—we are as superior to Europe as Europe is to us in the mere frippery and embellishment of life. When I first reached England, I felt like a stranger and a foreigner; but after travelling two or three months on the Continent, after being watched and guarded as if I had been a conspirator, after being stopped at every frontier and in every town and city, and compelled to give an account of *who* I was, how old, my

profession, where I was born, where I came from last, and where I was going next—when I got back to England and found that I was once more under a constitutional free, and not a constitutional despotic government, and in a land where the Protestant religion prevailed, I stuffed my passport away down in the bottom of my trunk and breathed freer and stronger, and felt almost at home again. And ever since I reached my own dear country, I have been singing, *"The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage."* Still I want to go abroad once more; I want to visit Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, and when I make that tour I want you to go with me. There is a multitude in Richmond who remember you with unchanging affection; but among them all, none cherish you with a warmer affection than HOGE.

During his absence in Europe, Hampden-Sidney College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity (June, 1854).

The following year Dr. Hoge, having now no school on his hands, embarked on a new enterprise. The *Watchman,* the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, had led a struggling existence for some years. Dr. Hoge had felt much anxiety about it, and encouraged the venerable editor by contributions to its columns, and by support under all circumstances. At last, in conjunction with Dr. Moore, he purchased it. Its name was changed to the *Central Presbyterian,* and it was published under the firm name of Moore and Hoge. It at once became a recognized power in the country. In the exciting discussions that agitated the country, it fearlessly defended the South against misrepresentation and slander, while its calm conservatism did much to mould that strong sentiment in favor of moderation and peace that kept Virginia true to the Union as long as union was possible. In 1859 the paper passed into the able hands of Dr. William Brown.

In the fall of 1856, Dr. Hoge, with his brother William, visited the Synod of North Carolina, at Fayetteville, in

the interest of Union Seminary. His brother, after four years of joyful ministry in Baltimore, had accepted a call to the new chair of New Testament Literature and Biblical Introduction in Union Seminary, to which he had been elected without his knowledge. While he felt the pastorate to be his appointed field of usefulness, he gladly availed himself of this opportunity to broaden his foundations, as he had pursued his theological education privately—though under the able guidance of Dr. M'Guffey—while professor at Athens. Dr. Moses Hoge—the distinction is necessary, for William was also a Doctor now—was a director in the same institution, and the two went by appointment of the Board to arouse a greater interest in the Seminary in the Synod of North Carolina. While in Baltimore, William Hoge had been married to Virginia Randolph, daughter of the Rev. Peyton Harrison, and it is to her that the following letter is addressed:

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., *November* 13, 1856.

I must write a word to-night, though it is late and I rode all last night in a stage so uncomfortable that I applauded your wisdom in not coming with me; and though I have been hard at it all day without sleep or rest, I must write to tell you how well and happy I am—happy because I am before so bright a pine-knot fire in such a delightful place, because I have just partaken of such delicious bits of cold turkey and cake and goblets of milk (which I needed); happy in having my dear old brother with me, and having seen my loving Uncle Drury; happy in having heard Moses make so brilliant a speech to-night before the Synod in behalf of the Seminary, and because he says *my* speech of a solid hour was just the thing, of peculiar felicity, and the best speaking he ever heard from me, while more than one member of Synod came to me after church and said we had done more for the Seminary to-night than ever was done before in this State; happy because of the generous courtesy with which they have given Moses next Sunday morning at the communion, and me next Sunday night, when Moses says I must by all means preach "Stephen."

That visit, those speeches, and those sermons are remembered in North Carolina to this day.

From these public concerns and occupations it is necessary to turn aside awhile into the quieter realm of Dr. Hoge's home and family. The birth of his first-born was followed (February 7, 1847) by that of a second daughter—Mary Rochet—the middle name commemorating Mrs. Hoge's Huguenot ancestress, and (December 17, 1849) by a third, Fanny Wood. This little lamb was early taken to the arms of the Good Shepherd, at that charming age when the mind has begun to open, while the heart is still untouched by the evil of the world. Of this bereavement her father wrote to Dr. Plumer (August 9, 1851):

> REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: My dear little Fannie died yesterday morning, and is to be buried this afternoon. This is an unexpected stroke. She had an attack of measles, but the case was not considered dangerous until within four hours of her death, when violent congestion came on, and quickly did its work. She was most tenderly beloved by Susan and myself, but we both feel that God is holy, and just and *good*. I have in this affliction a sweet sense of his nearness and love. He could not have removed our child with fewer aggravating circumstances. There was a prospect that the last struggle would be sharp and protracted; but Susan and I went up into the study and prayed that God would give her a gentle release. In His pity he answered our request, and gave her a seemingly painless departure. What a change a day has wrought! Evening before last, Fannie was sitting up, talking and even trying to repeat some of her little funny sayings; and now she lies beside me—pale, cold, still.
>
> I would not permit any one to sit up with her last night, for I preferred to watch beside the little coffin myself, and meditate and pray and gaze upon the sweet face within it, without any one to disturb me. No change has yet taken place in her appearance. Her features are perfectly placid, and a gentle smile rests upon the lips. But far more beautiful is the immortal part. Precious, precious to me now are the revelations of the gospel. I do not feel that I have

lost my child, but that she is the only one of the three that is safe. I wish to be *taught* by this dispensation. I know that you will pray that it may result in all the benefit for which it was intended. With love to your family, I remain, Yours affectionately, M. D. HOGE.

Another little daughter—Susan,[1] the mother's namesake—came for a little while to cheer their hearts here, and then lift them up to heaven. He himself was quite ill during this time, and the mingled sorrow and strain was beginning to tell upon him severely. His brother came down from Hampden-Sidney to see him, and wrote his wife (April 17, 1856):

The interruptions by calls, etc., are innumerable, so that it is very little time I can secure for private conversation with brother. He is very busy, for he would edit the paper this week, and is far from well. He looks badly—wasted, worn. He wears the continual expression of care, and an overburdened mind and heart and body. How I wish he *could* rest, but he cannot, or will not. He has been much cheered, though, by my visit. It has revived old times and some merry associations, and given him some hearty laughs. All this does him good. He greatly appreciated my prompt coming when I heard of his illness, nor was *your* part of the generous sacrifice forgotten. They, that is, of course, Moses and Susan, unite in hearty thanks and love.

But a few months later he is writing to Mrs. Hoge in happy vein, on his birthday (September 17, 1857):

This has been a charming day. The sun shines bright and warm—too warm for pedestrians—but the breeze is fresh and strong, and in the house the temperature is delicious.

I have been trying to spend the day profitably, as every birthday should be spent, in renewing the remembrances of mercies enjoyed and in confession of privileges un-

[1] Born September 7, 1855; died at Dr. Thomas Hoge's, in Halifax, June 13, 1856.

improved, and sins committed. I have been making good resolutions, too, but how vain are these, unless grace enables us to remember and to keep them. I can truly say that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and Mr. Gretter himself has scarcely more reason to consider himself "a miracle of mercy and a monument of grace."

And in recounting blessings on a birthday, I will not forget to mention my wife as one of my choicest and richest, for I have been favored by a good providence with one who has been the most dutiful, forbearing, patient and devoted of wives, one who has rendered me the most efficient aid, both in private life and in public duties. I think that I am indebted to you for more than half of the favor and popularity I have ever enjoyed. Nor in this catalogue of mercies will I omit to mention my children. Bess and Mary are very unlike, but both attractive in their way. Bess for her good sense, prudence and unselfish disposition, and Mary for her playfulness, simplicity and candor. The children are both great comforts to me, and I anticipate great happiness from their society when they grow up, if their lives are spared. And the dear children who are gone, they, too, are comforts to me, for they are the occasion of many pleasant memories and delightful contemplations, as I think of their present happiness and eternal exemption from sin and sorrow.

Such are my birthday reflections, and with tenderest assurance of unchanging love, I am,

Your devoted husband, M. D. H.

The following year his church was again visited by a season of spiritual refreshing, and his brother came down to assist him, and wrote of it to his wife (June 23, 1858):

Tuesday and Wednesday nights I preached to a lecture-room full and overflowing. Some stood outside and some went away. Last night we went to the church, and had a fine audience. Every morning we have a prayer-meeting at six-thirty. Lecture-room full. This morning Moses conducted the prayer-meeting, while I met all who wished special instruction in religion in the church. We did not

know whether a dozen would attend. *More than fifty* were there representing every degree of interest.

I think I ought to remain. I long to be with you, but this is precious work, and Moses cannot do it alone. Twenty-six joined last Sunday on examination, and many are serious. Pray for me—all of you. W. J. H.

It was the last work of the kind they were to do together for some time, as the next year his brother went to New York as colleague to Dr. Gardiner Spring in the Brick Church. Of this and other matters Dr. Hoge wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf (May 2, 1859):

I am doubly your debtor since your last kind letter came to remind me of a former obligation. But if a letter brings pleasure with it, how much greater the joy when one can grasp the hand of the writer. The 8th of May will soon be here, and you know I would not pass through New Brunswick without stopping, if you were there. Moreover, I promise to spend the Sunday, after my performance in the Academy of Music, with you, if you will be at home. But (what a rascally little word that is!)—but if I should not get to New York this month, I cannot shake hands with you, and if I do not appear in the Academy of Music, I cannot spend the following Sunday in New Brunswick.

Now the fact is, I have declined the invitation to preach in the Academy of Music; and perhaps I am the first one who has bid that cup of honor pass from him. So you see that my ambition, if I ever had any, droops on tired wings. I had two engagements which stood in the way of being in New York on the 8th of May, and though on some accounts I would have liked to have taken my turn at the Academy, so far *as that* was concerned, it was not much of a self-denial to decline going. I suppose you did not go over to hear Dr. Plumer, as you said nothing about it. The *Observer* gave a graphic account of the man and his manner, but said less than usual about the *sermon.*

The Hoge stock seems to be a little above par in New York of late. Some of my friends there insist that Brothers William and Moses must not be separated. I was quite complimented to be asked to succeed a man like

Dr. Bethune, but it would take a great deal to induce me to leave the Presbyterian Church.

Richmond is out in its most charming spring fashion. I neved saw it looking so pretty. We are certainly happy here; what more could we expect elsewhere! My church was never in so flourishing a condition. Our gain in membership last year was sixty-five. Since Roger Martin became an elder he is almost as efficient as his noble father. Instead of the fathers shall be the children.

I want to be remembered to and by the "Good Shepherd." Please say a kind word to Dr. Davidson for me, also to your brother Edward when you see him. Let your father know that I cherish for him the warmest regard. I want you to become acquainted with Brother William's wife. She was very happy at the Seminary, but I think she will like New York. Get well as fast as you can, and put a cheerful courage on, and let "time but the impression deeper make" of any regard you have for your affectionate Virginia brother, MOSES D. HOGE.

The sermons at the Academy of Music, referred to, were an enterprise of certain philanthropic Christian men, who sought to reach the non-church-going masses of New York, by bringing eminent ministers from all parts of the country to preach in the Academy of Music. When his brother preached in this series the audience numbered five thousand, which was then said to be the largest congregation that ever assembled within walls to hear the gospel in this country. In consequence of this sermon came calls to the Collegiate Reformed (Dutch) Church, which he declined, and to the Brick Church, which he accepted. The church to which Dr. Moses Hoge was called was the "Reformed Dutch Church on the Heights," Brooklyn, to which the eminent Dr. Bethune had ministered for eleven years, but which he had just resigned to go abroad for his health.

Of a visit which he did make to New York shortly after he wrote Mrs. Greenleaf (September 10, 1859):

I came unexpectedly to the city last Saturday night. I could not stop in New Brunswick, because I did not know

that I should have more than one Sabbath before my return, and I wished to see and hear Brother William in his new church.

I stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and did not intend to let William know that I was in the city until after the evening service, intending to hear Thornwell in the morning, and then go to the Brick Church at the second service; but you know my luck at meeting people. Sunday morning I walked out of my hotel, and of course ran plump up against the inevitable William. I promptly declined his invitation to preach for him in the afternoon, and went and heard Thornwell in the morning.

But during the intermission, William came to the hotel, really too sick to preach (the first time since his removal here), and I, of course, consented to take his place under these circumstances. I have been extremely busy all through the week, having to find a French teacher for a friend who is going to open a female school under my supervision in Richmond, and buy a philosophical apparatus among other commissions. I have not had time to call on any of my friends. But for these engagements, I would have written and asked you if you could join me here. It was not possible, however, as I could not have enjoyed your company. I have seen very little of Brother William. He moves into his house, 258 Lexington avenue (to which I have had my letters directed) to-day. My friend, McClellan, came and took me away from the hotel, and I am always happy with him, as he and his sisters entertain me just according to my mind.

Since I commenced this note, Dr. Spring called to ask me to preach for him to-morrow morning. I had to decline, being engaged to Thompson, of Grand Street Church. I have also declined preaching in the Cooper Institute, and for Dr. Bethune's people to-morrow night (what a declining man I am!). Tuesday I have set apart for Brooklyn visits. There are four or five people there I must see. If you could come over conveniently, I could spend Tuesday night at the "Shepherd's."

But all other matters were soon overshadowed by an event that filled him and his friends with joy—the birth of his first son, October 20, 1859.

His brother wrote (October 26th):

Allow me—allow my wife, allow Lacy and Addison and every member of my family—to congratulate you on the birth of a son! At last! Heralded, too, by four sisters. Perhaps he will be the "coming man" people profess to be looking for so diligently nowadays. I wish I could see him—the young Jeshurun; doubtless he "kicks" enough. I wish I could see old Brother Gretter's paroxysms of loving laughter and tears, and Brother Paine's ebullitions of emotion, and the Second Church generally in its ecstasy. I suppose he will be elected your colleague in the pastorate at once. He could at least begin by doing the typographical error part of the Central; put him among the types, and see how long it would take him to knock everything into "pi."

We have imagined that possibly Bess and Mary sometimes make a little fuss over him, and I can see the grateful Dame Susan's loving eyes drinking him in with a sense of soft, unspeakable luxury. *You* are a little harder to imagine, except in the teasing and fun-making department. And yet I reckon you have many solemn thoughts of mingled joy, tenderness and anxiety. A little boy's birth may well awaken serious thoughts. Oh! if you could but look forward and *see* him an able and faithful minister of the gospel, what years of painful solicitude and fluctuating apprehension and hope would be prevented. But this may not be! These are part of the discipline needful for the parent, and of the means by which the child is brought to the desired ends. And how precious now the provisions of the covenant of grace. How mercifully have they wrought in our case. We have often spoken of the unutterable joy it would have given our dear mother, could she have known the blessed stations and work on earth, that grace had in store for us. Let us emulate her faith and her faithfulness, her patient strivings and self-sacrifice for us.

I am anxious to learn the name of the little boy, how he thrives, and how his mother is. Give her a great deal of love from us both. May God bless her and this dear child, and spare him for great usefulness, and her to see it.

To Mrs. Greenleaf, Dr. Hoge writes of the same event:

> I could not have believed that twelve hours would pass before I replied to one of the best and most welcome letters I ever received from you; but now the days are but hours to me, and the weeks have contracted to days. *All* my time is occupied, and so I fail to execute my most cherished plans and purposes. I keep on intending to do what I wish, but what lies out of the orbit of *necessary* duty is seldom accomplished. When you were with me, you sometimes saw me busy, but never so busy as I am now.
>
> I have had a good deal to tell you, too. Every day since our little boy was born, I wanted to say something about him to you. He is a noble looking little fellow, though only two weeks old, with a large head and clear, bold eyes. Bess and Mary are in ecstasies about their "little brother," a new and sweet phrase to them. The important matter of giving him a name is not yet attended to. "Of course, he must be called Moses Drury," says nearly every one. This evening I received a letter from Mr. Ewell. "You cannot hesitate," he says, "about a name. Call him Moses D., and nothing else." Yet I do hesitate. I do not like the custom of continuing the same name in a family. Moreover, every one should have his own name, and as in our family we are all going to be historic characters, if we continue to bear the same name, we will confuse the Muse, and in making up her annals she will constantly be asking "which Moses?" My first thought was Parsons Greenleaf. Susan interposes what has become to her a weighty objection—the number who have borne it for a short time and then passed away. On no other ground would Susan object to what would be my choice. Then the name of my brother has been suggested. But that does not suit me for the reason already given; and as to my own name, I hold Moses in something like detestation. Instead of getting my associations with it, as I should have done, from the Pentateuch, I derived them from the Vicar of Wakefield; not the grand old Moses who first wore the name, but the green young Moses who sold the colt for a pair of spectacles.

> It has been proposed to call a meeting of the two churches for the purpose of receiving nominations, discussing the subject, and deciding it by vote! Dr. Moore says it will be nearly unanimous in favor of "Moses D." I am glad I have at least a veto power.

The final decision was Alexander Lacy, thus uniting the names of Archibald Alexander, Drury Lacy and Moses Hoge—the three great preachers so intimately associated at Hampden-Sidney. And just here comes in an incident that revived some of those memories of the past which he sought to perpetuate in the name of his son.

To Mrs. Greenleaf he wrote (April 24, 1860) from Columbus, Ohio:

> Having promised to make an address to the students of the Western Theological Seminary, when I got to Pittsburg, I felt that I ought not to return home without first making a visit to my venerable uncle, in this place. I am now glad I came, as his children assure me that he was very much touched and deeply gratified at my coming, having now arrived at that time of life when he is affected by such marks of respect and affection. He never was demonstrative, but now his nerves are weaker, or his heart is tenderer, than formerly, and his emotional nature reveals itself in a way new to me. He treats me as if I had been a long-absent son, returned for a short visit, to be repeated no more.
>
> This morning I am going to Cincinnati, and from thence to Athens, and pay probably my last visit to the place where a portion of my childhood was spent, and where my father is buried. I have a yearning to see the place again, and never but once.

Changes were coming rapidly now, as if before the great new future, so full of portent, that was impending, all old associations were to be blotted out. First his wife's home in Prince Edward was broken up, and then it became necessary for them to leave the house they had occupied for twelve years in Richmond. Of both events he writes Mrs. Greenleaf:

July 31, 1860.

After a long season of anxiety and toil; visits to the sick and visits to the dying and bereaved, I broke away from other engagements on last Saturday morning and came to the country, where, after preaching one sermon at college on Sunday, I have been enjoying the rare experience of absolute rest. The season is soon to end, however, for after taking my family to the mountains to-morrow, I have to return to Richmond to meet an engagement on Friday evening of this week. . . . We will set off from Poplar Hill with quite a cavalcade to Farmville, where we take the cars. Susan, Bess, Mary, Lacy and Bridget, the nurse, will sufficiently fill one carriage; then will follow a baggage wagon, drawn by two mules, containing the trunks, etc., and Lacy's *goat* in a cage, and then I will bring up the rear on horseback.

It will be our final exodus from Poplar Hill. Mr. Wood having purchased a plantation on the Brazos, in Texas, sold this place last week to a gentleman of Nottoway (Colonel Knight) for twenty-eight thousand dollars. Of course, he takes all his negroes (thirty-five) with him. Susan is much distressed at the sale of her dear old home. It has been in the family for one hundred and forty years. She and Mr. Wood's wife go off, I believe, and take a little private cry about once a day.

RICHMOND, VA., *September* 10, 1860.

To-day we leave our old house finally and forever, but before we go I cannot refrain from sending you "a farewell" from the place where "we have been happy together," and which was, for a time, your home as well as mine. My local attachments are strong, and certainly I have reason to remember this place. Here we have lived nearly twelve years, here dear little Fanny and Susy were born, and from the same chamber were carried to their graves. Here I have had important relations with many persons, with the young ladies who were members of my family, and a large proportion of whom became members of my church (more than twenty during one session). Here good Mr. Martin spent some of his most happy and useful hours, during a revival, when we held prayer and inquiry meetings in the parlor, and when three of his children became pious. But I cannot do more than begin to tell you of the

associations—pleasant generally, mournful occasionally—that I have with this house. This morning at family prayers I tried earnestly to invoke God's blessing upon all who had ever lived with me at this place, whether as teachers, pupils, or servants. . . .

I feel very unsettled; the committee of the General Assembly's church (Metropolitan) in Washington have unanimously elected me to become pastor (the appointment rests with them), and I would accept were there not some things connected with the inauguration of the enterprise which I do not like. But under all the circumstances of the case, I think I will decline, probably this week. The whole matter is to be kept secret until my decision is made. If I decline, it will not be known that I have been invited. It is a strange providence that keeps me in Virginia so long, when I am one of the most restless of mortals, and love change for its own sake.

Such was the tenacity with which Dr. Hoge always kept a secret that it is probable many of those nearest to him know of this important call for the first time from these pages. Besides the calls to Brooklyn and Washington, and a number of other overtures that he checked in their incipiency, he was during this period offered the presidency of Hampden-Sidney College in 1856, and of Davidson College, North Carolina, in 1860. Each call he declined on its merits, and not from a settled determination to remain in Richmond. That came later: when he had attained there a position that was unique.

The two following letters from his brother will suitably close this chapter:

A happy New Year to you, my dear brother. To you and all yours—"wife, children and friends"; to your church and our distracted country; a year happy, blessed, fruitful; a year of grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Let me congratulate you on the new leisure you are about to enjoy, with nothing to do but be pastor of a city church. You have not known such a luxury for years. How will you dispose of your vacant hours? save your-

self from *ennui* and rust? how keep out of mischief? What! no paper? no school? Only three sermons a week, with pastoral visiting, funerals, marriages, correspondence and the duties of hospitality? A perfect sinecure—

"Otium cum dignitate."

And who, my dear brother, shall deny your right to a little rest? Who shall begrudge you either your laurels or your leisure? A man at your time of life, having spent his youth and the prime of his manhood in unusual toils, and having advanced some months into his forty-third year, may well look for the calm shades and mellower fruits which we naturally associate with that mature period of existence!

If your old doctrine is true, "the more labor the more leisure," I fear I shall not get so many nor so long letters any more. Idleness may benumb your right hand, and clog your nimble pen with rust. Do not let it be so, pray.

Let me lay aside all joking, and though a younger brother, say a word of sober counsel.

Prepare with much labor, both of reading and writing, a stock of *rich doctrinal sermons,*[1] not so much for your own people (however important that may be) as for preaching *away from home.*[1] Pardon the freedom I am going to use. On people who already knew and admired you, your preaching in New York left just the impression which generally follows it in Virginia, but with the exception of your able and elaborate sermon on the glory of the Presbyterian Church, I fear the sermons you preached here did not do you full justice. Your other discourses were clear, bright, popular in their cast, and where you are well known would be very impressive; but somehow, though my testimony has only *negative* foundation (or nearly so), they did not take a strong hold on the people. Dr. N. L. Rice was lately here. He has not such advantages of voice and elocution as you have, but he carried the people before him as the wind carries the cloud. No doubt *some* could be found who did not like him, for my full persuasion is, that no man ever preached so meanly as to have no admirers, and none ever preached so well as to please everybody. But I felt immediately that he made

[1] Underscored in pencil by M. D. H.

a powerful, delightful, permanent impression. And it seemed to me that the effect was mainly owing to the scriptural richness, the doctrinal compactness and weight of his discourses. My people heard two from him; I but one, and that in the lecture-room. Then he preached on the text, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." I never heard old Dr. Alexander, but I felt that this must be like *his* richest experimental sermons. When I did not hear him he preached on Justification, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect," etc. The effect was grand. I am sure many people will remember it to their dying day. Some were filled with enthusiasm. As far as I can learn, the same effect was produced on Dr. Alexander's people. They would have called him, but for the known impossibility of removing him so far from Chicago. Some persons, like Dr. Spring, could see that no man could preach constantly that way to the same people. He put so much rich truth in every sermon that to repeat himself would be a necessity. But I am not speaking of what may be prudent for a pastor in the regular duties of the pulpit. The people heard him gladly and were profited, and his influence for good was greatly enlarged.

This is one thing I have been hoping you would do, in this, almost the first year in which you could give yourself fairly to the simple work of the ministry, that you would look over your great stock of written sermons, select a few on the grandest doctrinal themes, enlarge the plan, condense the matter, pile up the argument, studying the best things of the greatest divines, and working for weeks on each subject. You have stock enough, time enough, and experience enough, now, to enable you to do this to great advantage.

The marks upon this letter show that good heed was taken to this word of loving, brotherly counsel. There can be no doubt that for a time Dr. Hoge's growth as a preacher suffered from the multifarious concerns that absorbed his time. Popular, his preaching always was; powerful, it often was; but its richness and fulness, as we have known it, were still in the future. God has his own plan for his

servants. William Hoge was given opportunity to devote himself exclusively to the work of the ministry from the first, and matured early, for his time was short. To Moses Hoge came many cares and distractions that prevented study and retarded growth. But God gave him time, and his richest fruition was after his brother's course was finished.

But the time of leisure was not yet. Just before him was the shock and whirl and turmoil of the war. But before plunging into this subject let us close the chapter with a note of peace:

NEW YORK, *March* 6, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: When you wrote to us that God had blessed you with another little boy,[1] Virginia would have me sit down to welcome the dear child at once. But you still intimated that you were about to write me "a real letter," and I was rather *afraid* to get so far ahead of you, lest you should be discouraged and not pluck up again this year. I looked for a fuller account of the lad, in a few days, and for tidings from Susan. But no word has come, and I can wait no longer. For, meanwhile, I have incidentally heard that my dear sister has been very sick, and I am anxious to learn how it is with her, and whether it is "well with the child," and with you also, my dear brother. Let me know as soon as you can, that I may rejoice with you if you rejoice, or weep with you if God has made you weep. May our God be with you and all yours, blessing and comforting, and, through every change, enriching you with all grace and peace.

We are well, and all things go with us as usual. The lines fall to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. My hands and heart and head and voice are full of work, and it is a great and blessed work for our Saviour and King. Oh! for grace to do it better!

All unite with me in expressions of affection and sympathy both in your joys and griefs.

Ever your loving brother, W. J. HOGE.

[1] Moses Drury, born February 2, 1861.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Confederate Capital.

1861 — 1862.

"May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step,—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful."—Carlyle.

IT is no part of the purpose of these pages to recite those facts or to discuss those questions that belong to history; but Dr. Hoge's relation to the Confederacy was too conspicuous, and his identification with the Confederate cause too complete, for any biography to do justice to his memory that did not present his views and convictions on those great questions that had so long agitated the public mind, and at length rent the country in twain in one of the bloodiest wars of history.

And the time has surely come when men should be able to look calmly into the causes of that war, and do justice to the principles and motives that controlled the minds and actions of those on both sides of the great conflict. No thoughtful man in the South now fails to recognize the moral earnestness of many of the leaders of the agitation for the abolition of slavery, nor the high principles that animated those who sprang to arms for the preservation of the Union. But they expect a judgment as fair for those who, with equal sincerity and at greater sacrifice, took arms for the preservation of constitutional liberty, as they understood it, and to repel the armed invasion of those commonwealths about whose names clustered patriotic memories older than the Union itself. The late Hon. John Randolph Tucker, at the Yale Alumni dinner in 1887, put the whole

matter in a nutshell: "The North fought for a great political idea—the idea of Union; the South fought for another great political idea—the idea of local self-government. Preserve the two and the war will not have been fought in vain."

With the relative degree of praise or blame attaching to the political leaders on either side, we are not here concerned. The question that presents itself to us is the attitude of the enlightened, conservative, Christian men of the South, the class of men of which Dr. Hoge stood forth as a type and a leader. What did he, and such as he, think of slavery, of the Union, of secession?

The fact that slavery was the occasion of those discussions that brought on the war, has led to the superficial inference that the war was fought on the southern side to conserve the institution of slavery. However powerful this consideration may have been in controlling the actions of politicians, this conclusion ignores the large body of anti-slavery sentiment that had always existed in the South, and the burden with which the evils of slavery rested upon the hearts and consciences of its enlightened Christian people. One of the few extant letters from the elder Dr. Moses Hoge (1819) is concerned with his efforts to unite a husband and wife belonging to different masters. The owner of "Frank" was unwilling to hire him to the owner of "Celia"—for some grudge—but agreed to hire him to Dr. Hoge, with permission to him to place him where he pleased. The letter goes on to deplore the condition of the slaves, subject to such separations, to predict the judgment of heaven upon the land if such injustice continued, but to express the hope that there were signs of improvement, and of greater interest in their spiritual welfare. In 1814 his son, James Hoge, removed to Ohio because of his objections to slavery. On the way thither he spent a night with Dr. Conrad Speece, and they fell into a discussion of the question. Dr. Speece asked him what he would do with the slaves, if freed.

"Send them back to Africa if they cannot be retained among us as free laborers." Dr. Speece was taken with the idea and wrote about it. Dr. Hoge never claimed originality for it, as he had seen what Dr. Hopkins, of Rhode Island, had written on the subject. But it was two years before he heard of Dr. Findlay's "Agency for African Colonization."[1] In the same letter in which the birth of Moses Drury Hoge was announced, his father expresses a desire to find a field of labor where slavery did not exist. In consequence he, too, moved to Ohio. His younger son, William, in a letter to his affianced bride, with regard to their domestic arrangements, expresses the desire not to own a slave, although he did not wish to separate her from any loved and trusted family servant. Her father, although a large slaveholder, once wrote for one of the Virginia papers an article signed "Abolition"—before that name became identified with the Abolition party—advocating a plan of gradual emancipation.[2] His son, the Rev. Dabney Carr Harrison, although a man of scholarly tastes and habits, chose his pastoral charge on account of the large opportunity it afforded for missionary work among the slaves. And Moses Drury Hoge, on receiving a number of slaves from his wife's estate, at once offered them their liberty. Only one accepted, and that one had not known him. He afterwards bought five slaves, the relatives of hired servants of his, whose position was uncomfortable, and set them at liberty. Such pecuniary sacrifices are far more eloquent of an interest in human liberty and the welfare of humanity than the most violent anti-slavery harangues. Yet, while such was the personal attitude of Dr. Hoge and others who have been mentioned, not one of them would have pronounced the relation between master and slave in itself sinful. All of them freely admitted slave-holders to the communion. All of them subscribed to

[1] Letter from Dr. James Hoge to Dr. Plumer, March 10, 1859.

[2] Mr. Webster's "March 7th speech" comments on the effect of the abolition societies in stifling such discussion in the South.

those church declarations that pronounced the relation scripturally lawful. They recognized the evils. They abhorred the iniquitous traffic by which slaves were brought to our shores; but they refused to count as sinners those men who bought the first cargoes of slaves to save their lives, while sending to the mother-country unheeded protests against their introduction into Virginia; they refused to condemn those who afterwards acquired them by inheritance or purchase, or to countenance any effort to deprive them of legally recognized property without due compensation; and they were unwilling to join in any agitation for wholesale emancipation so long as such emancipation seemed to involve greater evils for the slaves and for the country than slavery itself. The colonization scheme seems now one of the wildest dreams that was ever conceived in the mind of man; but its conception, and the heroic efforts to make it succeed, are the strongest possible demonstration of earnestness of purpose to solve a problem that seemed otherwise insoluble. An interesting relic of the sacrifices made in this enterprise is a letter from Dr. Hoge to Dr. Plumer, enclosing fifty dollars and a list of articles that the Doctor was to purchase and forward by a ship about to sail from Baltimore. Mrs. Rice had learned that one of her slaves who had been sent out by the Colonization Society was in need, and she took advantage of the opportunity to relieve his wants. The good woman was poor and these pastors were busy; but she cheerfully gave her money and they their time to fulfil what all considered a sacred responsibility.

If these men cast themselves in with the Confederate cause, it was evidently not to preserve slavery.

Nor were they lacking in love for the Union, and loyalty to the Federal idea and the Federal government. On March 17, 1850, during the great debates in Washington, Mr. Hoge wrote to Dr. Plumer: "I have been trying to get a chance to slip off to Washington for a few days. I want to see something of the national life at the focus; but now I sup-

pose all the big guns are fired![1] Disunion indeed! Disunion of these United States! I wish Old Hickory was alive—I just wish Old Hickory was alive!"

Again, in 1851, writing to Dr. Plumer in commendation of his letter on the Union in the *Journal of Commerce*, he expresses his great regret at observing a feeling of growing indifference to the Union on the part of the planters in various counties in Virginia he had recently visited. "I was pained in observing the extensive disaffection to the Union which seemed to prevail in that part of Virginia. It strikes me if you expressed anything too strongly it was when you spoke of the small number in the South who are in favor of secession, if it could be accomplished peacefully." In 1859, Dr. William Hoge wrote his brother from New York in the same strain:

> To-morrow is our Thanksgiving Day. One thing darkens its joy. Shall as many States ever again celebrate one day united in one Confederacy? God has already chased away many dark clouds and averted the bolts which threatened to rend us asunder. I trust and pray he will still save us from the wrath and folly of war. But my own hopes have never been so darkened. The *people* have in a great measure lost their horror of disunion. I still believe an overwhelming majority love the union. But words which were once hardly whispered are now spoken aloud—yea, shouted with exultation—and the number of those who would destroy the Union, I fear, has rapidly increased. I rejoice in your calm, clear editorials in this present crisis. Your answers to the atrocious and lying —— have been all I could desire. Prime has done noble service. I hope you will do what you can to let the South see his editorials, as the expression of a *largely* held sentiment in the North. The South never needed calmness and moderation more than now. It would calm and console many men in the South to read such conservative words from one of the most influential Northern presses.

[1] Clay's resolutions were offered January 29th. Calhoun spoke March 4th; Webster, March 7th.

The files of the *Central Presbyterian* at this critical period are unfortunately lost, so that Dr. Hoge's editorial views cannot be reproduced in his own language; but the following wise, conservative, patriotic and Christian letter from his life-long friend, Dr. Dabney, sufficiently sets forth the views of those like-minded with himself. Some time before, in sending an "appeal for peace" to the *Central Presbyterian,* he closed a private letter accompanying it by saying, "The Christian people of this country can easily save the country if they will. What a burning shame if they will not." Now, after Lincoln was elected and South Carolina had seceded, he wrote, January 4, 1861:

> DEAR BROTHER HOGE: I employ a part of the leisure of this fast day afternoon to answer your kind letters, reciprocate your affectionate wishes for me and mine, and explain my views somewhat on public affairs. It is from God that all domestic security has proceeded, in more quiet times, though at such times our unthankfulness causes us more to overlook his good hand; and his power and goodness must be our defence now, to cover us and our feeble households "under his feathers."
>
> My conviction all along has been that we ministers, when acting ministerially, publicly, or any way representatively of God's people as such, should seem to have no politics, and many reasons urge this. One of the most potent is, that else their moral power (and through their fault the moral power of the church) to act as peacemakers and mediators will be lost. I thought, too, that I saw very plainly that there was plenty of excitement and passion; that our people were abundantly touchy and wakeful concerning aggression, and that there were plenty of politicians to make the fire burn hot enough, without my help to blow it. Hence my public and professional action has been only that of a pacificator, and that only on Christian (not political) grounds and views. I believe that in this humble attempt I have done and am doing a *little* good, which my God will not forget, although it may, alas! seem for the present to be swallowed up in the overmuch evil. "The day will reveal it."

But I have my politics personally, and at the polls act on them. They are about these. I voted for Breckenridge, fully expecting to be beaten; and, therefore, preferring to be beaten with the standard-bearer most theoretically correct. But if I had seen that Bell or even Douglass had a chance to beat Lincoln, I could have voted for either. I have considered the state of Northern agression as *very ominous* for many years (as you know, having stronger views of this four years ago than most of our people); but I do not think that Lincoln's election makes them at all more ominous than they were before. I believe that we should have effectually checkmated his administration, and have given the Free Soil party a "thundering" defeat in 1864. Hence, I consider Lincoln's election no proper *casus belli*, least of all for immediate separate secession, which could never be the right way, under any circumstances. Hence I regard the conduct of South Carolina as unjustifiable towards the United States at large, and towards her Southern sisters. She has, in my views, *worsted* the common cause, forfeited the righteous strength of our position, and aggravated our difficulties of position a hundred fold; yet regard to our own rights unfortunately compel us to shield her from the chastisement which she most condignly deserves.[1] But, even in shielding her, we must see to it, as we believe in and fear a righteous God, that we do no iniquity, as she has done. For instance, the power of a Federal government to fight an independent State back into the Union is one thing; the right of that government to hold its own property, fairly paid for and ceded (the forts) is another thing. Take South Carolina's own theory, that she is now a *foreign nation* to the United States and rightfully so, how can it be the duty of the President or of Congress, sworn to uphold the laws, to surrender the soil and property of the United States to a foreign nation insolently and threateningly demanding them; and, with a sauciness almost infinite, saying to the

[1] Perhaps Dr. Dabney goes further in his condemnation of South Carolina than Dr. Hoge would have done; but in the main position, that Lincoln's election, without some overt attack upon the constitutional rights of the States, was no sufficient ground for secession, their views were the same. Compare notes of address on page 146.

United States, "You shall not take any additional measures to defend your own property; if you do so, we will fight." Hence, if I were king in Virginia, I would say to the President, "You are entitled, as head of the United States, to hold the forts, to strengthen your own garrisons, to do anything *defensive* in them you choose, till they lawfully change owners by equal purchase. If you are assailed, beat them off, and their blood be on their own heads." But if an attempt were made to subdue South Carolina herself, *without first offering to her such a redress of her federal grievances as would be satisfactory to the moderate, just majority of her Southern sisters,* I would say, "Hands off, at your peril."

Now, it may be said, this is all theoretically right; but it is all out of date at this crisis; the crisis is too dangerous to admit of ethical niceties. We must "go it blind," and stand or fall with South Carolina. I reply it is never too late, or too dangerous to do *right.* Verily, there is a God who judgeth in the earth. How can we appeal to him in the beginning of what may be a great and arduous contest, when we signalize its opening by a wrong? Besides, if we are to do anything prosperously or wisely we must clear ourselves, before the great mass of the Union-loving, God-fearing men of the North, of this wanton breach of federal compacts, and disregard of vested rights, which South Carolina is trying to commit.

But I greatly fear the temper of our people is no longer considerate enough to place themselves thoroughly in the right in this matter. In view, then, of the *actual* state of affairs, justifiable or unjustifiable, I would say that the Legislature of Virginia ought, on the *first day* it meets, to call a State convention. It ought also to take immediate steps for a concert of the Southern States, to be well knit as soon as their several State conventions can elect commissioners; to present a united front to the North, for two objects: to demand firmly our rights *within the Union,* and to limit any Federal or Northern collision with South Carolina, within the limits I have defined above. This congress of commissioners should also have a sort of alternative power given them, to be used only on condition that an extra session of Congress passes a force bill under Lin-

coln; and, in that event, to declare our allegiance to the Federal Union *suspended* till such measures are relinquished, and to organize adequate measures of self-defence. And this alternative power they should use promptly in that event. Meanwhile, each State Legislature should diligently provide for self-defence.

I have thought, ever since the secession movement began in South Carolina, that the idea of a *tertium quid,* or central confederation, as a *temporary arrangement,* might be useful. But this on two conditions: that any attempt or diplomatic overtures to construct it should not for a moment supersede, but only proceed abreast with, our preparations for the *dernier resort;* and that the border slave States should utterly refuse to enter it, except on a basis liberal enough to them to assure their interests unquestionably, and, moreover, to disgust New England, and prevent her accession to it for a while.

Once more, we should all remember that America is one in race, in geography, in language, in material interests. Even if we angrily divide, there will be powerful interests drawing us together again, after the wire edge of our spite is worn off. Every good man, even after separation seems inevitable, should try to act with a view to the speediest reunion.

Such was the cautious, self-restrained attitude of one who became a most redoubtable champion of the Confederacy. It was the powerful influence of such an element in Virginia that restrained its first convention from secession. In a little while all was changed. Virginia seceded with the enthusiastic approbation of this very class. What wrought the change? We will not reply with any word from the South. A letter to Dr. Hoge from one of the foremost ministers of the North—Northern in ancestry, birth, rearing, and all his association—will sufficiently answer. It is dated April 16, 1861, the day after Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops:

MY DEAR BROTHER: The thing we have feared is upon us. The spirit of Cain is rampant, and we seem about to plunge headlong into an unnatural and diabolical war. We

may not long have the privilege of even writing to each other. An impulse which I cannot resist prompts me to salute you in the Lord, and through you any of the precious Christian souls who ministered to me and mine in my late visit to your city, and who may inquire after me.

You are right in the impression expressed in your letter to the *Central Presbyterian,* that Virginia has nothing to expect by way of conciliation or concession from the North. The policy of the administration has evidently been coercion and subjugation from the first, and it has so managed its cards as to throw the appearance of aggression upon the Southern States. The war spirit is fearfully aroused here, and the fierce demon of religious fanaticism breathes out threatening and slaughter. It is not safe even for a minister to counsel peace. God help me, for I know not what to do or say. There seems to me to be only one way to avoid a bloody war in which all we hold dear will perish, and which will end, according to the examples of history, in anarchy first, and then military despotism; and that is the immediate secession of Virginia and the other border States. The hesitancy of the Old Dominion only makes her an object of contempt in the eyes of the dominant party, and encourages the popular belief that the South will easily be subdued. Those who have been regarded as soberminded Christian men here talk now about *wiping out* the Southern Confederacy as an easy thing. If Virginia would stand up armed and protest against what is now the avowed purpose of subjugation, it might stay the fratricidal hand, and secure a peaceful separation between North and South. It may seem strange to you that *I* should be in favor of disunion. But, alas! the Union *is already dissolved,* whatever Mr. Lincoln may choose to say. What was once *our* country is dismembered by the blind folly of our rulers, and the only question is, shall we separate now in peace, or fight for a generation, and then separate. May Virginia, who, in the person of her own Washington, once vindicated the right of revolution against a government that refused, like ours, to recognize *facts,* do so again; not by an eight-years war, but by throwing her proud shield over her younger sisters, and saying *stand back* to those who would wipe them out. If she does not secede now, she deserves the subjection that

awaits her. But I did not intend to write you a political harangue. I only wanted to thank you and yours for your kindness to me, and to assure you once more that there is one on this side of the line who does not think you traitors, cowards or fools. Mrs. —— joins me in kind regards to your family. In great sadness,

Yours in Christ, ———[1]

The proclamation had just the effect anticipated by the writer of this letter. In an address after the war, Dr. Hoge described the scene in the convention the day after it was received.

The morning after it was received it was my office to open the session of the convention with prayer. On entering the hall, I was immediately impressed with the scene presented. None of the members were seated; all were standing in scattered groups earnestly discussing something. Approaching the member who represented my native county of Prince Edward, a man of noble presence and rare intelligence, courteous and chivalrous, ever seeking to know what was true that he might do what was right, I asked him what had happened. "Have you not heard," he answered, "of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation?" and then proceeded to inform me of its probable effect. Up to that day my friend had been an earnest advocate for the maintenance of the union of the States; from that day his loyalty found a new centre. When the war commenced, Virginia had no more gallant soldier. Like so many of her noblest sons, he was as heroic in the field as he had been faithful to duty as a civilian until he received his mortal wound and was numbered with the brave—

"Who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

The gallant Thornton was a type of an uncounted host, clinging to the Union with a passionate devotion until the imperilled Commonwealth required and received the allegiance of her sons.

[1] The name would add greatly to the strength of the letter, but is withheld for obvious reasons.

The same day Virginia passed the ordinance of secession. She had not approved the secession of her Southern sisters. She had no wish to separate from the Union herself. She knew that her soil would be the battle-ground of the contending armies. But she had no alternative. She must either throw herself in the breach, or join in the subjugation of her sister commonwealths, who—wisely or unwisely—had asserted what Virginians believed to be their inherent right to a separate existence. In such a dilemma she could not hesitate; nor did she. Henceforth, in the minds of her sober, Christian men, it was not a question of slavery, of secession, or of Union. It was a question of self-defence, self-government, and constitutional liberty.

On June 3, 1861, Dr. Hoge wrote his sister, Mrs. Marquess:

> MY DEAR SISTER: I do not know how I can gratify you more than to write you something about your "bold soldier boy."
>
> I saw him mustered into service by the inspector-general on the arrival of the company in Richmond, and I was present when they marched into the "Camp of Instruction," where they are now quartered in their pretty white tents. Edgar is the most soldierly looking man in the company—erect, tall and martial in his bearing. He and Whitlocke Hoge dined with us yesterday after the morning service in church. It was a communion season. The Rev. Dr. Atkinson preached, and it was an impressive sight to see about thirty of his company [1] partake of the Lord's Supper. At night I preached in camp, where I have voluntarily been acting as chaplain for about five weeks, and preaching as often as my other engagements would permit. I did not ask such an appointment, but, without my solici-

[1] The students of Hampden-Sidney College volunteered as a company, under their President, the Rev. Dr. J. M. P. Atkinson, as captain. They were captured in West Virginia, and, on account of their youth, released on parole. Subsequently some of them were exchanged and re-entered the army. Among these was the Whitlocke Hoge mentioned in the letter, a son of the Dr. Thomas Hoge previously mentioned (page 15). He and his brother were killed in the same battle.

tation, the Military Bureau last week gave me a commission as chaplain. I hope I shall be stationed at the "Camp of Instruction" about two miles from the city, and then I shall not be separated from my congregation. I suppose Captain Atkinson's company will be stationed there for several weeks, and it is not likely that they will be called into active service at all, at least not until older and hardier companies have all been called into the field.

With my whole mind and heart I go into the secession movement. I think providence has devolved on us the preservation of constitutional liberty, which has already been trampled under the foot of a military despotism at the North. And now that we are menaced with subjugation for daring to assert the right of self-government, I consider our contest as one which involves principles more important than those for which our fathers of the Revolution contended.

But you have seen a pretty full expression of my views in the *Central Presbyterian* before and since my editorial connection with it ended.

You may rest assured that Edgar shall have all the care and attention we can give him during his stay in camp. It will give me great pleasure to serve him in any way.

I have fitted up a large tent at the camp and provided it with a fine library of books and magazines, as a free reading-room for the men. It will afford much pleasure particularly to the Hampden-Sidney boys.

Among Dr. Hoge's papers were found the following notes of an address delivered on some Confederate memorial occasion. They sum up what has gone before, and introduce us to the strenuous and solemn scenes through which we must presently follow him:

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONFEDERATE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

1. The marked deliberation with which it was undertaken. The convention of *Virginia* opposed to disunion. Proofs of this. The ordinance of secession not passed until the publication of Lincoln's proclamation calling for

troops. Mr. Preston's speech after the secession of South Carolina, heard by the Legislature with respectful attention, but followed by no action.

2. The unity and ardor with which the war was waged when it once commenced. Volunteers all over the State; university and colleges, even theological seminaries, emptied of students. Other evidences of enthusiasm.

3. The sacrifices cheerfully made; the sufferings uncomplainingly endured as the war progressed. Why such sacrifices and sufferings were necessary. Food, medicines, clothing, military stores. Constantly diminishing numbers; no recruits; no mercenaries employed; none obtainable. Effects of the blockade of our ports.

4. The heroism displayed after defeats. The difficulties to be overcome in all departments of business. An impoverished people. The resolution exhibited in rebuilding the ruins. The loyalty of Confederate soldiers to their parole.

5. The intense affection with which the memories of the war are cherished. Observances of anniversaries. Hollywood Association. Erection of monuments. Reasons for this affection. A war of *principle*. A *defensive* war. A war in which every family was *represented*—in which nearly every family suffered a *bereavement*.

6. The religious element, so pronounced, all-pervading and controlling. The religious character of the great leaders. The chaplain service.

The last paragraph gives the key-note to Dr. Hoge's life for the next four years. The religious welfare of the soldiers was the "all-pervading and controlling" consideration. Never was a Christian people more thoroughly aroused in a great evangelistic movement than were the Christians of the South in their efforts to evangelize the army. Churches freely gave up their pastors, and pastors joyfully left their comfortable homes, to join in this great work, in consequence of which wave after wave of spiritual blessing swept through the camps. It was Dr. Hoge's wish at first to become chaplain to a regiment, but he was persuaded that his position at the centre was of more com-

manding influence. We have already seen him in his work at the Camp of Instruction, afterwards known as "Camp Lee." A greater opportunity seldom came to man, and he improved it with all the energy of his soul. It is estimated that during this service he preached to over a hundred thousand men. It was almost like preaching to an army from the wayside as they marched past. The men before him one Sunday would by the next be on the march or in the field. Impressions, if made at all, must be made quickly. There was no time to lay foundations, or to prepare the ground for seed-sowing. The truth must be like their own shots—quick, vivid, unerring. Dr. Hoge's habitual readiness and power of adaptation made him the very man for this kind of preaching. Then, like all army preaching, it was very solemn work. We glibly say, "In the midst of life we are in death," but it was very different to face men who were in jeopardy every hour; whom no bloom of youth, no vigor of constitution, no care or prudence, could insure against the pestilence that walked in darkness or the destruction that wasted at noonday. But in those congregations there was not only the solemnity of danger to be incurred, but of duty to be done—duty that must be performed in spite of danger and in the face of death. These two thoughts were the dominant notes in the preaching of the Confederate chaplains—the grace of Christ to strengthen in the hour of duty and to save in the hour of death.

To this service Dr. Hoge gave every Sunday afternoon, Dr. Moore taking the afternoon service at his church, and he preaching for Dr. Moore in the evening. He also preached in the camp at least twice during the week. But the public services were not all; he had the interests of the men on his heart to such a degree that, in spite of their great multitude, they looked upon him as a personal friend—quick to sympathize, ready to help. Nor did he hesitate to rebuke; and he had that quick wit that made his rebukes stick while his friendliness took away the sting.

Standing once with a group of soldiers, some of whom did not know him, at a point which overlooked the camp of the enemy, he heard one of them say, "I wish all the Yankees were in h——." He spoke up, "Would you not as soon see them sent to heaven?" "No, I wish they were all in h——." "Oh!" said the Doctor, "I thought you would probably prefer them to be where there would be less probability of your meeting them." The roar of laughter from his comrades drove home the rebuke to his profanity.

The spiritual fruits of this work can never be told this side eternity. But all through life Dr. Hoge was meeting these men and receiving expressions of their gratitude; sometimes in singular ways. Once, long after the war, he was looking at a horse that he thought of buying at a livery stable in Baltimore. One of the bystanders—there are always bystanders at a horse trade—closed one eye and jerked his thumb over his shoulder, as an intimation to him to follow. "I don't like to interfere in a horse trade," he began, "but I can't stand by and see *you* imposed on." He proceeded to describe some unsoundness in the animal. "But why do you do this for me?" said Dr. Hoge; "what do you know about me?" "Why, ain't you Dr. Hoge? I reckon I've heard you preach at Camp Lee too many times not to know you."

Another of Dr. Hoge's regular public services was the honorary chaplaincy of Congress. As it was not an official appointment, there appeared in one of the papers an envious little squib, criticising him for monopolizing this service. It promptly called forth from Vice-President Stephens a reply, stating that he had been so annoyed by the difficulties and irregularities of the system of rotation which he had first tried, that he had asked Dr. Hoge, who could always be depended upon, to take it regularly, and that he had consented very reluctantly to do so.

But these public duties were a small part of the additional cares and activities that devolved upon him from his position

at the Confederate Capital. Richmond was filling up with prominent men from all parts of the South to whom attention had to be shown. Letters from all parts of the country appealed to him to look after sons, husbands, brothers; to visit them in sickness, or to give information about them when not heard from. Bereavements came thick and fast to his own people and to countless strangers and visitors who turned to him in their sorrow. He was constantly consulted about the chaplain service; his influence continually sought by persons seeking civil office to support themselves or their loved ones in these trying times. Now a man unfit for service was conscripted, and he would save a valuable citizen by getting him transferred. His letters take us into the very heart of these times. To his brother (December 17, 1861):

> When you saw something of my manner of life in former days, you thought me a busy man, but I am now the most pressed, the most beset and bothered brother you ever had.
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> My six sermons a week, and funerals extra, might fill up all my time reasonably well, with pastoral visits thrown in to fill up the chinks, but this is only the beginning of Iliad. I have opened Congress *every day this session,* with the exception of two occasions, when I was preaching funeral sermons, and to-day, when Mrs. Brown was in pressing need of an editorial. And then the company! I sometimes feel as if company was a curse. I am really ashamed of myself when I meet on the streets with persons who have claims on my hospitality, and with whom I would be delighted to have intercourse, whom I do not invite to my house because I dare not give them just the time which even sensible people, ready to make allowances, would require on the part of a host.
>
> Then so many people seeking office, or seeking employment, come to me, and so many write, asking me to get them passports or do something for them in some of the departments. You need not say, "Why do you attend to these things to the neglect, perhaps, of others more important? Why be worried by these numberless vexations, instead of resolutely turning away from everything except your own appropriate work?" *Simply because I cannot.*

These interruptions are inevitable, and much of this extra office and job and commission (without pay) work, I *ought* to do for the sake of common humanity. A discharged soldier, knowing no one else in the city, writes to me to get his pay; a wife, separated from her husband, writes, begging me to get her a permit to pass through the lines and go to him; an exile, driven by the enemy from his home, writes, asking if I can assist him in getting a position where he can make bread for his destitute family; and as sure as I shut myself up in my study, and resolutely refuse to open, no matter who knocks, then some one calls who *ought* to have been admitted. So life passes, and you may moralize and give sage advice, but if you were in my position these war times, you would do just as I do—only you would do some things a great deal better.

His brother replied (January 13, 1862):

Your last letter changed my views not a little as to the propriety of your suffering so many extra-ministerial duties to fall upon you. I am sure you have many impertinent interruptions; that many secular things are left to you, or rather forced upon you, which properly belong to others; but I am sure you have been made eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a consolation to the stranger, the friendless and the bereaved, and a blessing to him that was ready to perish; and all this not merely as the gospel preacher, but the patient, interrupted, toiling man. God knows better than we do where we can serve him and how. I will leave you to his guidance, and beset you no more with my "lecturing." I wish I had more of your capacity for labor. My opinion of myself and what I accomplish is low indeed, I assure you.

Again he writes his brother (February 17, 1862):

Life, of late, has been all work and no play with me. The number of soldiers in the Camp of Instruction having been much reduced, I have been preaching the last three Sunday afternoons to the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment near the Reservoir. Our camp will soon fill up, and I shall return there again. Last week I enclosed three hundred dollars, the amount of my pay as chaplain for six months,

to the Secretary of War, requesting him to appropriate it to the use of our soldiers in whatever part of the field he thought it would be most acceptable. He returned me a very polite letter in answer, and said that after consultation with the Quartermaster-General and the Surgeon-General, he had concluded to apply it to the purchase of additional comforts for the sick soldiers at Manassas, hoping that I would approve of that disposition of my liberal gift, etc., etc.

I thus accomplish a double and desired purpose, that of preaching to the troops, and of making a pecuniary contribution to the brave fellows who are fighting for *me*. I think I can do more in this way than by fighting myself, though at times I have an almost resistless inclination to go into the ranks.

About a fortnight ago I received a very pleasant letter from Dabney. He was then at Bowling Green, and wrote very hopefully both as to himself and as to the army there. He bears all his afflictions and personal privations with an equanimity and Christian fortitude very beautiful to contemplate.

My church is crowded every Sunday. At our last communion I received eleven new members on certificate and examination, and hope to receive as many more at the next. I am truly gratified to learn that you have so much to encourage and make you happy in your present field of labor. If the University only had its usual number of students, the position would be one of the very finest in the South. As it is, it is a very attractive one.

The "Dabney" referred to in this letter was the Rev. Dabney Carr Harrison, Dr. William Hoge's brother-in-law. On the death of his brother, Lieutenant Peyton Harrison, who was killed at Manassas, he raised a company, of which he was made captain, and volunteered for service. He was mortally wounded at Fort Donelson, and died in Nashville. He had just written his brother-in-law, after speaking of his abiding sense of loss in his brother's death, "I am not sad; even now, when deprived of my precious wife and little ones. But I feel as if I would rather be serious the rest of my life."

Dr. William Hoge prepared a sketch of his life, which was widely circulated in the army. The Southern General Assembly had placed its Publication Committee at Richmond, and this little tract was the first issued from its press. It is to this that Dr. Hoge alludes in his next letter to his brother. He was about to publish a tribute himself when he learned his brother's intention. Apart from the personal reference, the letter is useful as showing the religious work in the camp.

To his brother (March 26, 1862):

> I wished chiefly to dwell on his soldierly devotion to duty, and his Christian activity while he was in the Camp of Instruction. There I saw him almost daily for three months or more. It was owing to his agency that a Christian Association was formed in the regiment and completely organized for every species of usefulness. There was a Bible-class, a Sabbath-school, and arrangements made even for teaching those who were unable to read, and I selected the Pictorial Primer of the Tract Society for that purpose. He rendered me most efficient aid in my work as chaplain during his stay in camp. He held prayers every evening in my large tent for several weeks, for the benefit not only of his company, but for all who wished to attend. He interested himself in getting the men together on Sabbath afternoons, and this increased the attendance on my regular services, and in every way in his power he gave me his efficient coöperation. The influence of his presence and example in the camp during these months will never be fully appreciated until the day of final revelation. If you have not completed your tract, I wish you would dwell a little on these facts, and give my testimony to his most valuable aid in my efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the large number of men who were then gathered in the Camp of Instruction, and in so doing, give the testimony in your own way and in language better chosen and more forcible than mine.[1]
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> . . . . . .

[1] At his brother's request he afterwards wrote a fuller statement, that was published in the sketch.

I am sorry to say that I have not been in my usual health for the past two weeks. I have a feeling of *weariness* most of the time, which oppresses me, together with some palpitation of the heart. Last Monday was a very blue day. On Saturday, at four P. M., I had a funeral sermon to preach in my church. On Sunday I preached there at eleven o'clock A. M., and in camp at three P. M., out in the open air, with a cold, raw wind blowing hard on my uncovered head, and then again in Dr. Moore's church at night. All four of these sermons were delivered without the aid of a manuscript or note, and that kind of preaching is generally more exhausting. A good deal of my time is taken up by having so constantly to open the deliberative bodies here with prayer. The time actually spent in that exercise is nothing, but having to go and return to the Capitol at 12 M., cuts into the heart of every day, and when there I am often tempted to stay, during the interesting discussions in progress. My loss of time amounts in this way to an average of an hour a day, and thirty hours a month counts up during a congressional term. I have acquired an unfortunate popularity for prayer-making in these bodies, chiefly, no doubt, because I do not try to be *eloquent*, as so many ministers do on these occasions, and more especially because my prayers are uniformly *short*, containing, I suppose, about ten petitions, or sentences, as appropriately arranged as I can make them.

As the spring advanced, Richmond, which had seen much of the pomp and circumstance of war, was to have all its horrors unrolled before its eyes. A letter to his eldest daughter (May 15, 1862) displays his penetration in military matters, and shows the advance of the coming storm:

You ask why the *Merrimac* was destroyed. Probably you have already seen a solution of the matter in the newspapers. After the evacuation of Norfolk by our army, it became necessary to make some disposition of the *Merrimac*. They *ought* to have dared all hazards, and run her round into York river, but they preferred to send her up the James. She drew twenty-two feet of water, and to lighten her, coal, etc., was taken off. This raised her wooden underworks above the water line, making her vul-

nerable, as any other vessel not plated would have been. But she still drew seventeen feet of water, and the pilot said she could not cross the bars. It was then impossible to send her into the York river in her exposed condition, her wood showing between the iron plating and the water, and accordingly she was blown into a thousand fragments, and so perished the naval glory of the Confederacy, after effecting a revolution in the naval history of the world.[1]

I think there have been tremendous blunders committed. Norfolk should not have been evacuated, nor the *Merrimac* destroyed, until after the battle which McClellan would have been compelled to fight on the Chickahominy. If we had defeated him there, it would not have been necessary to have abandoned Norfolk, nor have blown up the *Merrimac*.

If we had been defeated, then that desertion and destruction might have *followed*. But as it was, we did not wait to see what our land forces could do, but annihilated our own tower of strength and demolished the Norfolk Navy-yard; thus opening a path to the enemy to Richmond on his favorite element, the water. But notwithstanding our imbecility, God is good to us. I wrote you that the attack on our river barricades had commenced; later news has come informing us that one of the enemy's gunboats, the *Galena*, has been set on fire, and that all of them had retired. So we have a breathing time allowed us. They will doubtless return again, but in the meanwhile we will be strengthening our river defences, and be ready for them, as I trust, the next time they come up.

As the peril to Richmond increased, his brother wrote (May 28, 1862):

Of course, the state of our country and the present peril of our beautiful Capital lie heavily on my heart. I rejoice in Jackson's victories, and feel like reviving the old cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" I rejoice, too, to learn of the new and resolute spirit that animates our troops near Richmond. O may God keep them firm, and make them victorious with a great victory, and, above all, give our people that temper, which I fear has thus far been lacking, the

[1] A remark very frequently made *since*, and more abundantly justified every year, but it is surprising to find it in a contemporary letter.

temper without which victory would be a curse. This is our grand need, and when we have it, I believe whatever else we need will quickly come.

On May 31st, Dr. Hoge wrote his brother:

Susan and the children went to Prince Edward last week. She was very anxious to remain and assist in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers, but both Lacy and Moses were attacked with sickness, and she hurried to the country. Thirty-five of the sick from Ashland have been staying in my lecture-room this week; this morning they were removed to a large hospital, and now the work of *cleaning up* after them is to commence.

One poor fellow died in the lecture-room yesterday.

But for the tremendous rainstorm we had yesterday afternoon, saturating the ground and swelling the streams, I suppose the general engagement all along the lines would have commenced this morning.

I had my first sight of the enemy day before yesterday. I rode down toward Mechanicsville as far as our last pickets. The enemy's pickets were about five hundred yards distant, in full view. On the hill above, I could see their cannon, some cavalry, and their battle flag (white field, red star in the centre). It gave me new indignation to see them walking and riding about in a locality with which I was so familiar. McClellan has his headquarters at my friend Webb's (Hampstead).

There is no panic among our people. Resistance to the death is the calm determination of the citizens, and our soldiers are confident of victory. This is Saturday, and I have neither text chosen for my sermons to-morrow, so I can only add that I am

Your affectionate brother, M. D. H.

History was too busy with other matters that day to record how those sermons were prepared. Ready they doubtless were; but smelling more of gunpowder, one would think, than of the lamp. Before they were preached he had seen war in its awful reality. Much has been written of that day's battle from the military standpoint. Dr. Hoge describes it from the *human* standpoint:

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

Copied by a friend from notes prepared immediately after my return from the battle-field.—M. D. H.

Although in the following narrative there may be nothing worthy of preservation, yet, while the incidents are fresh in my recollection, I will record them, as they may, at some future time, be more interesting in the review than they are in the present perusal.

On Saturday evening, May 31, 1862, Colonel B. S. Ewell and I set off on horseback for the field of action, being assured that a battle had commenced by the booming of cannon, which could be distinctly heard from the city every few moments.

On Friday evening, there was a thunderstorm of several hours' duration, attended by a rain so heavy as to raise the creeks over their banks and deluge the flat lands over which we passed. Very soon after we ascended Fulton Hill, we saw crowds of citizens thronging the road—some on foot, some on horseback and others in vehicles of every description, many of them stationary, collected in groups, and others hastening toward the scene of conflict.

A large crowd occupied the road and fields near where the first pickets were stationed, being refused permission to pass. Colonel Ewell and myself were halted for a moment, but he showed his permit to pass the lines, and I the pass Mr. Ewell had procured for me from General Magruder, and we were allowed to go on.

Very soon we came in sight of regiments and artillery companies hastening forward to the scene of conflict. Part of the time we kept in the road, one-third of which was under water, occasionally riding out into the field, with the hope of getting along faster, but the ground was so rough and marshy that we found it desirable to keep as much as possible in the road, bad as it was.

We halted a moment at a building about two miles this side of the battle-field, where we saw a great number of our wounded—which had been brought and laid, some of them on the floor, and others on the ground around the house—our surgeons standing over them with bloody hands and knives, busy in making amputations, in bandaging up wounds, etc. Before reaching this building, we

saw many of our men wounded, yet able to walk, staggering on toward the city; others were conveyed on horseback, in ambulances, or in litters, carried by their comrades. Some of these men were groaning, others seemed ready to faint with pain or loss of blood, while others trudged along with great *sang froid.*

We also were met by squads of prisoners, coming in under guard. One of the first we met was a solitary prisoner, an Irishman, whose escort stopped for some reason in a field by the roadside.

Paddy was talking and gesticulating in an animated manner, and as we came up, Colonel Ewell asked him if the Yankees were retreating at the time he was taken. He answered very promptly, *"When you get down to the field, you can find out for yourself."* Said I, "My friend, what is your *opinion* about it?" He touched his hat in a most comical manner, and made me a bow, as much as to say, "This is a lemon you can't squeeze." He seemed as resolute and defiant as a man could be, and not a bit intimidated or cast down by his capture.

Presently we met a gang of about a hundred prisoners, hurried along toward the town. We noticed their quick, springy step, as they filed past us. The Northern troops are probably better disciplined than ours, and they are naturally quicker in their movements, and these men seemed to march with a more military air than our own soldiers who were guarding them.

We reined up our horses to take a good look at them. They probably took us for officers, and a great many of them touched their caps as they passed. I said to one, as they went by, "You are prisoners, but you will be treated well." Said he, "Thank you for that, sir."

As the last of the number went by, one of our citizens began shaking his fist at them, cursing and abusing them in a most vulgar manner. I asked him if he was a soldier, and on his replying that he was not, I told him that the best way of showing his hatred of the enemy was to fight them in the ranks, and not to abuse them when in our power. One of his comrades said he thought so too, and the man looked crest-fallen at the rebuke.

We overtook many citizens and government officials as we rode on. Among others, Captain Woods, on a fine

horse; Captain Alexander, of Missouri; Captain Hardee, Secretary Mallory, Colonel Morton, of Culpeper; Bassett French, Mr. Cabell, Commissary-General Northrup, and others, though few of them went as far toward the entrenchments as we did. As we came nearer, the booming of the cannon and the roll of musketry became tremendous, and the road getting more and more miry, we struck out, and made a detour through a body of woods to the left of the battle-ground. Here we began to see dead men scattered about, lying in various positions, some almost doubled up, some on their backs, and others on their faces.

We overtook two or three men on horseback in the woods, looking, as they said, for the wounded. We found the thickets so close that it was difficult to get along; and, as the enemy were shelling that body of woods, and smashing the trees, we found our position so uncomfortable that we struck out toward the road again, still moving diagonally toward it. When we emerged, we were in full view of the battle. The smoke was so thick that we could not see the enemy, but our own men were in the act of pressing on and driving the enemy back as we approached. Here I saw the first *skulkers,* and these, I am glad to say, were few. They were lying flat on the ground, behind logs or stumps, and farther on I saw a group who had taken refuge behind a chimney, or ruin of an old house. Some of those nearest to us cried out, "Don't attempt to cross that field, gentlemen; it is too dangerous." We soon had evidence of the fact, for a bullet whizzed by me, and struck a tree behind me. Mr. Ewell was a little in advance, and he told me that a ball so nearly tipped the end of his nose that he involuntarily put his hand to feel if a part of it had not been snapped off. The shells were screaming through the air, and the minie-balls making the peculiar *zee-ee-et,* which renders their music more memorable than agreeable.

A spent ball struck my horse in the flank and made him jump around in a very lively style. Crossing over into the road, I found Captain Alexander and young Webb. Captain Alexander told me my horse was wounded, and, looking down, I saw the ground was bloody under him. I dismounted, but finding the skin unbroken, I saw that it must have come from some other source—from the body of one

of our brave boys, I fear. Riding along, I saw a man trying to get away from the field a youth apparently not more than sixteen years old, shot through the thigh, and the bone broken. Said the man, "For God's sake, Mister, let this boy have your horse!" I dismounted, took his gun (the ramrod of which had been lost) and his oil-cloth, and waded through the mud and water for about a mile, till we came to some ambulances.

There was some difficulty in finding room for him, and he asked to be taken off from the horse and laid on the ground, as he was very sick at the stomach. We laid him down until we succeeded in finding a place for him in one of the ambulances, which was waiting for a load. Seeing a bayonet on the roadside, I picked it up, and stuck it in my saddle-girth; it was covered with blood, whether Northern or Southern I do not know.

In one of the long water reaches, I saw two men on horseback supporting a third, who was also mounted, and who seemed to be desperately wounded. His head had fallen back, and his mouth was wide open. He looked more like a corpse than a living man. As they floundered along through the water, a negro boy, apparently about eighteen years old, riding and leading another horse, looked at the group with a face full of horror and astonishment, until he broke out in *a lamentable cry*, "Oh! that's my Mass' Eldridge" (I thought that was the name), and began to follow the men, when one of them cried out, "Go back, boy; it is not your Mass' Eldridge; he is on the field. Carry his horse to him." But the boy still cried aloud, "Oh! it *is* my Mass' Eldridge." I rode up to him and said, "Come with me; we will overtake them, and you shall see whether it is your master or not." Calling to the men to stop, they halted a moment, and again ordering the boy back, I told them I had brought him up, and I asked them to let him take a good look at the man, and satisfy himself whether it was his master or not. They consented, and the faithful negro, after gazing on the wounded man with a look of the intensest eagerness, found at last that he was mistaken and went back. The scene was one of the most affecting I witnessed; the plaints of the wounded did not touch my heart more than the wailing of the attached servant—inconsolable, until he was convinced of his mistake.

Several regiments of reinforcements passed, hurrying on to the scene of strife. Sitting on my horse at the roadside, and facing them as they came on, I was astonished at the number of the men who recognized me with salutations and exclamations, "What, Mr. Hoge, *you* here!" Many asked me how the battle was going. At my answer, *"Successful all along the line, the enemy falling back everywhere; make haste, boys, or you will be too late to share in the victory!"* they would cheer and press on with a quicker step. It helps men to be able to go in cheerily to battle. I hope I was able to give our brave fellows a little encouragement and animation.

I rejoined Mr. Ewell again, and we sat listening to the tremendous fire which had opened on our left. This we afterwards learned was on the "Nine-Mile Road," as it is called, where the enemy had strongly entrenched on a wooded hill, protected by a ditch and hedge, concealing them from view. They were furiously attacked by General Whiting's division, composed of his own brigade, Hood's Texas brigade, Pettigru's of South Carolina, Hatton's, and Colonel Hampton's brigade.

It was now nearly dark, but the firing was tremendous. The musketry was not of the *popping* order, but regular and long-continued rolls, sounding very much like a tornado sweeping through a forest. This was the most terrific firing I had heard during the day; but while we listened, it suddenly ceased entirely. Night had come, and it was evident that the combat was over. I told Mr. Ewell that if it was not taxing his time and patience too far, I wished him to ride with me back to the entrenchments to see how things looked at the close of the engagements. He consented, and we kept on till we reached the enemy's camp. There I learned that General D. H. Hill was making himself comfortable, having taken possession of everything. Dismounting, I gave my horse to Mr. Ewell, and got over the fence, and crossed the field until I came to the tent where General Hill was. He was standing outside, near a camp-fire, talking to an officer.

My interview with him was quite amusing at the beginning. Said I, "Good evening, General!" Without looking at me, he gruffly answered, "Wait, I can't talk to but one man at a time." "Who wants you talk to more than one at

a time?" I responded. Presently he turned to me and said, "Now, what do you want? What you have to say, say quick." I replied, "I shall say what I want to say at my leisure." He looked at me keenly to see who was so impudent, when, recognizing me, he gave me a cordial welcome, and asked me to come into the tent. He told me he wished I had come sooner, as he had been in great want of aides, and would have given me something to do. I told him I was sorry I had not brought his little boy's ambrotype, which had been sent to my care, but would have done so had I expected to meet him on the field. He then took out two little ambrotypes of his daughters, which he said he had worn next to his heart. The floor of the tent was covered with papers. I brought some of them home with me, thinking they might prove interesting, but they were all surgeons' reports, and it was a surgeon's tent in which we were. As a relic, I brought away a small portfolio, and one or two other trifles. The General said they had nothing to eat, their stores all having been saturated with the rain of the previous day. I promised on my return to town to send him something to eat, and would if possible get a wagon off immediately after reaching the city. It was then about nine or half-past nine o'clock, and we started back.

Passing the temporary hospital near the roadside, I begged Mr. Ewell to wait until I could go in and take a look at the condition of things there. It was a spectacle at which angels might weep! No one knows what war is who has not seen military hospitals; not of the sick only, but of the cut, maimed and mutilated in all the ways in which the human body can be dishonored and disfigured. Inside the building, on the floor, the men lay so thick that it was difficult to walk without stepping on them. I asked one of the surgeons if it would be proper for me to offer prayer with the men. He said, "Certainly," if I wished it. Accordingly, I got into the middle of the room, took off my hat, and said, "My friends, I am a minister residing in Richmond; I wish I could be of some use and comfort to you; but I know not what I can do for you, unless it would be agreeable to you for me to offer a short prayer for you. Would you like me to do so?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir; if you please, sir," was the response all around. I kneeled

down and prayed God to comfort them, give them patience under their sufferings, spare their lives, bless those dear to them, and sanctify to them their present trials. To these petitions some of them audibly responded, and it was affecting to observe that even their groans were to a great degree suppressed, and a quiet maintained beyond what I supposed possible during the prayer.

On our ride back to town, the scene which the road presented was one never to be forgotten. Artillery and baggage-wagons were coming out, while ambulances, hacks, buggies, and persons on horseback, and hundreds on foot, were going in. These, meeting in narrow places, blocked up the way. Omnibuses and other heavy vehicles were fast stuck in the mud, which the drivers were trying to prize out; and in the midst of the noise and confusion the groans of wounded men, jolted and jerked about, could be heard everywhere.

I was glad when the first gas-lights of the city came in view, fatigued as I was, covered with mud, and wet from wading through the swampy road after I gave up my horse to the wounded boy. I went immediately to the War Office, and found Secretary Randolph still in his office, but just ready to go to his house. I gave him some account of what I had seen, and asked him if General Hill could get a supply of provisions that night. Just then Major Ruffin, the assistant commissary, came in. He promised to dispatch a wagon load of provisions at once. I then knocked up J. B. Watkins, who had gone to bed, and got him to promise to send another load early in the morning.

On reaching home, I found good Susan standing in the front door, watching and waiting for me. She was anxious for my return, but not alarmed, as some women would have been—knowing I had gone to the battle-field. Had I not returned during the night, she would have been satisfied that I remained because I saw some opportunity of being useful.

It was a great advantage to have gone with Colonel Ewell. He went to the field to look for General Johnston, intending to offer his services as aide. We could not find him; but, in looking for him, I saw more and exposed myself more than I would have done had I gone alone. It

was not as exciting to be on a battle-field as I had anticipated. I think it produces about as much awe as one feels in a heavy thunderstorm—certainly not more.

Dr. Hoge describes the battle as a Confederate victory. He tells what he saw. The result was really indecisive, and the victory was claimed by both sides. The Prince de Joinville says: "Night put an end to the battle. On both sides nothing was known of the result of the battle but what each one had seen with his own eyes."

The next morning the conflict was renewed, but without the skilful guidance of the Confederate commander who had planned it. General Johnston, for whom Colonel Ewell and Dr. Hoge had searched in vain, had been severely wounded. Very solemn must have been the preaching that day in the churches of Richmond with the noise of the battle that might decide its fate reverberating in the distance; and very earnest must have been the prayers for the wounded General, the soldiers at the front, and the suffering men in the crowded hospitals.

On June 24th, Dr. Hoge wrote his wife:

On Sunday, I preached in "the lines" on the "Nine-Mile Road." Howell Cobb and Thomas Cobb have their regiments near together, and Mr. Flinn and Mr. Porter united their congregations for my benefit.

Colonel Ewell went with me, and we had a pleasant time. After service we dined in camp. The day was very hot; the ride to and from town was over twelve miles, the way we went, and I got back just in time to get to Camp Lee for my afternoon discourse. There I had a large congregation, for two regiments had just come in. When I returned home, I was thoroughly fatigued, with a pain in my head from riding in the hot sun. My horse was very tired also from having had nothing to eat since early in the morning. But we both recruited on Monday, and to-day Colonel Ewell and I paid General Hill a visit, and took dinner with him in his camp. I also called on General Garland, whose camp is about a quarter of a mile from General Hill's.

I hope this life out of doors will improve me. If it does not, I do not know what will.

The town is now all excitement in anticipation of the battle which is expected to come off to-morrow or next day. Jackson and Ewell are said to be in Hanover, ready to strike McClellan's army in the flank.

The conflict will be tremendous, but I have no fears as to the result.

I think we will utterly rout our enemies, by the blessing of God, and relieve Richmond of its long suspense, and of the burden of having two such vast armies in its vicinity, consuming everything there is to eat. Should the tide of battle go against us, I mean to fall back with the army, and I think I will join Hill's division, either as aide or chaplain, or both. But if the battle is well managed by our leaders, I have no fears as to the result.

All my concern is for the multitude who must fall, and for the number of the wounded who will crowd our houses and hospitals.

Before another Sunday comes I think the fate of Richmond will be decided.

I enclose for Lacy his favorite story of "*Zeke.*" I fancy him now, standing by you, his mouth open and his eyes glistening. He will make you read it to him every day. I will soon send him another. I hope little Moses still improves. It gives me great pleasure to hear that Bess and Mary are so happy in their studies, rides and visits. We will all enjoy home when we get together once more.

We get on very pleasantly in our household affairs. Mrs. Brown forgets nothing, omits nothing.

The remarkable elasticity of Dr. Hoge's mind is illustrated in his ability to turn from the most solemn and harassing cares to the lighter vein of a child's thoughts and interests. "Zeke" was a hero whose wonderful adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, multiplied at will, gave interminable delight to the little ones.

Two days later the "Seven Days" fighting began, resulting finally in the withdrawing of McClellan and the present relief of Richmond.

On Sunday, July 13th, a stranger slipped quietly into

Dr. Hoge's church, and at its close slipped out unobserved. It was the first appearance in Richmond, after his great campaigns, of the then most famous living soldier, Stonewall Jackson, who wrote his wife of the comfort and privilege of a quiet Sabbath once more in the house of God. About this time he gave Dr. Hoge this remarkable order:

HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY DISTRICT, NEAR RICHMOND.

Permit the bearer, the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, to pass at pleasure from Richmond to any part of my command.

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General.*

The exhausting labors of the spring and summer brought on a severe attack of illness in September. He went for awhile to Prince Edward to recuperate, but failing to improve he returned home, finding himself more comfortable in his own spacious rooms.

Shortly before the war he had moved into the large house adjoining his church—previously mentioned as built by Major Gibbon—and here he lived for the remainder of his life. After Dr. Brown purchased the *Central Presbyterian,* he came to live with Dr. Hoge. At this time all of Dr. Hoge's family were away, and Mrs. Brown kept the house. Never did a man have a more devoted friend, and there never lived a more efficient woman. Dr. Hoge used to say that had she had charge of the commissary, General Lee's army would never have lacked and never surrendered.

During his illness he wrote his brother:

> This confinement to my chamber when there is so much work to do is good discipline to my impatient spirit. I have much to be thankful for, especially for the kindness my people have shown me. I have been honored, too, by some distinguished visitors. Vice-President Stephens has frequently been to see me, and this morning General Joseph E. Johnston came and sat an hour with me. He is every inch a soldier, and a noble-hearted man. I don't say he is the *best,* but he is one of the most lovable of our generals.

General Johnston was born in Prince Edward, very near Dr. Hoge's birthplace, and they continued friends until the General's death, when Dr. Hoge paid a noble tribute to his memory. Colonel Ewell[1] was another friend of his Prince Edward days, having been a professor at Hampden-Sidney while he was at the Theological Seminary. His daughter become almost a member of Dr. Hoge's family, and his brother, General Ewell, an intimate friend and constant visitor. Mr. Stephens spent many quiet evenings at Dr. Hoge's, to the great interest of the whole family; "in the midst of a face of parchment, all the vitality of his brain would glow in his eyes, which shone like coals of fire when speaking on some subject of importance." Colonel Lamar spent months as a guest at Dr. Hoge's, who thus knew him under all the varying shades of his highly emotional nature. During the sessions of Congress, Judge James M. Baker, of Florida, was a resident in his house; a devoted Presbyterian elder and a man of the highest dignity of character. Secretary Seddon was another warm friend, who afterwards showed Dr. Hoge extraordinary kindness. With Mr. Davis and all his Cabinet he was on the most cordial terms; but these, with Mr. Benjamin, were among his most intimate friends. General Jackson when in Richmond was a member of his congregation, and Dr. Hoge's house was like a home to him and his wife. It was there that she learned of the General's wound. With General Lee his friendship was close and personal, and grew until the great chieftain finished his course.

Character developed and revealed itself in times like these, and souls were welded together in the fiery trial as is seldom possible in the more conventional relations of peaceful times, and, to his dying day, Dr. Hoge cherished among the most grateful memories of his life his association with these great souls.

[1] Afterwards president of William and Mary College.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION TO ENGLAND.

1863.

"And then consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history."—HUXLEY.

"There is but one book."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IMPORTANT as the services of Dr. Hoge had thus far been to his people under the Confederacy, a yet greater work was in store for him. In his work at Camp Lee and in the hospitals he was impressed with the fearful destitution of Bibles and other religious literature among the soldiers. He made appeals to Nashville, Charleston and other cities, and to the people of Virginia, to send Bibles from their homes. The Virginia Bible Society and other organizations were making every effort to supply the increasing demand, but in vain. While it is now known that the American Bible Society was willing to make grants, it was not known at the South, and the military authorities had granted as yet no permission for even Bibles to pass the lines.

Under these conditions, Dr. William Hoge, after several nights spent in anxious thought and prayer, addressed the following letter to his brother, and wrote to the same effect to Dr. Dabney, and perhaps to others:[1]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, *Saturday, December* 13, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER: In my note to Dr. Brown a few days ago, I mentioned that I had something to write to you about, in which my heart is greatly interested. Let me tell

[1] The main body of the letter as printed is taken from the copy addressed to Dr. Dabney, which, being written last, is a little more finished in some details. The beginning and ending are from the copy addressed to his brother.

you about it briefly and simply as I can, and then get your counsel, and if you approve, your help.

I wish to lay before the Christians of Great Britain an appeal for a ship-load of Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and such religious publications as are best adapted for army circulation.

My letter would set forth something of our terrible privations and sufferings, but give them distinctly to understand that our people neither murmur nor grow faint-hearted, but as to *these* things seek help from God alone.

I would tell them of our Bible Society and tract societies; of their promptness and zeal; of the difficulties against which they contend, and of their great success in immediately creating and diffusing a wholesome and stirring religious literature.

I would tell them, however, that the demand greatly exceeds the supply, because of the vast numbers who need our aid, and of the rapid destruction incident to books and tracts in an army incessantly moving, fighting, etc.

I would dwell on the eagerness of our soldiers to get something to read; how they are often seen poring over an old, badly printed newspaper, devouring the very advertisements (so ready is the soil for the seed), and how they are yet more eager for truth unto salvation, truth in Jesus, and especially the blessed gospels of our Lord. How often have poor wounded and sick men lifted themselves up from their cots, and asked me if I could give them a Testament.

I would remind them that, while our contributions had ever poured in freely to the treasuries of the American Bible Society and Tract Society, this cruel blockade had cut us off, not only from food for our hunger and medicines for our sickness (though we constantly give largely of our scanty stock, of medicines especially, to their sick and wounded prisoners), but from the very word of God; the bread of life eternal, the remedies of the gospel of salvation; that, while our enemies profess to be appalled at our wickedness, they will not give us even a leaf from the tree of life to save from perdition the souls of the men whom they seek to exterminate.

I would remind them that this appeal is no further founded on the righteousness which we claim for our cause

than to propose this dilemma: If our cause *is* righteous (as all good and holy and God-fearing men among us devoutly believe), and an innocent nation thus patiently endures such sufferings and wrongs, and, while its heritage is turned into a desert and its very life blood is streaming, yet lifts up no cry to the other nations of the earth for aid in the bitter conflict, but simply asks of Christian men and women to hold up before our eyes, dim with tears and growing dark in death, the blessed pages of God's word, then surely such an appeal should meet a quick and generous response from all whom the love of Christ constraineth; while, if we are wrong and as vile as our enemies paint us, our appeal for the word of God urges itself on Christian love with yet *greater* power.

Would it be proper to say that we would joyfully *purchase* such a cargo, while yet, if it is their preference to give it for Christ's sake, we will for His sake freely receive what they freely give?

Would it be indelicate to remind them that when Ireland cried out, by reason of sore famine, ships loaded with bread sailed for her relief from Southern ports? If sending such a ship should prove a work of peril, are there not stout-hearted British sailors who, for the love of souls and the sake of Christ, would brave what so many constantly brave for private gain?

But could there be danger? Is it credible that our foe could fire into such a vessel?

This is a rapid and crude outline. Before filling it up, I want your advice and *every good suggestion you can add.* I want also to know to *whom* I had better write before giving it shape. To Mr. Mason, letting him bring it out as he deems best before the British church at large? To Strahan and Company, Edinboro, who have published probably some forty thousand copies of *Blind Bartimeus,* and so have some knowledge of me? To some great advocate of our cause in Parliament? To some influential and godly nobleman? To one or both of these great societies (the Bible and Tract)? I feel a good deal at a loss on this point.

Take counsel, my dear brother, with such gentlemen in the Church and State as you may think best, and let me know the result as soon as you can. No time ought to be

lost. I have before me a good part of a letter to you written more than a month ago. It expresses a good deal of discouragement, because I seem to have been so little useful to the Confederacy, after all my longing over it from afar, and since coming into it. But if God has put this plan into my heart, and will suffer me to see it accomplished, I think I shall praise him forever.

The suggestion was hailed with delight by Dr. Hoge and those whom he consulted, but he saw that a personal representative could accomplish far more than a letter. A swift steamer was preparing to sail from Charleston, and Dr. Hoge made his preparations to go, unless his brother, who had proposed the scheme, would undertake it. He was summoned to Richmond by telegram and promptly consented to go, but a telegram from Charleston announcing the near sailing of the steamer did not give him the necessary time to return to Charlottesville and make his arrangements. The managers of the Virginia Bible Society met that day, accredited Dr. Hoge to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and authorized the purchase of Bibles on their account. In a few hours Dr. Hoge was on his way to Charleston.

The following account was given in the *Central Presbyterian* at the time:

MISSION OF THE REV. DR. HOGE TO ENGLAND.

Two weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Willliam J. Hoge, of Charlottesville, Va., suggested to his brother in Richmond the scheme of a letter he had thought of addressing to Christians in Great Britain. The object was to appeal to them for Bibles and Testaments, chiefly for the supply of our army. The plan was to have them run through the blockade. This suggestion, when made known to others, met with much favor; but upon farther consideration, it was thought that if some suitable person could make a visit to the other side of the Atlantic, still better results would probably be secured. Brethren of all denominations in Richmond gave the proposal their warmest approbation, and members of the Cabinet (acting, of course, unoffi-

cially) extended to it at once a hearty and valuable support.

The matter seemed to require haste, for an opportunity would be offered in a few days of running the blockade in one of the swiftest vessels on the ocean. For this and other reasons no time was to be lost. Not to enter into details, it is enough to state that the conclusion of the whole matter was that the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, undertook this most important mission. Within a few hours after his determination to go was settled, he was on his way. Information has just reached us that he has sailed from our shores—when, or from what port, need not be mentioned. We trust it was from the right place, in the right ship, at the right time. If no evil has befallen him, he is now beyond the reach of our enemy.

The Board of Managers of the Virginia Bible Society were called together the day before Dr. Hoge's departure, and cordially approving the scheme, appointed him their delegate to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and authorized him to procure thirty-five thousand Bibles and Testaments on their account. In response to a telegram, the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, of Augusta, Ga., chairman of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Bible Society, replied that they would give the enterprise a cordial support. Responses to the same effect were received from Columbia and elsewhere. "And Hezekiah rejoiced and all the people, that God had prepared the people: for the thing was done suddenly." There is reason to hope that the same is true in this case.

We shall resume this matter next week. In the meanwhile let all who love the Bible pray that our beloved brother may have a "prosperous voyage by the will of God," a successful mission and a safe return, and that by it all, "the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

Just before sailing Dr. Hoge wrote his brother:

CHARLESTON, *December 27*, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: After being detained until now, because the weather was too fine to attempt to run the blockade, a rainstorm has come up, and we have orders to get aboard.

The perils of the attempt are greater than I had imagined. The captain has orders never to surrender the vessel, and in case he is so hemmed in as to be unable to escape, to scuttle or burn her; and then the passengers and crew will have to take the boats, and get ashore the best way they can, and when they can, or be captured.

Do not let Susan know this. I have not told her of the risk I am running.

I am cheerful and hopeful; but the voyage is long and boisterous, and *it may be* that I shall never return.

My heart goes out in unutterable longing to my dear wife and children, and when I think of *them,* I almost waver. But it is not my nature to turn back, and I trust it is not God's will that I should.

I *expect* to make the voyage in safety, and get home again, but in case I do not, dear brother, be assured of my unspeakable love to you, and aid Susan as far as you can in the religious training, especially of my darling little boys. My solicitude is chiefly for them, and that they may be ministers of Christ on earth, and be saved in heaven.

My best love to Virginia and your precious children.

Pray for me constantly, and may God bless you forever!

M. D. H.

To Dr. Brown he wrote to the same effect, adding these further particulars:

The steamer which will attempt to run the blockade to-morrow (Saturday) night is the *Herald,* or, as she will be called on her next trip, the *Antonica.* She is commanded by Captain L. M. Coxetter, a very able and resolute seaman, who has been very fortunate in running the blockade so often without capture. But the vigilance of the enemy has increased, and there are now thirteen Federal steamers guarding the harbor, so that it is more than usually difficult to get out.

Going on an errand of this kind, Dr. Hoge of course took pains to be well introduced. Two of the letters that he carried with him are interesting on account of the writers, the persons addressed, and the terms in which they characterize Dr. Hoge's mission:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, *22d December*, 1862.

To George C. Peabody, Esq., London:

DEAR SIR: Although we may be far separated by political causes, I trust I do not mistake your nature when expressing my conviction that you will receive with kindness my introduction to you of the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, of this city, who leaves for England on a mission of philanthropy.

Mr. Hoge, who is one of our most eloquent and accomplished divines, devotes himself to the effort to supply to our Sunday-schools and camps books of religious instruction, which our own press is now unable to furnish in consequence of the vast diversion of peaceful labor from its ordinary pursuits.

As Mr. Hoge may need your advice and counsel in carrying out his purpose, I appeal for them without hesitation, and recommend him to your habitual and uniform courtesy toward all gentlemen of merit from this side of the water. I am

Yours very truly and respectfully,
JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

The second was from the learned and eloquent Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, and was addressed to the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, the Rev. Thomas Binney, and other ministers:

CHARLESTON, S. C., *December 26*, 1862.

REVEREND AND HONORED BRETHREN IN THE LORD: This will, if God convey him safely through the perils of war and of the sea, introduce a most zealous and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., whose praise is in all our churches, and who will be his own best commendation. He can interest you and your people much by recounting the wonderful works of God for us, and through us, as a people, and you will, I know, heartily further his special mission by securing for him the favor of all who can enable him to accomplish much for the circulation of the Scriptures.

With great consideration and regard, I remain, with grateful recollection of your personal kindness,

Very sincerely yours, THOMAS SMYTH.

But Dr. Hoge's best introduction, and the one that proved of the most immediate and practical value to his mission, was the personal friendship and active coöperation of James M. Mason. Though never officially recognized by the government, yet the honorable family from which he sprang, his own distinguished public career and high personal qualities, and the extraordinary international interest aroused by his illegal capture and detention by the Federal authorities, had already secured him a high social and personal recognition. Among those to whom he introduced Dr. Hoge was Lord Shaftesbury, who at once secured him a hearing before the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The incidents of his voyage and the story of his success are told in a letter to Mrs. Greenleaf:

3 CLARENCE TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON,
March 6, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER: You all seem like near neighbors to me now that intercourse is again possible. I came abroad with reluctance on many accounts. It was painful to leave my dear wife and children during the privations and uncertainties of war; trying to leave my congregation and camp when there was so much to do in both; but I hoped to accomplish more good by coming than I could by remaining; and my friends, because of my long residence in Richmond and extensive acquaintance through the South, and personal knowledge of the leading generals of the army, and with the spiritual wants of our soldiers and people, thought I would be a suitable person to come abroad and represent our cause before the religious public of England. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the way. Our run through the blockading squadron was glorious. I was in one of the severest and bloodiest battles fought near Richmond; but it was not more exciting than that midnight adventure, when, amid lowering clouds and dashes of rain, and just wind enough to get up sufficient commotion in the sea to drown the noise of our paddle wheels, we darted along, with lights all extinguished, and not even a cigar burning on the deck, until we were safely out, and free from the Federal fleet.

In Nassau we chartered a little twenty-ton schooner, hired a crew of negroes, and made a fine run to Havana, where we got on the Royal Mail Steamship Line to St. Thomas, and so to Southampton. In Nassau, some gentlemen, learning my errand to England, got together and agreed to send several cases of Bibles and Testaments to Virginia at once, which I have since learned they did.[1] Soon after I came to London, I addressed the Committee (or Board of Managers, thirty-six in number) of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, in a speech of half an hour's length (Lord Shaftesbury in the chair), set forth our inability in the Confederacy to provide ourselves with an adequate supply of religious literature, in consequence of scarcity of paper and all the materials for printing and binding, and because all the industrial energies of the Confederacy were devoted to the great work of self-defence. I gave an account of the heroic manner in which our people had borne all the hardships and bereavements of the war; of their inflexible determination to succeed; of the religious character of our leading generals; of the eagerness of the soldiers to obtain copies of the holy Scriptures; and ended by asking permission to purchase, on credit (until exchange was equalized), ten thousand Bibles and twenty-five thousand Testaments; but, after a short consultation, Lord Shaftesbury announced to me that the committee had resolved to make me a grant of ten thousand Bibles, fifty thousand Testaments and two hundred and fifty thousand "portions"—Psalms and Gospels.[2] I have made two addresses since, one before the Religious Tract Society, and the other before the Sunday-school people, with good success. I have still much to do, and if I am but the honored instrument of sending back a large supply of Bibles, and such books as may confirm the faith of the pious, comfort the sick and wounded, and lead sinners to Christ, for the use of my countrymen so nobly battling in the sacred cause of liberty and independence, I shall feel that this has been one of the most blessed eras of my life, and shall ever be grateful for it.

[1] Amounting to 1,232 Bibles and Testaments—a liberal contribution from so small a place.

[2] These portions were bound in glazed covers, with rounded corners and red edges—"just the thing to put in the pocket of a soldier." The value of this whole grant was £4,000.

While Lord Shaftesbury personally informed Dr. Hoge of the result, such was his interest in the matter that he at once dropped the following note to Mr. Mason:

HOUSE OF LORDS, *February* 16, 1863.

DEAR MR. MASON: We have made the grant to Dr. Hoge, and, indeed, we made one double of that which he requested.

I should be very glad to see Dr. Hoge; I could assist him much, I think, in obtaining large supplies of tracts.

Your obedient servant, SHAFTESBURY.

As the result of his address before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, referred to in his letter to Mrs. Greenleaf, he received the following kind note from Mr. J. Gurney, M. P. The amount of the grant referred to was £300.

26 ABINGDON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S. W., 20 *Feb.*, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: I return enclosed the letter you were so good as to leave for me at the Tract Society.

Our sub-committee felt great satisfaction in recommending to the General Committee a grant of publications for the use of your soldiers. You will perhaps have heard from Dr. Davis on the subject. If not, you will very shortly.

Any evening that you would like to go into the House of Parliament I would be happy to get you in, etc., etc.

Yours very sincerely, J. GURNEY.

Lord Shaftesbury, hearing of his success with the Tract Society, wrote him a note of congratulation, suggesting yet further aid.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, 24 W., *March* 2, 1863.

DEAR DR. HOGE: I am rejoiced to hear of your success. Pray write again to Mr. Smithies to Paternoster Row, or see him. He will obtain for you many of the Dublin tracts.

Your obedient servant, SHAFTESBURY.

The friendship of this good Earl was one of the most highly prized memories of Dr. Hoge's life, and was renewed

from time to time on his visits to London. Among the great multitudes that will rise up at the last day to call him blessed, none will have more reason for grateful testimony than the Confederate soldier.

To his brother Dr. Hoge wrote (March 26th):

> You have heard of the success with which it has pleased God to crown my efforts. His good hand has been conspicuous in all the incidents of my voyage, and of my movements since I landed. He has raised up for me a host of friends, and has enabled me, as I trust, to aid our *cause* in more ways than one. Few Americans have been honored with more attention in London, and few have seen as much as I have done of social and domestic life here. I dine out by invitation nearly every night, and these entertainments being at the houses of people of wealth and high social position, I am thus enabled to make the acquaintance of people whom it is worth while to know, and worth while to influence.

After repeating substantially what he had written to Mrs. Greenleaf, he proceeds:

> I dined with Mr. Mason evening before last. He has been exceedingly attentive and kind to me. When I am at these sumptuous banquets, one thought frequently damps my joy in the midst of the splendor, luxury and profusion, that so many of my brave countrymen are enduring the privations of camp life—often needing bread—and so many of our most refined women, all their lives accustomed to abundance, are now absolutely straitened for the necessities of life; and this thought comes over me so vividly at these rich banquets that I experience a depression of spirits which I can scarcely rally from. I *feel* the war here more than I did at home, for there I could at least share in the privations of my own people, and could do something to cheer and encourage those whose circumstances were inferior to my own. On this account, I am impatient to get back, though were not our country invaded, I would remain here three months longer. I have had a splendid offer within a few days—one which would carry me all

over Northern Europe, on an honorable mission, too,[1] and enable me to see the very capitals and countries I have long desired to visit, and all this without a cent of cost to myself; you know my luck in these matters. I often think of what our dear mother used to say, that I was born with a golden spoon in my mouth. So it has been in some things at least; and few have more reason than I have for gratitude and obedience, because of the temporal mercies which have been showered on me. One of the pleasantest incidents of my stay in London has been the visit of a month I have made to Mr. Reid. He and his wife came to my lodgings in Torrington Square, and so kindly pressed me to come and take up my abode with them that I consented. Mrs. Reid, as you know, is a daughter of Dr. Cochran, of New York, and Mr. Reid formerly lived in Norfolk. I am going to Glasgow to-morrow morning, and this ends my pleasant stay at this house.

. . . . . .

Should any unexpected difficulty in running the blockade, sickness, or any other unanticipated event, detain me here, I want you to preach for me as much as you can.

Mr. Reid desires to be affectionately remembered to you. To Sister Virginia and your dear children I send my love, and I assure you of the tender and strong affection of your brother, MOSES.

Among the many outstanding people that Dr. Hoge met at this time, the most interesting acquaintance that he made was with Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle, with his strong views of the Divine right of the Able-man to rule, had little sympathy with the abolition movement, and took a deep interest in the Confederate cause. He made a characteristic note about him in his journal, emphasizing especially his "veracity," and frequently sent messages to him in after

[1] This was a proposition from Colonel Lamar to accompany him to St. Petersburgh (to which he had been sent to represent the Confederate government) to aid him in getting recognition for the Confederacy. He did not go to St. Petersburgh, nor did Colonel Lamar; but he spent a few weeks with him in Paris, endeavoring to get an audience with the Emperor, but in vain. It was probably a knowledge of this that made his capture a special object on the part of the Federal authorities.

years. Dr. Hoge did not fail, as usual, to turn the conversation to spiritual things.[1]

Besides the grants made by the societies in London, Dr. Hoge was busy procuring special publications for the Confederate public with the means that were placed at his disposal for this purpose. The Presbyterians of Richmond and Virginia raised so much more than their proportion of the amount promised by the Virginia Bible Society that those in charge of the collections, after paying in to the Bible Society nearly half of the whole amount it was to raise, placed the rest in Dr. Hoge's hands to use as he saw fit. This was supplemented by other contributions, of which the following note gives a specimen:

4 CROSBY SQUARE, *April* 7, 1863.

MY DEAR DR. HOGE: Many engagements have prevented my calling upon you, as I ought to have done. My brother has mentioned to me your wish to dispose of some Confederate eight per cent. bonds at sixty. As a matter of business, I do not see how we can help you to anything like such a price for them, as, at the present rate of exchange in Richmond, the bonds at par in Confederate money would not stand in here more than about thirty per cent.

Will you, however, allow my brother and myself to testify our appreciation of the noble object of your mission here by a donation of two hundred pounds towards its funds? Yours sincerely, JOHN GILLIAD.

With these funds were issued series of tracts gotten up with the Confederate battle flag on the cover, under the general title, "Reading for the Ranks." The cost of shipping the Bibles and other books was great. The idea of a special vessel, which might have been admitted under flag of truce, had to be abandoned, and the cases were sent in different

[1] It is much to be regretted that Dr. Hoge's account of his interesting conversation with Carlyle cannot be found, and I hesitate to give any of it from the memory of those who heard him relate it. A niece of Dr. Hoge's learned of the reference in Carlyle's journal from a friend of his nephew, whom she met on shipboard.

blockade-runners as opportunity offered. Only a few could be sent in one vessel, so that the work took much time. Many of them were captured, and some were sunk in the sea, but at least three-fourths of the books reached the Confederacy.

Meanwhile his mission was bearing other fruit. Christian men in the North heard of it. They felt that it was a shame that there should be an embargo on the word of God, and the authorities were induced to secure the passage through the lines of donations of Bibles for the Confederate States. The Rev. Dr. Backus, of Baltimore, to whom Dr. Hoge had written requesting aid in his mission, wrote to him of what was doing on the other side:

BALTIMORE, *March* 17, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter reached me about the first of this month, just as I was leaving home for an absence of eight or ten days. I placed it in the hands of one of our elders, known to be warmly interested in the Southern cause, with the request that he would do what he could. I was sorry to find on my return that he had delayed the matter to consult me, owing to the fact that a question had been raised here, whether it will not be more economical and safe to send Bibles from Baltimore than from London. The American Bible Society has appropriated fifty thousand copies to the South, a large number of which have been sent here. The question, however, was raised in our Bible Board, whether Bibles from the North would be received. The Rev. Peyton Harrison, who is now here, has assured them that they will be. I have sent several thousand myself, the gift of Mr. Weeks, at the request of friends, by means of a permit from General Dix at Fortress Monroe. Mrs. George Brown has also sent several thousand. And about a week since an agent from Richmond came here with a thousand dollars in gold to purchase Bibles for the South. All this seems to decide the question, and many, I have no doubt, will feel that at the present high rate of exchange, and with the risks of their being captured, it is better to send at present from Baltimore, under General Dix's pass, than to send to London and have

English Bibles shipped from there. I have no doubt, however, that some funds will be collected and sent to you, according to your directions, by the next steamer (though not as much as would have been sent under other circumstances), as there are many persons here who would be glad to embrace any opportunity to send Bibles and religious books South.

While Dr. Hoge was engaged in these labors, his brother paid a visit early in March to General Jackson's headquarters at Moss Neck, near Fredericksburg, to engage in mission work among the soldiers. General Jackson had organized the chaplain service with as much care as any other department of his army. Dr. Hoge's cousin, the Rev. Dr. B. Tucker Lacy, was at the head of this service, which of course included all denominations. Dr. William Hoge, speaking of one occasion when he had preached there, after naming those who took part, said: "So we had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church. Was not that a beautiful solution of the vexed problem of Christian union?"

It was doubtless with regard to this visit that he wrote the letter about General Jackson referred to in the following notes. Very soon after it was received, a melancholy interest attached to everything connected with Jackson from the news of his wounding at Chancellorsville.[1]

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *May* 19, 1863.

DEAR SIR: The letter, which I now return, is highly interesting.

I am going out of town for the Whitsuntide holidays, but I shall hope to see you before you quit England.

Your very faithful servant, SHAFTESBURY.

The Rev. Dr. Hoge.

[1] We say "wounding," for it was impossible that his death, which occurred on the 10th, could have been known in London on the 19th, or rather *before* the 19th, when the letter was sent to Lord Shaftesbury.

26 ABINGDON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S. W., *22 May*, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: I return the enclosed with many thanks. We have read it with great interest.

I hope—though I can hardly venture to hope—that the Bibles and books and tracts have been got in safely. I see from your brother's letter that there is some prospect of the Federal government allowing Bibles—perhaps all religious books—to be introduced freely. This would be a happy thing so far.

This sad war seems to me to be in some respects the saddest that the world has ever seen, and in some respects the most extraordinary. It is a most striking exception to Cowper's line, "War is a game that *kings* play at." Here it seems to be the doing of the people to an extent that has probably scarcely ever occurred before. I hope that when your Southern constitution is formed, you will have something more like our well-tried British Constitution. And, if not a king, you will at least have in some form a real nobility.

I hope you will soon have better news from home. It would give unspeakable joy throughout this country to receive tidings of the termination of this lamentable war, as you have doubtless seen. I remain, my dear sir,

Yours very truly, J. GURNEY.

P. S.—Mrs. Gurney and my family unite in very kind regards. We would all be greatly pleased to see you again at West Hill.

The first explicit reference to Jackson's death is in a note from Nisbet and Company about a reprint they were making of Dr. William Hoge's sketch of Captain Harrison (May 28th), which closes, "We sympathize deeply with you in the death of General Jackson." Still later he received the following note from Mr. Alexander Haldane, one of the warmest friends he made on that side of the Atlantic, unremitting in his attention, and constant in his affection throughout life:

110 WESTBROOK TERRACE, 4 *July*, 1863.

DEAR DR. HOGE: I have been very desirous to see you, and now write to ask if you could dine with us on Satur-

day at half-past six o'clock, or if not, whether you would name some other day.

We are much interested in the Southern news, although we miss your gallant and heroic General Stonewall Jackson. Most truly yours, ALEX. HALDANE.

Lord Shaftesbury wishes much that I should see your brother's letter about Jackson.

Meanwhile his brother had written another "letter about Jackson," a letter which time has not robbed of its pathos. He was on his way to another mission to the army, and thus wrote his wife:

WEDNESDAY, *May* 13, 1863.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to *journalize* this little expedition to the army, writing as I have opportunity, and mailing when I have enough. So I will begin with *Gordonsville.* About ten minutes after our train arrived, the special train came slowly around the curve, bearing its sad, precious burden, the dead body of our beloved glorious Jackson. As it drew near, the minute guns, the soldiers' funeral bell, sounded heavily. How strange it seemed that a crowd so eager should be so still, and that Jackson should be received with silent tears instead of loud-ringing huzzas. As the train stopped, I caught sight of the coffin, wrapped in the flag he had borne so high and made so radiant with a glory so pure. Many wreaths of exquisite flowers, too, covered it from head to foot. Sitting near the body were young Morrison, his brother-in-law, our dear friend Jimmy Smith, and Major Pendleton. Smith asked me to get in and ride with him to Charlottesville; but I felt that I ought not to lose another day from my work.

I asked him if Mrs. Jackson would like to see me, telling him that I would on no account intrude myself on her in such an hour, but would count it a high privilege if I might be of the least comfort to her. He assured me that she would welcome my visit; but I asked him to see her first. He went into the car in which she sat almost alone, and immediately returned with her request that I should come in. And there sat this noble little woman in her widow's weeds, a spectacle to touch and instruct any heart. She was so patient amid all the pageantry—the oppressive pa-

geantry—through which of necessity she had been carried; so calm and sustained and sweet in behavior and conversation, and so manifestly stricken to the heart's depths by a sense of her incomparable loss. And there, just before her lay her sweet little babe, little Julia, named by him for his mother, the babe he had never seen till her recent ten days' visit abruptly ended by the great battle; the babe he so delighted in—there it lay on its back, the best little thing, looking so tender and so unconscious of *its* part in these tremendous scenes, looking aimlessly about and pleased with everything, not starting, or ceasing the meaningless pretty motions of its little hands, as the cannon thundered—how my heart yearned over it for *his* sake, and for her sake and its own little sake. I stooped over it, and drew it up to me and more than once kissed "its innocent little mouth." I sat some ten or fifteen minutes, and felt it was good to be there; that I had communed with one more of those pure and noble women who prove themselves worthy of their noble husbands; yea, with another "elect lady," beautiful in the grace of Christ and precious in the sight of God. She was so evidently bearing all and doing all as she felt that her husband could have wished her to do, that she seemed to me just what he would have been in her place—the tender, helpless, stricken, brave little wife of such a saint, such a hero. She spoke of the pleasure he had had in my visit to camp, and thanked me most cordially for this visit to her. Oh! how I wish you could be with her a good while, both to know her and to comfort her, since you have yourself both suffered and sympathized so much.

When Mrs. Jackson was sent to Richmond, because of the approaching battles, Governor Letcher (who was on the train to-day with the body) made her his guest; but Sister Susan took her to her home, where she could be more quiet. She heard of her husband's wound on Monday, but, because of interrupted communication effected by the raid, could not get to him until *Thursday*. Susan went with her, her companion and comforter, and was thus one of that favored number who saw this "good man meet his fate." W. J. H.

But now for the beloved wife at home, so ready to help in others' sorrows, and for himself, so full of all his coun-

try's woes, the sword was preparing that was to pierce their own souls. One day, a few weeks before Dr. Hoge was to return home, Mr. Mason sent him, with a hastily pencilled note, holding out such scanty hope of mistake as the circumstances permitted, a clipping from a paper announcing the arrest of a Federal spy—a Northern woman who was a guest in his house, kindly treated and trusted. A letter of hers had been intercepted attempting to secure Dr. Hoge's capture and imprisonment on his return, and advising the arrest of ministers at the North whose Southern sympathies she had learned in his house. When the officers went to arrest her, *"finding a child of Dr. Hoge's lying dead in the house, the arrest was postponed until the funeral services were over."*

Into the anguish of that hour we may not enter, but when he wrote to his wife, faith had shone out clear and strong:

LONDON, *August* 12, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE: I have learned that I am bereaved of *one* of my children. I know not which has been taken. I love them all with my whole heart, and were God to permit me to decide which one to surrender, I *could* not decide, but would refer it back to him. My grief is increased when I know how much you are distressed for me, that I should be thus suddenly, strangely afflicted, when far from home, among strangers. But I am among friends, kind, Christian, sympathizing friends; and, above all, near to me is the Friend "above all others." I am wonderfully sustained amidst all the uncertainty that attends my trial. I can say from my heart, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me." Do not grieve, my darling, on my account. Divine grace is abundantly given me, so that I have no disposition to murmur or repine. These separations are sad, but they will soon be over. Heaven is our home. We will there forever be with one another, and with the Lord. Be of good comfort. Cast all your care upon God; he careth for you. He chastises you because he loves you. My greatest desire is that this may be a sanctified affliction to you and the dear children. It soothes me that dear Dr. and Mrs. Brown

London. Aug. 12th 1863

Mrs Susan M. Hoge
Richmond. Virginia

My dear Wife

I have learned that I am bereaved of <u>one</u> of my children. I know not which has been taken. I love them all with my whole heart, and were God to permit me to decide which one to surrender. I <u>could</u> not decide, but would refer it back to him. My grief is increased when I know how much you are distressed for me. That I should be thus suddenly, strangely afflicted, when far from home, among strangers. But I am among friends, kind, Christian, sympathising friends. And above all, near to me is the Friend "above all others". I am wonderfully sustained amidst all the uncertainty that attends my trial. I can say from my heart, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Do not grieve, my darling, on my account. Divine grace is abundantly given me, so that I have no disposition to murmur or repine. These separations are sad, but they will soon be over. Heaven is our home. We will there forever be with one another, and with the Lord. Be of good Comfort. Cast all of your care upon God. He careth for you. He chastises you because he loves you. My greatest desire is that this may be a sanctified affliction to you & the dear Children. It soothes me that dear Doctor Lilly Brown are with you. And then Dr. Moore is so kind at such seasons. Let this letter calm & reassure you. I know the authorities will allow it to pass to you. It comes from the sad yet Comforted heart of your loving Husband, M. D. Hoge

are with you; and then Dr. Moore is so kind at such seasons. Let this letter calm and reassure you. I know the authorities will allow it to pass to you. It comes from the sad, yet comforted heart of your loving husband,

M. D. HOGE.

But the hardest part of the blow was yet to come. He tells the story in a letter to Mrs. Greenleaf:

LONDON, *September* 1, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER: You know I would not willingly cast one shadow on your path, or add one drop to your cup of sorrow, already so full, by telling you what would pain your sympathizing and loving heart, but will you not allow me the selfish relief of telling you of the grief that is in my own, and thus, at the same time, of showing you how dear your friendship is to me, and how I turn to it for solace in my time of need?

Last Monday I received two letters—one from my dear friend, Mrs. Brown, and the other from Susan. It was some time before I could break the seal of either. I had known for three weeks that *one* of my children had been taken, but now in a moment I could know *which;* but how could I bring myself to make the discovery? I was suffering so much for Susan, entering so fully into her grief, knowing that she was bearing mine as well as her own, that I felt I could not bear the announcement from her, so I opened Mrs. Brown's first; but after reading a few lines, it was long before I could read more. I had somewhat *accustomed* myself to the idea that it was our little one who had been taken, for from his birth he had been very feeble, and often I have felt that the time was near when I must resign *him;* but I had not been able to anticipate, what was the fact, that my precious Lacy—my pride and joy, my heart's treasure, my consecrated one, my fondest hope in the future—that *he* was the one whom I was to see no more on earth. I have had many trials, but *never* one like this. From the time he was born, he has carried my very heart in his little bosom, and his love for me was something wonderful. I carried him in my arms for hours when he was an infant; took him with me in my rides when he grew older; made him a companion more sweet to me than any other I

could conceive of; kept him in my study by day; and nearly every night, when I could be at home, let him go to sleep in my arms, a pleasure he seemed to enjoy above all others. His seat was next to mine at table; his chair was next to mine at prayers; and when we kneeled down, he would be perfectly content and still, if I held his hand in mine, or laid my hand on his head. I never laid a finger on him in chastisement. When he had done anything I disapproved, and I looked displeased in consequence, he could not be happy again until I smiled. He would lay his little head on my knee and weep, or look up at me with streaming eyes, rapidly saying, "Papa, papa, I sorry," until I was reconciled and kissed him. I meant to be his playmate during his boyhood, and his associate as he grew up to manhood, if I should be spared; it was my highest ambition to form his tastes and principles, to study with and for him; and then, if it pleased God, to see him a minister of Christ. These are *some* of the expectations which have been blasted in a moment.

From dear Susan's letter, and from Mrs. Brown's, I see how his mother's love for him had grown during my absence. She says he was her shadow, following her through the house, to market, wherever she went. She says he often told her he was her little *man;* that he knew where papa kept his pistols, and he would not let anybody hurt her while I was gone. During his short illness, in which he suffered excruciating pain, he tried to hide it from her, and when she saw his face quivering at times, and would ask him about it, he would tell her he was trying to keep from crying, because it made her cry. Mrs. Brown writes, "His mind was entirely clear to the last. I never heard him utter sweeter words or look more lovely than he did half an hour before his death. He saw his mother weeping, and said, 'Mamma, what is the matter? what are you crying for?' She sobbed, 'Because my little boy is so sick.' He looked at her so affectionately and replied, 'Mamma, I am so sorry for *you*'—his last connected sentence. His love for you had only grown with your absence. Nothing could wean him from you. He talked constantly of your return and of your letters. Many a day he would be in the yard when I returned from the office, and would always ask, 'Have you any letter from my papa.' The very day of

his death (Wednesday, July 15th) he woke hearing his mother reading a letter aloud, and, in a half dreamy voice, asked, 'What does my papa say?' "

Mrs. Brown also tells me just what I feared, that Susan's sorrow was just doubled because she was grieving for me as much as for herself.

"Dear mother, it has been a sore trial to bear because she has had to bear it *alone,* and bear it for *you.* She would often say, 'If I could only spare Mr. Hoge this.' She had been so loving to the little child since your absence, trying so hard to fill your place and her own, too; never wearied in entertaining him with stories and instructing him in all knowledge. Oh! how my heart bleeds for her. Her *loneliness* is so great, and yet the Christian triumphs, and she bears up so nobly."

My sister, this is the child I have lost and this is my grief; and now I bless God I can say from my heart, I do not rebel at the dispensation. I can enter somewhat into the feelings of my dear friend and elder, Mr. Martin, when standing at Edward's bedside, when he thought he was dying, he said, "O Lord, thou art holy and just and *good.*" Sure I am there was never one who needed and deserved affliction more than I do. I pray to be prepared by it to be a comfort to my suffering people when I return home, prepared to strengthen them, and to be strong myself for all the trials we may yet undergo before our independence is won. It has been a comfort to me to write this letter—a comfort dashed, it is true, by the apprehension that it has given you pain. Precious as sympathy is, I almost wish I could keep you from sympathizing with me, for it implies a community of suffering in a case like this. I would fain tell you only of joys, successes and prosperous adventure, for then your sympathy, like the secondary rainbow, reflecting mine, would show only in colors bright and cheering to the eyes and heart. But we cannot always have it so; the bow in the evening cloud is sometimes blotted out by a night of sadness and storm; but a morning of joy will come at last, and with this anticipation, and with the assurance of unchanging affection, let me end my letter.

A few days afterwards the long waited for opportunity came, and he set his face homeward. Two letters to Mrs. Greenleaf describe the progress of his voyage:

HALIFAX, *September* 16, 1863.

I bless God for such a friend. I bless you for such love. Like a bright and constant star, when the sun has gone down, it shines comfort into my heart during this night of sorrow.

I know not how to account for it, but since the death of Parsons, my only intimate friends have been of your sex. In England, I made one, who, hearing of my bereavement, wrote to me saying, "I have learned to know you well enough to be sure that you are craving the sympathy of a woman's heart, and so I," etc. If this was comforting, coming from one who, until recently, was a stranger, you may imagine what a treasure yours is, tried and proved by time, and by what has separated so many chief friends as by a bottomless gulf.

Since I have learned how my grief made you sick in body and in soul, I almost regret that you ever heard what happened to me, but it is Heaven's ordinance that one member shall suffer with another in the same body.

My impatience to get home increases every hour; but I have yet to sound a deep and perilous way before I can arrive, if at all. I need not explain; the papers will tell you why.

Several days before I left England, I was taken with a slow fever, which continued during the voyage and yet remains. This makes my hand tremulous and like that of an old man, but I am thankful to say I have a heart as fresh and full as ever of love for my friends. O that it was fuller of love and loyalty to my God and Saviour! Certain I am, and so may you be, that it reciprocates all you can feel for me. Say in my behalf whatever is kindest to all who remember and care for your tempest-tossed, but comforted brother; and think of me during the next fortnight when you hear the wind blow.

BERMUDA, *October* 3, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER: After a most uncomfortable passage by the *Alpha* from Halifax, having been delayed twenty-four hours beyond our due time by head winds, I arrived at this place on the 23d ultimo. It was a comfort, however, to get into port and into the hospitable home of my friend, Mr. William P. Campbell, late of New Orleans, just as the equinoctial gales were commencing in earnest. It rained

and blew heavily for four days, and I was glad and grateful to be on shore. I have been sick most of the time since I landed, yet I managed to preach here (at St. George's) last Sunday, both morning and evening, and to-morrow I shall attempt the same at Hamilton, twelve miles distant. It is pleasant to me to preach in so many different parts of the world. A good seed dropped here and there, at points far asunder, may spring up and bear fruit of which I shall know nothing until the day of final accounts.

I expect to sail from here on Tuesday next (the 6th) in the blockade-runner, *Advance* (late the *Lord Clyde*).

A few days will determine whether my destination will be the bottom of the sea, Richmond, or some Northern Bastile. If the latter, perhaps I will see you sooner than would otherwise be possible, and that will be one consolation, provided I be allowed to receive calls.

The difficulties of getting in are increased very much of late, but I have good hopes of a safe arrival.

I send you another photograph of Lacy. It was copied in London just before I left, from a picture taken about six months after the one a copy of which I sent you some months ago. The one I now enclose is an excellent likeness of him in his serious moods.

It is just the look and attitude he generally had when he was at family prayers in the morning. Dear little fellow! It is all morning with him now, and praise. So may it be with us one day! Adieu. M. D. H.

All the ports of the Confederacy were now practically closed except Wilmington. The main mouth of the Cape Fear was also closed, but there was another channel, about fifteen miles nearer Wilmington, where the river and the sea had broken through the narrow strip of sand that divided them.[1] This inlet was a favorite entrance, especially for the coasting trade, and for vessels approaching from the North. It was protected by Fort Fisher, and blockaded by a large Federal fleet. Sunday morning, October 11th, was a day of cloudless beauty. Dr. Hoge came early on deck to find the *Advance* sailing merrily southward, with the Federal fleet

[1] Since the war this has been closed by the government.

in full view. The captain had been drinking and playing cards with some young men most of the night, and Dr. Hoge became anxious.

"What are you going to do, Captain?"

"I am going to Wilmington to-day."

"But surely you are not going to attempt it in broad daylight."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one reason, the Confederate government cannot afford to lose this ship, and for another, there are some of us on board that do not wish to be captured, and I am one of them."

"Oh! you will not be captured, and this ship will not be lost."

Still they bore on; but as yet there was no movement in the Federal fleet. It is probable that they were deceived by the boldness of the steamer's approach, and took her for some transport or supply vessel. When she was nearly opposite the entrance, the helm was put hard to port, and all steam put on as she made for the inlet.

The mask was now thrown off, and three Federal vessels gave chase. She had a good start; but if they could not catch her by steam, perhaps they could with gunpowder, and soon the shells were shrieking through her rigging. Any moment might decide her fate, but still she sped on untouched. The situation was critical—and uncomfortable. But now the pursuing vessels came in range of the Confederate guns, and Fort Fisher opened fire. The pursuit slackened, and the pursuers fell off. Almost the next instant the *Advance* was stuck fast on a shoal; had it happened a moment sooner, they would have been lost. The captain, now thoroughly sober, came to Dr. Hoge and besought him to lead them in a service of thanksgiving; and on that Sabbath morning, in sight of the baffled enemy and the protecting fort, passengers and crew assembled on deck and stood with bared heads beneath their own blue Southern

skies, while he lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving and praise for their deliverance. Yet the danger was not quite over. If they did not get free by night there was risk of their being boarded under cover of the darkness. But with the rising tide they were afloat again in the early afternoon, and that night they slept in Wilmington.

Dr. Hoge's first impression on returning from the wealth and comfort of foreign lands to his beloved Confederacy must have been depressing in the extreme. The fall before Wilmington had been scourged by yellow fever; in the suspension of all quarantine and sanitary regulations, it had gained an entrance with blockade-runners from the West Indies, and had swept through the town until hundreds had died, and every one who could get away had left town, many not to return until the war was over. Even then there were many hospitable homes whose doors would have been thrown open to him had his presence been known; but he went to a wretched little hotel—the only one that kept up a starving existence amid the general prostration. It was a great contrast to visits that he paid there in more prosperous times, but after all he was in his own country; scourged, bleeding, fire-girdled, it might be; but still the country of his love, for which he had suffered much, and was ready to suffer more. Two days later he was at home.

Mrs. Hoge wrote of it to Mrs. Greenleaf:

R——,[1] *December* 14, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY: I wrote you soon after my husband went abroad, but never knew whether you received it, until his return. I was very glad you wrote to him, for it was so seldom he received any of our letters. We sent him more than a hundred and twenty from this house, and he got only thirty. I sent many through the North, thinking that was the most direct route, and not one got to England sent in that way, except by flag of truce. I suppose you saw an account of the wonderful escape he

[1] So written, evidently to avoid identification if the letter fell into the hands of the Federal authorities.

made in running the blockade. I believe it was in answer to the many prayers that ascended for him all over our land. Oh! you do not know what a thrill of joy was sent to my heart, weighed down by sorrow and intense anxiety, by the telegram sent from Fort Fisher, "Ran in this morning under heavy fire; all safe and well." Two days afterwards, October 13th, he arrived safely—we will pass over his arrival.

He looks more robust than I ever saw him, but his health was not entirely restored. He has not been well one day since he came, having had a fever, which prevailed in England a month before he left. He was not strong when he reached home; then a throng of company, and late hours to prepare for Sabbath sermons, have just kept him unwell nearly all the time.

He is much changed since you saw him. I never saw any one as crushed and broken-hearted as he is under this sore trial. Our little boy was nearly four years old, and so noble and beautiful that many persons remarked upon his precociousness. He was obedient and gentle and tender in his feeling, and, in fact, all that we could desire. But he sickened, and in a few hours congestion of the stomach carried him off. My poor heart is broken and bleeding, but I hope I can say, "It is well with the child."[1] In the bitter cup I had many mercies, and was wonderfully sustained, and so is dear Moses. I wish you could see with what sweet Christian spirit he bears it, and his preaching is so comforting to others in affliction, and, I trust, even since his return home, that God has given him many souls.

Upon his return home, Dr. Hoge had not only to take up the many threads of the work of the church, but was importuned to lecture on the experiences of his mission and the attitude of the outside world towards the Confederacy. At last the request came in an almost official form from the State and Confederate officers, and he consented, delivering several lectures in Richmond and Petersburg. No building in Richmond proved sufficient for the audiences, and the lectures netted several thousand dollars for the relief of the suffering families of Confederate soldiers.

[1] The text of Dr. Moore's beautiful funeral sermon.

There have been frequent echoes of this mission in the years that have followed.

Once on a visit to Boston, not long after the war, Dr. Hoge saw an advertisement in a bookseller's window of Confederate Bibles for sale. He went in and, finding they were his own Bibles, purchased one. It bore this legend printed on a slip of paper pasted inside the cover:

From the cargo of the
Anglo-Rebel Blockade-Runner,
MINNA,
Captured December 6, 1863,
Off Wilmington,
By the Government Dispatch-Ship
CIRCASSIA,
Captain W. B. Eaton.

In 1891 the editor of the *Leisure Hour* wrote him:

56 PATERNOSTER ROW, E. C., LONDON, *January 26*, 1891.

DEAR DR. HOGE: Is there any published account of your "running the blockade" during the war? I want to use it in preparing a book of "true tales" for Nisbet and Company, the principal of which firm, Mr. James Robertson, was formerly in New York, representing Nelson's House. It was he who suggested my writing to you. I suppose it to be the same Dr. Hoge whose visit to the Religious Tract Society's Committee is still remembered with pleasure by the few survivors who were there that morning, and among them by

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES MACAULAY, M. D.

And still later his nephew, residing in Wilmington, received a letter from the War Department asking information of a "Rev. Dr. Hoge, who was reported by the secret service as having run the blockade into Wilmington with a cargo of *rifles* for the Confederate government."

But Dr. Hoge's most prized memorials of this mission were the letters he received from several of the leading generals in the Confederate army, to whom he sent copies of

the Bibles he had secured. With his characteristic capacity for waiting, he never published these letters, or even mentioned their existence, until his fiftieth anniversary.

CAMP, ORANGE COUNTY, *March* 10, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: I received some time since your very kind note of November last, accompanying a specimen copy of the Bibles you obtained during your late visit to England. I am very much obliged to you for so acceptable a gift, and pray that I may be able to practice its holy teachings. The success which attended your expedition and the number of books of Scripture you procured is a subject of devout thanksgiving to God, and of hearty congratulation to yourself.

With feelings of gratitude for your prayers, and kind sentiments and earnest wishes for your welfare, I am, with great respect and esteem, Very truly yours,

ROBERT E. LEE.

Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, *November* 27, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your kind letter, accompanying a copy of the Bible. Please add to the value of the gift by joining in my prayers that I may be assisted in following the precepts of the Divine Word, and that I may be guided by its wisdom.

I am about starting for the army, having been detained by an injury to my leg. RICHARD S. EWELL.

HEADQUARTERS RODES' DIVISION, *November* 25, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Captain Smith delivered to me a few days ago the tasteful and valuable present you did me the honor to make me.

I assure you that such a gift at your hands gives me great pleasure. I will prize it highly, and read it, I hope, with profit to my soul. I feel sure that my promising you this in good faith will convince you that I appreciate your kindness, and that I am sincerely obliged to you for the interest you have taken in my welfare.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. RODES.

Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., Richmond, Va.

NEAR ORANGE COURT-HOUSE, *November* 21, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Please accept my grateful acknowledgments for the very neat and serviceable edition of the Holy Bible, which I received by the hand of Colonel Pendleton.

I had the good fortune to hear General Lee read your letter to him, in which you speak of having secured a large amount of valuable religious literature in England for the use of the Confederacy.

Please find enclosed thirty-six dollars, which I wish expended for detached portions of scripture—the Gospels preferred—which I wish to distribute among my friends in the ranks.[1]

With best wishes for your continued welfare and usefulness, permit me to remain, Your servant,

J. E. B. STUART.

DALTON, *February* 15, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure to receive from our friend, Colonel Ewell, the Bible presented to me by you.

I assure you that no gift has ever before afforded me so much gratification. My father's children were taught to venerate the name you bear, and I know that you bear it worthily. It is, therefore, a source of great pleasure to find that you thought of me beyond the Atlantic.

Receiving this Bible revived the feeling you gave me almost two years ago by saying that I was remembered in the prayers of those who meet in your church to pray.

I know that it would gratify your goodness to believe that the reading of this book will not be neglected. Be assured that it shall not, but that I will strive to read it in the spirit of the poor publican's prayer.

Sincerely yours, J. E. JOHNSTON.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge.

[1] Dr. Hoge sent the Bibles, but did not cash the check, which is still preserved as a souvenir of an officer for whom Dr. Hoge had an almost romantic admiration.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM JAMES HOGE.

1860 — 1864.

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been."—TENNYSON.

FROM the time that William Hoge entered the ministry, the lives of the two brothers were so closely intertwined by correspondence and by common tastes and interests that the biography of the one has necessarily involved much of the life of the other.

But as the time approaches when their association on earth is to end, we must pause in the narrative of the elder brother's life to gather up the missing threads in the life of the younger. This is necessary both to gain a just conception of the full meaning of this loss to Dr. Hoge, and to fulfil his cherished wish that any biography that might be written of him should enshrine also the memory of his brother.

William Hoge must early have manifested the brilliant qualities that distinguished him in manhood. One who knew him at college said in after years: "All now know the man of genius; it was my privilege to know the boy of genius." Some years ago his son met in New York the late Hon. S. S. Cox, who at once asked if he were related to William Hoge. On learning the relationship, he exclaimed, "His son! Why I loved your father as I never loved any man. I owe to him all that is good in my life. We were schoolmates. He taught me to love my book. He taught me to love my Saviour."

When Mr. Hoge became a professor in the Ohio University, where he had been a student, the impression that he

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me to love my Saviour."

When Mr. Hoge became a professor in the Ohio Univer-
sity, where he had been a student, the impression that he

W. J. Hoge.

made upon those with whom he was associated must have been deep and abiding, as witnessed by the following tribute from an alumnus of that institution, who had been a student under him, published after many years in *The* (Philadelphia) *Presbyterian:*

> In this list of crowned heads, something of whose lives, we believe, remains in their living pupils, was the bright spirit dwelling a while in that splendid tabernacle of flesh, known under the name of William J. Hoge. Full of enthusiasm, glowing with genius, as genial as gifted, with a face of marvellous beauty, with eyes sharp and even piercing, at one moment playful, twinkling with delight, and at another tearful with love and pity, as often as sorrow and discomfort in others, spiritual or temporal, stood before him; and with a voice, the tones of which, we think, we would recognize amidst the harmonies of heaven; no thoughtful man ever heard him pray, preach or sing, who did not perceive, by tones, words, look and thought, that he was feeling after his heart to win it as a trophy for the Redeemer. He was the author of that matchless book, *Blind Bartimeus,* and was co-pastor with Dr. Spring in the Brick Church, New York, where many keep his image next to God's in the memories of their salvation. He finished his course, a few years after, at Petersburg, Va., departing like sunset at the poles, where the last rays of the departing sun are the first of the new morn.

We have already seen how his ministry in Richmond, as colleague with his brother, opened with revival blessing. The same blessing followed him everywhere to the end. An attractive glimpse of him engaged in the work he most loved, during his ministry in Baltimore, is given us in the following sketch by the late Rev. James D. Thomas:

> In 1845, when I was on my way to the Theological Seminary, I stopped at Newark, Del., to spend a few days with some friends. On reaching that place I found that the Rev. Dr. Vallandingham (brother of Hon. C. R. Vallandingham, of Ohio) was in the midst of a work of grace in his church, and was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Backus, of

Baltimore. I stayed from day to day, entering fully into the spirit of the meeting with youthful ardor and anxious interest in many friends. The influences of this meeting extended into all the country around. Dr. Backus was obliged to return to Baltimore, but promised Dr. Vallandingham to send him assistance.

The night after Dr. Backus left, Dr. Vallandingham preached himself. He was nearing the close of his sermon, when I, sitting near some friends in the rear of the church, perceived that a gentleman, evidently a minister, had slipped into the house and seated himself near the door. There was something so exceedingly attractive about the man's appearance, his entire bearing and personal grace in every movement, that my attention was fixed upon him. It was soon evident to me that Dr. Vallandingham had seen him enter. He closed his sermon rather abruptly, gave out a hymn, and came quietly to the rear of the church, approaching this gentleman, who arose and extended his hand in a peculiarly impressive manner. I heard, as the two stood there hand in hand, the following conversation: "I suppose you are a brother sent by Dr. Backus to assist me." Dr. Hoge replied, "Yes, I am Dr. Hoge,[1] and I thank God that I am here. I met Dr. Backus this morning on the street. He told me of the wonderful work of grace, and asked me if I could come to your assistance. I had but a few hours to meet the train; but I hastened home, made all my arrangements for leaving, and am here now to help you, as far as God may give me the power."

Dr. Vallandingham then said, "Thank God; you are the very man for the work. Come forward, and at the close of the hymn make an address." As he passed to the platform, all eyes were fixed upon him, and all hearts, no doubt, went up for God's blessing from him. As the singing ceased, I can see him now, as he stood there, the embodiment of the true Christian minister of the word of God to a sinful world; and from the moment he had opened his mouth he had won all hearts.

Dr. Vallandingham had two churches; one in town, the other in the country. As the influence of the meeting had

[1] The degree of Doctor of Divinity was not conferred upon him until he became professor in Union Theological Seminary. The mistake is natural on the part of one writing at a later time.

extended into the country, arrangements were made for preaching in the old mother church out in the country, "White Clay Creek," on the following Sabbath, morning and afternoon. This church was one of those in which Whitefield had preached, and where, as elsewhere under his ministry, many souls were brought to Christ. It was traditional that when Whitefield was preaching there, doors open and windows taken out, there were several thousands gathered in the church and on the ground to hear the precious gospel from his lips, and that on a certain day, when the meeting had reached its climax, large numbers were brought to Christ. It was in September when Dr. Hoge was there. The weather was beautiful, and no larger or more impressive audience ever faced, possibly, any preacher of God's word in the rural districts of America.

He was more than himself on that marvellous occasion, and gave to us, what he afterwards preached in book form, his lovely tract, *Blind Bartimeus*. We all know how charming that book is, and many of your readers have often been fascinated by and swayed under the influence of Dr. Hoge's preaching. Possibly some of them may have heard him preach those sermons; but I think it was my good fortune to have heard him preach them under the most inspiring circumstances, which lifted him into his fullest capacity. Well and gloriously did he do the Master's work that day in winning souls to Christ. There was no poor Bartimeus, nor was there a rich man there, who did not feel the power of the gospel. He preached the first half of it in the forenoon, the latter half in the afternoon. He closed the first discourse with the remark, "If you are weary and hungry, we will close this sermon with the benediction, and when you hear me singing, come in again."

All through the interval there was such solemn impression and awakened conviction, that there were not many who partook of the midday meal. Every man and every woman was intently busy with his or her thoughts of wonder and of praise of God's great grace, or was striving to help others to appreciate in like manner the same. All at once we heard his rich voice singing some hymn of God, which reached to the recesses of the forest grounds; and the great crowd silently and solemnly gathered about the building again. There they stood hanging upon his words

of eloquence and pathos, and as he would reach climax after climax of God's wondrous grace, man after man fell to the earth as if stricken with death. It was to the most of them, blessed be God, death to sin and life to righteousness. I do not know how many united with the several churches of that community, nor what were the results of after days in the extension and permanency of God's kingdom in that community; but such seed sown must have borne rich rewards of fruitfulness to the glory of God.

Into my own life came an ideal of the gospel minister and the far-reaching powers of the gospel itself, which I trust have been an incentive to me to strive to preach better than I would otherwise have done.

I have heard many, many brethren, some gone to glory, and some still living, who have moved me ofttimes to high states of spiritual joy by their presentations of truth; but I have never heard the truth preached as it was that day at old White Clay Creek Church, in Delaware, by Dr. William J. Hoge.

The little book referred to was composed of sermons chiefly preached in Baltimore, but finished after he went to Union Seminary. In a very short time fifteen thousand copies had been issued in this country, and forty thousand by one of the several British publishers. It was afterwards purchased by the Tract Society, which still issues new editions. It has been translated into Portuguese and modern Greek, and one often meets with men who attribute to it their conversion, or ministers who testify to its forming influence in their views of gospel truth.

When Dr. Hoge went to New York, he went with the old gospel. In his preaching he knew but two classes—the saved and the unsaved. A "liberal" member of the congregation, soon after he came, remarked to a friend with some warmth, "If our new pastor keeps on preaching so, one thing is certain, he will empty the church before six months are out." He kept on, and in less than six months camp chairs had to be purchased to place in the aisles, and he never preached that the church was not packed.

His joy in this ministry we have already seen in his letters to his brother. The joy of others in his ministry is testified to this day. Before him stretched a prospect of almost boundless usefulness. He was still in the flower of his youth; his powers, notwithstanding their early maturity, were constantly expanding; his mind poured forth its treasures like an exhaustless fountain; there was no limit to his sympathies, and his warm, glowing personality impressed itself directly and spontaneously, like light or heat. The common people heard him gladly; and no less gladly the cultured and the learned.

When the shadow of the war fell across this bright prospect, his soul was troubled. His heart was with his own people in the South, but the vows of God were upon him, and as long as his people would receive the gospel at his lips, no political or personal consideration could be allowed to break the bond. The things of the kingdom must be first. The pulpits of the city were ringing with politics; he preached the gospel. Crowds greater than before hung on his ministry, for there were thousands in that great city who were asking for bread and receiving stones. If it was his mission to feed them he would stay at any cost; though friends in the South were already murmuring. At length there came a day when his colleague had declared his political views in the morning service, and an expectant crowd gathered in the afternoon to hear Dr. Hoge, thinking that now he *must* speak. He made no allusion of any kind to what was in the minds of all until he gave out the hymn before the sermon. It was Cowper's well-known hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." He read until he came to the last verse, when he closed the book, took a step back from the pulpit, and repeated:

> "Ere since by faith I saw the stream
> Thy flowing wounds supply,
> *Redeeming love has been my theme,*
> AND SHALL BE TILL I DIE."

All knew then that they would get no politics in *that* sermon!

All this time Dr. Hoge had his resignation in his pocket waiting for some sign that the harmony with his people was broken. At last it came—no matter now, how, or from whom. His resignation was offered, and accepted. The newspaper report of the meeting said there were "about one hundred persons present." By the actual count of one of the officers of the church there were thirty.[1]

And so this effort to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," even in these stormy times, failed. But one may feel thankful that there was found a man who tried. Nor was the effort unappreciated. The church to which he ministered would have overwhelmingly sustained him had he let it come to an issue. Gentlemen of the highest standing came forward with the proposition to build him a church, and meanwhile rent any hall in the city, if only he would remain in New York. Others thought that when the war was over—little thinking how long the struggle was to be, nor how wide the chasm that would be created; thinking still less that *he* would not survive it—that when the war was over, they would "build him the biggest church in New York, and call him back."

There lies before us now a pile of notes and letters; many of them from members of his church, pouring out their hearts in love and gratitude and sorrow; but many from strangers commending his course, and deploring the madness of the times in which it was possible that "a faithful minister of the gospel may be proscribed for his private, unobtruded political views."

His farewell discourse was delivered on the 21st of July. It was a calm and noble testimony against the preaching of

[1] This meeting took place after he had left the city. His friends manifested their sentiment by absenting themselves from the regular meeting, and by a separate informal meeting in which they endorsed his course.

anything but the religion of Christ from a Christian pulpit. As the turning point of his life, and a reflection of the times, a few extracts will not be inappropriate.

In defending his own course, he states that as a *citizen,* he had first studied the questions of the day and formed his own opinions; that as a free citizen in a free republic, he had a right, not questionable by any other citizen, firmly to hold and calmly to express his opinions; but that he had not forgotten, meantime, that he was also a minister of the gospel, and that therefore it became him to utter his opinions unobtrusively, "giving no offense in anything that the ministry be not blamed."

As a preacher of God's word and pastor of that church, his course included his public prayers and public discourses. In his prayers he had poured out his soul "with tears and anguish for this whole land from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific." He had prayed for the President of the United States (though the contrary had been asserted) and for all in authority. He had also prayed for the authorities of the Confederate States, in obedience to the divine command to pray for *all* men, and *all* that are in authority.

> But what special blessing have I sought for all these men, North and South, who hold so much of our happiness and destiny in their hands?
>
> That in every heart God would shine and reign; that they might have wisdom to know what is right, and grace to do what is right; that all that is wrong in any of them might be rectified, and all that is right confirmed; in brief, that all rulers and all people in this broad country might fear the God of heaven, and so be guided in doing his blessed will that the whole land and the whole world might be filled and covered with the divine glory.
>
> Then, as to your beloved sons and brothers, your tears and audible weeping have, more than once, borne me witness how I have pleaded that they might be preserved from all evil, and especially from sin; that the godly among them might be bright in grace and very fruitful in right-

eousness; that the impenitent might be prepared, through grace, for all the perils of war; and that God would speedily restore them all, in honor and righteousness, to the sweet sanctities of home and the house of God. And I have added, "Extend these blessings to all who are dear to any of us." Was not this right? And did it not include many, many, dear not to me alone, but to many families in this congregation? And is not every one of these prayers according to the law and spirit of Christ?

And now, as to my sermons: they have simply been, as far as I had strength to make them, scriptural, gospel sermons.

When you called me you knew me only from testimony, from my sermon in the Academy of Music, from another which a few of you heard in the late Dr. Alexander's lecture-room, from the report of your committee who visited me in Virginia, and from a little book which many of you were led to examine at that time—*Blind Bartimeus*. Now, I am sure, you never heard of me as a preacher of anything but the gospel; and in the volume to which I have referred, you read, if you chose to read it at all, the following language: "They have let him (Bartimeus) know that the Healer of the blind is near; and I am sure that nothing they could say about anything else could make up for not telling him that. The most eloquent harangue on the politics of the times, though Pilate and Herod and Cæsar, and Roman eagles, and Jewish banners, and liberty, and nationality and destiny, had rolled with splendid imagery through sounding periods, would have been a sad exchange for those simple words, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' Nor would Aristotle's keenest logic, nor Plato's finest speculations, have served a whit better. The man was blind, and wanted his eyes opened; and till this was done, these things, however set forth, were but trash and mockery."

In a series of incontrovertible propositions he sets forth the evils of political preaching, and concludes:

I fear we are just beginning to reap the bitter fruits which political preaching and political action in our ecclesiastical courts are to bring forth. I dare not omit saying this. I would lift my poor voice and warn my countrymen,

and especially my countrymen in the more blessed citizenship of Zion. May God raise mightier voices than mine everywhere to sound the alarm before all our churches are made fearful and scandalous spectacles of strife and confusion, and God's blessed Spirit is grieved utterly away!

That the majority of this people agree with me here, I hope, I believe. They do not agree politically with me, but they feel that this should not part us while I love them and preach Christ to them.

And God knows my heart, that I *do* love them, and with a fervor I cannot express. Why should I not? My brethren, you have been kind to me with a kindness which I shall remember gratefully forever. I may not forget the night of my sudden calamity,[1] and the day of your rallying around me with a unanimity and generosity which well-nigh took away my power to thank you. Nor does this great manifestation of your generous love stand alone. My whole pathway, even to this hour, has been covered with it. Nay, its manifested depths and tenderness at this hour make this farewell service the heaviest task of my life.

Wherever my lot may be cast, I feel, and my family feel it equally, that we can never be surrounded by a people in whose noble faithfulness and love our hearts could repose with more comfort, even to the end of life.

Why, then, do I go? I have been constantly met with the sad inquiry from those whose grief, in the sundering of this solemn relation, is too sacred to be slighted. "Why is this? What have we done that we should lose our pastor without an opportunity to protest or prevent?" A deep feeling of undeserved injury seems to pervade many hearts, and I have no right to leave the burden of this injury anywhere but just where it belongs.

I will first, for I have nothing to conceal, say that, ever since the beginning of this national conflict, my heart has yearned towards my beloved South, and especially the dear Commonwealth of Virginia. I have longed to share their privations, their dangers, and their destiny, whether of humiliation or triumph; but all these feelings I was ready to sacrifice on the altar of Christ and His cause. And I did

[1] When his house was burned to the ground, with all its contents, his family only escaping with their lives.

> sacrifice them. God gave me the joyous capacity to absorb myself in my work as a Christian minister. Having abundantly declared, by my conduct and in this discourse, that I place this sacred relation of pastor and people above every national question, I could never have severed it for such a cause as this, weighty though I feel it to be in itself.

Then in a few words he stated, with delicate consideration for others, the steps that led to his resignation, and the reasons why he must insist upon it even should an overwhelming majority vote against it. That which had occurred had been sufficient to make his way plain:

> For weeks past my incessant cry to God has been for light, that I might know my duty, just my duty. It has been a time of great perplexity; but I believe God has answered my prayer. The light shines. My path is plain. I have no hesitation in taking it. "The Lord is my shepherd." He is "my light and my salvation."

While he was preaching this sermon the battle of Manassas was raging. The next afternoon had been set for a farewell reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Meanwhile the news of the battle had come, and he expected that the attendance would be confined to his most intimate friends; but they came in such numbers that they had to resort to a larger room, where the stream continued to flow for four hours. Now and then there would be one whose joy in the Southern victory would show itself in a flash of the eye and a more convulsive grasp of the hand, but the most of those who came were in sympathy with the Union, but came to say farewell to the man that they loved and honored, and especially to endorse the stand he had taken for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Meanwhile, in the great lobbies of the hotel, a vast and excited crowd were discussing the tremendous issues of the day, and getting wind of what was going on upstairs, attempted to ridicule by mocking placards, or to interrupt by their noisy presence, the quiet of these solemn farewells; but

by the vigilance of the proprietor and some of the gentlemen who were present all serious annoyance was avoided. In the excited state of public feeling a spark might have kindled a conflagration.

The next day he started with his family[1] on the long journey through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, a faithful friend accompanying them to Nashville to see that they were not interfered with while in the Northern lines. By this detour they at length reached Richmond in safety.

But on the long, sad journey they had their first terrible realization of what the war meant, and at what a price victory had been purchased. In the list of the killed they saw first the names of two dear cousins of Mrs. Hoge—the only nephews of her mother—and then of her beloved brother, Peyton Randolph Harrison.

Within the quiet haven of his brother's home in Richmond their hearts were made to glow with pride in the midst of their deep sorrow, as he tenderly told the thrilling story of how her brother and cousins had died—successfully rallying their company, thrown into confusion and almost retreat by a mistaken order; and how, when they were bearing Lieutenant Harrison from the field, he said, "Lay me down; I am ready to die; you can do no more for me. *Rally to the charge!*"

But another sacrifice was before them. Their beautiful little Dabney, wilting under the heat and fatigue of the long journey and change of climate, sickened and died. In this bereavement nothing could exceed the delicate consideration and sympathy of his brother Moses and his family. By a happy Providence, Mrs. Hoge's brother, Dabney Carr Har-

[1] His family then consisted, besides Mrs. Hoge, of the two older children, whose births were announced on page 108, and three children of his second marriage; Mary Swift (named for his first wife), born in Baltimore, October 15, 1855; Peyton Harrison, born at Hampden-Sidney, January 6, 1858, and Dabney Carr, born in New York, February 24, 1860.

rison, was there, and thus the last time they saw him was when he assisted in laying his little namesake to rest. They buried him in beautiful Hollywood, where Dr. Moses Hoge's two babes were already sleeping—in the spot where so many of the hearts, then torn and sad, have since found their resting place.

Passing through Richmond a few weeks later, Dr. William Hoge wrote his wife:

> At six o'clock of this balmy, golden evening, Moses took me in his buggy to Hollywood. We reached the grave about the same time as when we went to lay our little darling there. As we stopped by it, I exclaimed, "Oh! it has been covered this evening with fresh flowers," while my eyes filled with tears; "did you do it, brother?" He smiled pleasantly, but said nothing. I pressed his hand tenderly, and then got out and took my seat by the lowly bed of our pretty little boy. With delicate consideration he drove away, and left me to press and kiss the little precious mound unobserved. All the loose earth had been removed, and the place looked clean and fresh. The mound had been newly made, of finer mould, free from stones. The original wreaths, faded indeed, were in their old places, while fresh roses and evergreens had been added. I was moved by these tokens of delicate care. I longed for you, that we might share together the melancholy luxury of musing there, and caressing even the earth and flowers that cover that precious form. The river was roaring on as ever, and the blessed evening was bathing our little one's resting place with freshness, fragrance and beauty. I found that brother had risen from his half-eaten dinner, driven out there, found a workman who brought the softer mould and disposed it at his direction, while *his* hands had gathered and arranged the fresh flowers. I send you what I selected for you. Dear, good brother! he did this just before having to lecture, and then took the drive again.

Dr. Hoge was soon settled in temporary charge of the Charlottesville church, but there the sorrows of his wife's family, which was as his own, fell thick and fast. The death

of her brother Dabney at Fort Donelson was quickly followed by that of a lovely young sister, just blooming into womanhood; and this by the death of another sister—the bride of a year—whose marriage in the Brick Church to Major R. W. Hunter, an officer in the Virginia Volunteers, had excited a peculiar and pathetic interest among those who read the signs of the times. Another year passed and her eldest brother, Randolph, was added to the list of those whom they gave to the Confederate cause. With all this sorrow, Dr. Hoge wrote to his brother: "Yet our gracious, covenant-keeping God has so been with us in trouble, guiding, sustaining, cheering us, and crowning us with loving-kindness, that our hearts would be cold and base indeed, if we did not acknowledge his mercy with thankfulness and joy." So overflowing, indeed, were his sympathies that there were no circumstances in which his character shone out with purer light than when he was comforting those hearts filled with sorrow, and lifting up the eyes of the afflicted to the loving face of the Saviour, who was all in all to him.

In Charlottesville, too, he had congenial society in which he took great delight. Dr. McGuffey, under whom he had studied theology in Athens, Ohio, was ever a stimulating companion. He spent one summer in the house with Dr. Gildersleeve, studying with him the Gospel of John, enjoying his exquisite linguistic insight, and contributing himself no less exquisite spiritual comment.

And when occasion arose, all the natural joyousness of his nature bubbled up, and he could be a boy again. He was always so with children; and among men no one more enjoyed a flow of spontaneous, innocent fun.

Once a rumor of a hostile raid called out the "reserves" to protect the town. The rumor proved a mistake, but while they were waiting he dispatched this note by his son Addison, who came out with Theodorick Pryor to bring the acknowledged dinner:

CAMP "MICAWBER" (so named by Frank Carr because we are waiting for "something to turn up.")
MONDAY, *May* 4, 1863.

Give many thanks, my darling, to Mrs. H—— for her excellent and abundant dinner. It was spread on a mossy bank, dappled by sunshine and shade. Very choice was the company which partook of it—Cousin Frank, Professor Minor, Professor Holmes, Professor Smith, and Mr. Stevenson, of Petersburg. Of course, we had much "attic salt" to season our viands—apt quotations, nice allusions, snatches of song, not to speak of puns. Just this moment, for example, I hear Professor Smith saying, "The trees are all leaving, but the men are standing firm." "Or rather," suggests Professor Holmes, in allusion to the false rumors flying so thickly, "the men are lying still."

There seems to be little prospect of our seeing the enemy, though it is difficult to learn, with any certainty, his movements. As soon as we *know* they are not coming, I suppose we will march home and our campaign be ended.

But his greatest joy in these times was found in his trips to the camps to preach to the soldiers. An extract from his "journalized" letter to his wife of one of these visits will be of interest:

MAJOR-GENERAL RODES' HEADQUARTERS,
FRIDAY, *May* 22, 1863.

[After telling of his call to the Tabb Street Church, Petersburg, he takes up his narrative.]

Now let me take up my story where I laid it down last Monday. That day I rested from my Sabbath labor, and attended a review of the whole division. The ladies and I occupied an eminence which commanded the whole field. The day was fine, the bands played well, and the young general acquitted himself very handsomely. The whole affair rather surpassed my expectations.

Tuesday opened my regular campaign. Did I tell you the General's admirable plan for my work? I have heard of none like it in the army, and it seems to me all that any general could do, or any preacher wish. A preaching camp is prepared by the pioneer corps in each brigade, and the whole brigade, officers and men, are marched to the place. This always secures me a good audience, and, as it takes the place of regular drill, is acceptable, I understand, to all

concerned. How I wish you could see my "Alabama Church," in General Rodes' old brigade! I wanted you so much to be there at the opening services. It is, indeed, a beautiful spot, on a sloping hill-side in a shady grove. The hill curves around somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre, and when I stand on my substantial rustic pulpit, a sea of faces rises around me in the best possible position for hearing. All the men were Alabamians, and seemed charmed with the name I gave the church. I spoke to them of their beautiful State and river, and strove to touch their hearts with the memory of their homes and houses of worship; then of the musical beauty of the Indian word, "Alabama;" of its traditional meaning, "Here we rest;" of the appropriateness of applying it to this green and shady hillside, which we were about to consecrate to the worship of the God of peace; of the providential mercy, which, having sheltered them amidst the horrible tempest of battle, had brought them to this quiet resting spot, and these gracious services; of my hope that here they might find rest for their souls, from all the perturbations of an evil conscience, rest at the mercy-seat, rest at the cross, which was now to be planted here; that this spot might be hallowed evermore in the memory of many a man as the place of his spiritual birth, and so become "Alabama" to his heart in a new and precious sense; and that, as this sweet Indian word had been adopted into our Christian speech, so it might be consecrated with a yet higher baptism, and find its place in the language of Canaan, when they should forever rest in the blessedness of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Wednesday I had a pleasant service in General Ramseur's brigade, and yesterday a very laborious one in General Dole's brigade. For the first time, we had a hot day, and his camp had little shade. This caused the men to scatter a good deal to get seats out of the sun, and made it a great effort to speak to them. To-day I rest. In Ramseur's brigade we had a brass band, which plays sacred music as an accompaniment to the singers. It has a very inspiring sound in the forest.

On Tuesday, I attended the chaplains' regular weekly meetings, after my preaching, and found it delightful and edifying. Some of them made me cry, and I made some of them cry.

The move to Petersburg, which took place the following fall, had many advantages that he highly prized. Not only was the Tabb Street Church one of the most important churches in Virginia, but the military operations that year made Petersburg the centre for large bodies of troops, and gave him the opportunity he most coveted, of preaching to the soldiers. One of the pictures that stands out amid the memories of childhood is that church and its Sunday congregation. The body of the large audience-room filled with the members of the church and the people of the city, with here and there the uniform of an army officer; the gallery to the preacher's left filled with long rows of dusky faces, while that on his right was banked with rank upon rank of gray uniforms. When they rose to prayer, they looked like a line of battle. And in the feast that he always spread before them there was something for all—for citizens and soldiers, for the humble slave, and even for the little children. The church, that had been troubled by dissensions, was melted into love and unity by the outpouring of his great, loving heart; the soldier went back to his camp stronger for duty or danger, with quickened memories of his home, and quickened hopes of a home in heaven; the slave was made to feel that in Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free; and the little child learned to love the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep and gathered the lambs with his arms.

But while his pulpit and pastoral work were enough to absorb his energies, he spent himself in preaching in the camps and visiting the hospitals. With sick and dying men all around him, how could he spare himself, when he knew that wherever he went he carried with him balm and help and healing? The springs of his apparently exhaustless vitality began to run low—but still he toiled on. At last disease laid its hand upon him, and he had to stop. In ordinary times he could have recovered, but Grant's movement on Richmond from the South had begun; Petersburg be-

came the storm centre, and the enemy were shelling the town. The physician said he must be moved, and in an army ambulance he was taken to "Dellwood," the hospitable home of Mr. James Jones, in Chesterfield. Soon after, both the church and the manse were struck by shells.

At first the fresher air of the country seemed to revive him. But his physician was taken ill, the army surgeon called in was ignorant, and to that ignorance he was sacrificed. When his own physician could come to him again, it was too late. But God rules, and from that painful subject let us turn to the glory of that dying chamber. His brother published the story at the time, with a sketch of his life and character by Dr. Moore, under the title, "The Victory Won," and circulated it in the army:

> When I entered his chamber, after embracing me tenderly, his first words were: "Brother, there has been much that was bitter in this dispensation, but I would not have escaped it if I could, because it has taught me so much of the love of Christ. More confidently than ever can I say, I *know* that I love *Him.*"
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> He seemed physically stronger than I expected to find him, and so natural was his appearance, so cheerful, and occasionally even playful, was his conversation, that I was inclined to hope he might yet recover. This hope was strengthened by the conviction that the God in whose service he delighted would not cut him off in the flower of his days and in the midst of his usefulness, while so great a work for the country and the church remained yet to be accomplished.
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> But the next day (Monday) he was evidently much worse. He was passing through deep waters. Occasionally his mind wandered, but a remark made to him, especially on any religious topic, would quickly recall him to his consciousness, and he would become quite rational again.
>
> But the springs of life were giving way, and there was much concurrent mental depression. He did not indeed utter any expression intimating the slightest spiritual dejection, but he said so little that was indicative of the contrary that I frequently found myself asking, during the

day, whether it was probable that he would be permitted to pass away without communicating his feelings in reference to death, and his wishes in our behalf, so soon to be separated from him. Without attaching any undue importance to death-bed exercises, where the life has been eminently Christian, still I could not but hope that God would permit one whose piety was so mature, whose love to Christ was so absorbing, and whose spiritual tone had been habitually so elevated and joyous, to leave behind him some dying testimony that might add to the consolation of survivors. But not upon this day was it given him to bear such testimony as our hearts craved, although there was much in his conversation that denoted humble acquiescence in the divine will and earnest devotion to the divine glory.

The morning of Tuesday, the 5th, dawned in cloudless beauty. The increasing light revealed the change which a single night had wrought in his appearance. He was evidently sinking, and yet the expression of physical distress which his face had worn the previous day had entirely passed away. His eye was bright, his countenance was serene, and his intellect unclouded. When he saw me sitting at his bedside, he greeted me lovingly, and began to remark upon the extreme beauty of the opening morning. His love of nature, cultivated and developed by communion with the great Author of nature, and by the study of whatever was beautiful in His works, was to him a source of universal enjoyment. From the window near which he lay, he could look out upon the waving woods and the transparent sky, and drinking in refreshment from the scene, he began, as his custom was, to admire these manifestations of the glory of God as displayed in His visible creation.

Yet placid and peaceful as he was, there were unmistakable indications that he would probably not see the noon of the day which had dawned so tranquilly, and his family and friends and the servants of the household began to assemble in his room.

Looking around, he asked, "Why are so many of you gathered about me at this early hour of the day?" I replied, "Because the doctor tells us that you are not to be with us much longer, and we wish to be near you while we

can, and to hear whatever you may desire to say at such a time."

"Is it *decided,*" he asked, "that I am near my end?" I told him that was the doctor's opinion. He smiled very sweetly, and said, "Could I have my way I would go to heaven now—*now*" (looking up and clasping his hands); "how sweet it would be to be permitted to go at once, and be with my Saviour. And yet I am somewhat surprised at this announcement, for I passed such a comfortable night, and am so free from pain this morning that I do not feel as if I were dying. Had I known it sooner, I might have spent more time in prayer, but there has been no hour in which I could not say, 'Father, thy will be done.'" Then his thoughts were evidently attracted heavenward again, and toward Him who had been the supreme object of his love and the chief theme of his preaching, for he added, "I could tell of Jonathan Edwards, and of many wonderful authors and poets, but they are all comparatively low down —Christ! Christ! Oh! the glory of Christ!"

I will not lift the veil which should rest upon his parting interview with the members of his immediate family, nor attempt to describe the unutterable tenderness of the scene. Suffice it to say that these addresses were unspeakably touching and solemn, almost entirely scriptural in their phraseology (unconsciously so), and strikingly adapted to the different ages, trials and duties of each. His servants were not forgotten in these parting admonitions. They belonged to a class to whom it was his special delight to preach while in health, and now, in his dying counsels, he affectionately remembered them.

After expressing his warm personal regard to his physicians, and his earnest wishes for their spiritual welfare, he exclaimed, "Oh! that all physicians were faithful in trying to bring their patients to Christ," and then he added, "Why are not ministers more plain and simple in their presentation of the plan of salvation?" and then (illustrating with the finger of one hand upon the open palm of the other, the imaginary positions he assigned to each) he said, "Here stands the sinner, and here the Saviour inviting him to come. All that the sinner has to do is to pass from this point to this, and the work is done. The way of life is just as simple as *that.*"

After sending loving messages to many absent relations and friends, and expressing the hope that his death would be sanctified to the conversion of some in whom he felt a peculiar interest, he requested that preparation should be made for the baptism of his little son William,[1] an infant about four months old. While these were making, he said, "My death will be as easy as the baptism of this child. Both death and baptism are consecrations to the Lord." When all was ready, he did not wait for me to propound the usual questions, but, in a manner inexpressibly tender and reverential, he pronounced the vows for himself and wife; and after the service was over, he said, "Now take my little boy and place him in the sunlight!" I took him to the window, where the beams of the rising sun were shining brightly, and held the child for a few moments in the immediate rays. He had just pronounced upon him the Old Testament benediction, containing the words, "The Lord make his face to shine upon you!" He gazed at him with unutterable fondness and admiration, while, with bare arms and head illumined by the radiance as with a halo, he disported himself in the fresh air and golden light of the morning, and then said, "Does not his face shine like silver? That is what it is for His face to shine upon us."[2]

He then dictated the following message to his church and its elders:

"My dear people, I have not preached to you as I expected and would have done in a more quiet and regular pastorate. I have not presented such trains of thought, or discussed truths in as thorough and orderly manner as I desired. My preaching has been less doctrinal and systematic than was my purpose. My reason for this is, that I have had to 'preach to the times,' using that phrase in its best sense—in the sense of having to comfort and encourage the afflicted, and often I have found my church so full of soldiers that I have had to turn aside and preach exclusively to them." Just here his voice grew weaker, and I could not catch some sentences expressive of affection for the people of his charge, and his sense of their kindness to him. He then resumed, "The elders which are among

[1] Born in Petersburg, March 1, 1864.

[2] Dr. Hoge failed to catch this, and in the published sketch it was narrated somewhat differently.

you, I exhort, who am also an elder, feed the flock of God. The burden now comes heavy upon you. You bear it alone." And then followed a message to them of a private nature, which I need not here repeat.

After his pillows were readjusted and a change made in his position in the bed, and some refreshment was administered to him, he made this singular observation, "There are many little things which seem insignificant in themselves, but which are done for my comfort, which give me pleasure from the thought that I shall now have no more need of *this*, and now I am done with *that* forever."

These, and other conversations not here related, continued during the morning, interspersed with intervals of silence—silence occasionally broken by the distant thunder of the guns of the enemy, shelling the town—in which he seemed absorbed in meditation and communion with God, when only his lips moved, and no sound could be heard. After one of these pauses he requested that the seventh chapter of Revelation should be read, commencing with the ninth verse, "After this, I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number," etc. As I read it slowly, his hands were extended, and his face beamed with a light and joy almost seraphic. When I ended, he said, "That almost carried me away. I was there among the heavenly worshippers. The remnant of my poor body is here, I know, but I was with them in spirit, and I saw it—I saw it. That chapter is enough—all that is blessed is there. Well did I say this is a *glorious* morning. There is more to attract me to heaven than to bind me to earth, and yet there are many on earth still very dear to me."

As eleven o'clock approached, he desired us to sing for him. As well as we could command our voices, we complied, and sang a part of the hymn, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," after which he remarked, "As I said about that chapter, so I say of this hymn, it is *enough;* all that is comforting in the assurance of the divine love and care seems to be there; nothing is omitted."

Those who knew his almost passionate fondness for music, and who have listened to his own voice, when, like the pealing notes of an organ, it rose and swelled in the worship of God in the great congregation, can best imagine how affecting it was to us when we began to sing the

hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and when he, no longer able to listen in silence, began to sing himself, with a voice at first tremulous, uncertain and husky, and sometimes not even striking the chords correctly; but, as we passed from verse to verse, his spirit catching the inspiration of the sentiment, and the noble elevation of feeling giving strength and volume to his voice, he poured his whole soul into the sound, as he sung with us the last two lines of the stanza—

> "Weak is the effort of my heart,
> And cold my warmest thought,
> *But when I see thee as thou art,*
> *I'll praise thee as I ought.*"

Never can I forget his manner, so rapt, so full of holy triumph, as he joined with us in the words—

> "Till then I would thy love proclaim
> With every fleeting breath;"

his face beamed with a joy which I thought no earthly countenance could express, and his voice grew deeper, mellower and fuller as he said:

> "And may the music of thy name
> Refresh my soul in death."

After a brief pause, he said, "I know little of music now, but soon I shall be listening to the diapason of the universe!"

After lying silent a while, with his eyes closed, he opened them very wide, and seemed to gaze intensely on objects around him, and said, "It is dark—*dark;* but never mind that; it is only natural darkness. I am dead, physically dead, but spiritually alive in Christ Jesus—FOREVERMORE."

He had little more to say after this. What more was there to say? He closed his eyes, and continued to breathe more and more softly, until, a little after eleven o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus.

That evening about dusk his body was placed in an ambulance, and I brought it over to Richmond. It was a lonely ride, through the dim woods, and along the intricate roads of Chesterfield county, as I lay stretched on the straw alongside the body of my dead brother; and I had full leisure to contemplate the greatness of my loss. We

reached Richmond as day was breaking. The funeral services took place from my church at ten o'clock (it was not possible to hold any in Petersburg), at which most affecting and impressive addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Moore and Leyburn; and he was then buried in Hollywood Cemetery, near the grave of a little boy of his own who sickened and died from exposure to heat and fatigue consequent upon the long journey to Virginia (*via* Nashville) from New York, when he resigned his pastoral charge in that city, in the summer of 1861.

I have felt a mournful pleasure in the preparation of this sketch; one heightened by the desire that its perusal may be the means of confirming the faith and animating the hope of some who perchance have all their lives been subject to bondage through fear of death. The same grace which rendered the subject of this tribute triumphant over the last enemy, will be sufficient for all who rely on it, and who live as near to the cross as he did.

Upon but one other does this bereavement fall more heavily than on myself. He was my only brother, and apart from natural affection, there was much to cement our attachment in similarity of tastes, education and calling in life. The providence that removed him is inscrutably mysterious, but it is none the less wise, and holy, and kind on that account; and, as I acquiesce in it, unmurmuringly, I do not forget his own parting words to me, "Our intercourse has been sweet on earth; may it be so forever."

Very truly yours, MOSES D. HOGE.

Another picture arises from memory. The solemn scenes in the dying chamber are over, and the yet more solemn stillness of death has succeeded to the voice of praise. One and another have gone apart where grief or duty called them; but the brother, who had in an hour of danger once committed his own children to his brother's care, now gathers the fatherless ones around him, and speaks to them of the father they had lost and of the heavenly Father who was still with them. "One by one," he said, "you will give yourselves to his service; first Lacy, then Addison, then Mary, then Peyton, and then little William." "And the Lord . . .

did let none of his words fall to the ground," though the last was first, winning the crown without the conflict.

With a few extracts from Dr. Moore's sketch, and a noble letter from the late Dr. Henry C. Alexander, we close this chapter:

> His character was so simple, transparent and child-like that it requires no skill for its analysis, and his usefulness was so directly connected with that character, as it was unfolded by nature and grace, that the one is completely explained by the other.
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> He was blessed with fine physical endowments. His bright face, with its sparkling eyes and blooming cheek, gave token of a system that had never felt the depressing influence of chronic disease, whilst his well-knit and stalwart frame seemed capable of any amount of labor. This gave him a ceaseless flow of animal spirits, that seemed ever gushing up, like a fountain, in the exuberance of its enjoyment of everything fair and beautiful in nature, so that he had an exquisite relish of life that was contagious, and gave special charm to his society. His voice was one of unusual compass and power, and few who ever heard its deep, organ-like notes in singing, or its clarion ring when excited in speaking, can soon forget its rich and musical inflections. These physical advantages contributed largely to his success as a preacher.
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> His mind was characterized rather by symmetry of development than the predominance of any single power. The logical and imaginative faculties were so evenly balanced, that had either been in deficiency, he would have been noted for the possession of the other. A ripe, scholarly culture gave the chastening finish to both. He had a rich vein of playful wit, unmingled with the bitterness of sarcasm, which, especially in private, was ever throwing around every topic it touched the bright sparkle of its fancies, lighting it up with its brilliant coruscations, but leaving no sting or blister behind. These mental endowments gave a peculiar charm to his private intercourse, as well as his public services.
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> But the main elements of his success lay in his emotional nature. He had naturally a large, manly heart, full of genial and generous emotions, that lifted him above all

littleness or jealousy of feeling, and made him love rather to "raise mortals to the skies" than to "pull angels down." His range of sympathy was a very broad one, enabling him to rejoice with the joyful, and mourn with the sorrowful, to mingle his feelings with the ripe and often saddened musings of hoary age, and enter into the gushing gladness of childhood, as if himself a little child. This quick sympathy with youth gave him a rare power to attract the affections of the young and lead them to the great Shepherd.

To these natural gifts was added a large measure of the grace of God. He had what we may almost call a personal love for Jesus, that made Christ the great theme of his preaching, and largely of his conversation, and a love of souls that never seemed to weary of efforts to save them; a faith that seemed never to have been crippled by dark wrestlings with unbelief, and which seemed to feed upon the living word, not only in the critical study of it, but in the joyous use of it, so that his mind, heart and very vocabulary became saturated with its spirit and language; and a hope that shone like a morning star, growing brighter and brighter, until it faded, not into the darkness of the grave, but rather into the brightness of that day that has neither sunset nor cloud for evermore.

CHARLOTTE C. H., *August* 1, 1864.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D.,

MY DEAR SIR: If I have delayed this expression of my mournful feelings, it is not (I am sure you know already) from any lack of sympathy with you in the great affliction God has sent upon you. When my attention was first called to the announcement of your dear brother's funeral, in one of the daily papers, I was overwhelmed with amazement; I might almost say, horror. I felt as if some large and beaming luminary had been suddenly extinguished in mid-heaven. It was as if my paragon of health and strength and bloom and gentleness and cordial, hopeful, cheerful piety, had been struck out of existence. It had never once occurred to me to connect the idea of *death* with the idea of *him.* He was to me the visible embodiment of immortal youth. He was in these, as well as many other respects, my "bright particular star." He was one of those rare and glorious spirits whose mission it seems

to be to link into a more intimate relationship the earth and heaven. To this feeling there immediately succeeded one of overwhelming tenderness and poignant personal sorrow. Had I lost a near kinsman, my suffering could not well have been more acute or distressing.

I can find no words that interpret my emotions so fitly as those of David's lament over Jonathan and Tennyson's sweet outburst over young Hallam. I sometimes wonder whether *everybody* felt in this way towards him. At first all was astonishment mixed with tender grief.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places."

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offering."

"Ye daughters of Israel weep for him who clothed you in scarlet and other delights, who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

"I am distressed for thee, my brother . . . very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

"How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

Then came a more quiet feeling; but one which will be permanent—

"I leave thy praises unexpressed
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guessed;

"What practice, howsoe'er expert,
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice, the richest toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

"I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

"So here shall silence guard thy fame,
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

I have read, with a sort of pensive delight, Dr. Moore's graceful sketch and your own touching account of the death. And what a death it was! How it crowns and finishes the life! Do the records of Christian biography present us with more beautiful or affecting dying exercises? I think not. We might apply to him the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for his "eyes have seen thy salvation."

The first time I ever saw your brother was at my father's house in New York. He was then, as at the time of his decease, in the exuberant prime of early manhood. His presence shed a tinge of joy over the whole family. The apartment seemed full of light and music while he was in it. My dear impressible father seemed to be drunk with pleasure all the time he was under his roof. So was "Sparkle," the canary, in his cage on the wall. When he grasped me by the hand, I felt new blood and new emotions tingling from the heart to the extremities. When he held me fast and looked me kindly in the face, his eyes seemed to me to resemble the blue sky—the pure, sweet, infinite azure of the firmament; and his voice, in its deep melody and exquisite modulations, the bold, but harmless rush of a southern wind in June. This may seem extravagant, but such were my feelings of growing love and admiration. To look upon this sweet and noble gentleman, was (I believe) to be smitten with his attractions.

On arriving at Princeton, I found the town all agog about him. He had delivered two sermons with great effect, one at the Seminary chapel and one at the church. His subjects were the "Stoning of Stephen" and the "Cities of Refuge." Uncle Addison, especially, was in raptures. I have seldom heard him speak in equal terms of enthusiasm of anybody. He was particularly struck with the union of exegetical argument (as where he proves the Deity of Christ from Stephen's act of worship) with the emotional and imaginative powers, and indeed, if we take into view the charms of his delivery and the rare and visible impress of personal holiness, just here it seems to me lay your brother's forte.

I next met him at his own house in Prince Edward, where I was most hospitably entertained, and in every way furthered in my plans. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

After listening to Dr. Smith in the morning (this was Sunday), we rode together to Farmville, where your brother was then preaching, and where he made me assist him. He spoke at night, and I in the afternoon. He introduced me with a kind allusion to my parentage, and to the intercourse that had subsisted between Dr. Hoge and Dr. Alexander. I was totally overcome with his gentleness, frankness and cordiality. All the way from College Hill he was pouring out his thoughts and feelings—his fancies and affections, with the joy of a lark or a nightingale.

Sometimes his mellow laugh would shake the dim woods. Sometimes his eyes would fill with tears. His sermon was a noble one, but his conversation (on such subjects as night, death, the temptation, the Garden of Eden and Fairbairn's Typology) impressed me even more than the discourse. When we reached his stables at the Seminary, I requested him to exert his lungs to the utmost in calling the servant. He laughingly complied, and gave a shout that would have waked the caves of Neptune. He seemed to me at this time to exult in his youth and temperament and constitution. I noticed, too, that in the mad frolic of his animal spirits, he turned everything into fun, or else into religion.

Our next meeting was once more in New York. I perhaps do not give the events in their order, but that is immaterial. He was to preach at the Academy of Music, and took tea that night at Uncle Henry's. We accompanied him to the door. The magnificent audience-room was soon packed from floor to ceiling—five thousand persons, including those standing in the aisles. Your brother excelled himself, save in one particular—his voice was somewhat impaired by a cold. His manner was superb, and the delivery of the closing sentences faultless. I have known few, if any, discourses to make such a sensation. The town literally ran after him. He had already been approached by the Collegiate Church. I took his arm in the vestibule, and walked with him to Twenty-seventh street. It was a fine night, and he descanted as usual upon the heavens and the divine glory. He also spoke with frankness of the interest his preaching had excited, and expressed his sense of his unutterable nothingness in the sight of God.

I cannot dwell upon the altogether pleasing and profit-

able intercourse it was my privilege to enjoy with your brother, during his connection with the Brick Church. We spent a large part of one summer together at Long Branch, sojourning in adjoining cottages, my uncle's and Miss Macready's. We used to walk together on the seashore in the windy afternoons, or sit in the breezy arbors, or throw ourselves at length upon the firm sand. On these occasions all the boy seemed to revive in him, though he never ceased to pour out words which bore the impress of his maturer genius.

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,"
> Found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The synod in Charlottesville is fresh in your recollection. This must have been still earlier. Never shall I forget his two sermons on the texts, "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities," etc., and "I am the way." The latter, delivered as it was under the most inspiring circumstances, I am disposed to regard as possibly the greatest effort of his life. I think you were present. The house was crowded with the *élite* of Virginia. The hall, with its pictured reminiscences, was worthy of such a presence. Your dear and honored brother seemed to be aware that much was expected of him, and I suppose equalled the largest anticipations. His description of Arnold Winkleried, and of the two bridges to heaven, surpassed anything of the sort I ever listened to. My uncle, Dr. Cabell, compared it to a tragedy of Euripides. Professor Bledsoe dashed out of the house with tears in his eyes, muttering, "That is the way I like to hear a man preach. It is the simple gospel." The sermon was thoroughly Augustinian, and yet could give no offence even to a semi-Pelagian.

It would be hard to convey to another the cordiality with which Mr. Hoge bade me God speed when I came to settle in Virginia, or the joy with which he seemed to meet me on his return to the South. I mention this, not as meaning to intimate that he held me in higher regard than he did hundreds of others, but as an illustration of his kindness of heart, and the pleasure with which he always reverted to old associations. He invited me to spend the night with him at General Baldwin's during the meeting of synod at

Staunton, and, as we both sat out in the moonlight, under the trellis work (the family having retired) he filled that little paradise with the music of his mournful, yet joyous retrospections. The theme (I hardly need tell you) was poor Dabney Harrison, and the extraordinary complication of private sorrows that succeeded his death. I never heard him talk to greater advantage. I was inspired with new admiration, as well as by everything he said and did as Moderator of the synod.

Last fall, just before my return from a trip to the mountains, I went down to preach to the Eighteenth Regiment, then camped near Petersburg. I arrived there on Saturday, and put up with my friend, Mrs. Dunlop. Sunday morning, I listened to your brother. It was the first part of a discourse which he finished at night. The house was thoroughly filled. They rose to a man in singing the last hymn, and the pastor led them himself with his magnificent bass. He also baptized a child. I sat in his pew, and partook of his dinner and his hearty welcome. I was sick, and he ministered to my wants as an invalid. He took me with him into his gardens, and opened his mind to me about the improvements he purposed, etc., etc. He seemed to be in high spirits, and in the enjoyment of every comfort. A young lady, whom he seemed to prize, had just sent him a bunch of flowers or a basket of fruit. The sun poured torrents of light upon his clear, creamy walls. Everything was as neat and snug as a bandbox. Surely, I thought here is happiness on earth. Alas! this was the last I ever saw of one of the noblest and gentlest beings that ever brightened for me the path to heaven; but, by the grace of that Saviour in whom he trusted, we shall meet him *yonder*, where all that is now dark shall be explained. And if it ravished the mind of Cicero to *dream* of seeing Cato in Elysium, ought it not to fill *our* minds with emulation to be assured of a reunion with the blessed and the departed. I can never read the passage in the *De Senectute* without tears, and without feeling myself elevated above the earth, and its corruptible vanities.

I wish you to forgive this long epistle on the score of the affection I bore your dear translated brother. As I am not in possession of her address, would you do me the favor to forward this, after you have read it, to "Cousin Virginia."

If I have not alluded to her more pointedly before, it was not because I did not cherish a most grateful sense of her kindness, and a delightful recollection of the hours passed in her society and the society of him who has been taken from her. May God, in the unsearchable riches of his compassion, goodness and love, apply to her that consolation of which she stands in need! May he, who has been with her in six troubles, not forsake her in the seventh. And may the promise be verified to her and to her children after her, "I will never leave thee." With warmest sentiments of regard, I am,

Yours very sincerely, H. C. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

1864 — 1870.

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith; and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul." —TENNYSON.

SLOWLY and surely the forces of destruction were closing in upon the Confederacy and its devoted capital. Less slowly, but more surely, the resources of the Confederacy were approaching the vanishing point. In these conditions, Dr. Hoge prepared a resolution for the action of Congress, appointing a day of fasting and prayer.[1]

[1] The text of the resolution in Dr. Hoge's manuscript is as follows:

"The Congress of these Confederate States, reverently recognizing the providence of God in the affairs of men, and gratefully remembering the guidance, support and deliverance granted to our patriot fathers in the memorable war which resulted in the independence of the colonies in the days of the first revolution; and now, reposing in Him their supreme confidence and hope in the present struggle for civil and religious freedom and for the right to live under a government of our own choice and rulers of our own selection; and deeply impressed with the conviction that without Him nothing is strong, nothing wise and nothing enduring; in order that the people of this Confederacy may have the opportunity at the same time of voluntarily offering their adorations to the great Sovereign of the universe, of penitently confessing their sins, and strengthening their vows and purposes of amendment, in humble reliance on the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ, and the aid of the divine Spirit; do resolve,

"That the —— day of —— be set apart and observed as a day of solemn humiliation, fasting and prayer, that Almighty God would so preside over our public councils and constituted authorities; that he would so inspire our armies, and those who have command of them, with wisdom, courage and perseverance; and so manifest Himself in the greatness of His goodness and the majesty of His power, that we may be safely and successfully led through the trials of this just and necessary war, to the attainment of an honorable peace; that, while we enjoy the blessings of a free and happy government, we may ascribe to *Him* the honor and the glory of our independence and prosperity."

The day fixed upon was Friday, March 10, 1865, and all over the Southern land pastors and people met in churches and in camps and cried unto God for deliverance.

It may seem strange, as we look back, that men of intelligence and discernment had not, by this time, seen the handwriting on the wall, and should even yet have clung to the hope of Southern independence; but the result by no means seemed so inevitable then as now.

A gentleman of high character and standing in New York wrote to Dr. Hoge in the spring of 1863:

> Politically there is a great reaction now going on in the North. The people are tired of the war. Innumerable households are clad in mourning. Their dead are fattening the soil of the South. Taxes increase. Debt looms up gloomily. Business is prostrated. There is no gold or silver; nothing but paper trash. And hence the revolt from Republicanism.

Grant's movement upon Richmond, until he crossed to the south bank of the James, seemed but a repetition of an old story, checked as he was at every point by Lee's unbroken line. Even after Grant's change of base, even during the siege of Petersburg, gold—that subtle gauge of public opinion—reached two hundred and ninety in New York, the highest point during the war; and in the presidential election of 1864, though McClellan was overwhelmingly beaten in the Electoral College, in the popular vote nine out of every twenty voters registered their opposition to the war, so that a change of one vote in ten would have reversed the figures.

But it was not written that the Confederacy should succeed; and when Lee's lines were broken at Petersburg, and he had to withdraw the covering protection of his army from Richmond, its evacuation and the fall of the Confederacy were inevitable.

Of that night of terror and of dread, when Richmond was evacuated, let us not speak.

The authors of the monumental biography of Mr. Lincoln treat it as the pricking of Richmond's "little bubble of pride at being the Confederate Capital." Perhaps there was something of that, but the final history will not be written in that spirit. No one can really understand the spirit that animated the best people of the South, and speak of them in that tone of thinly-veiled contempt that characterizes the whole of that history. Dr. Hoge was one of those people, and no one in Richmond felt its downfall more keenly than he. It is significant that he was held in highest honor by a man who has filled, with distinguished ability, both of the exalted stations to which one of those authors has attained. Better knowledge will bring fairer judgment. History must reckon with such men before it understands the Confederate struggle.

On the withdrawal of Mr. Davis and his Cabinet from Richmond, Dr. Hoge accompanied them, by the advice of friends, as he was not willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States so long as the Confederate government existed. In Danville he shared his room with Mr. Benjamin, whom he found walking the streets without a home. He afterwards contributed to Mr. Lawley—whom he had known well in Richmond as the war correspondent of the London *Times*—some interesting facts with regard to that epoch for his biography of Mr. Benjamin. He remained a while in Milton, N. C.; and, as soon as it was possible, he returned to Richmond to take up the burden of life, with a sad heart, but an unconquered will.

The conditions were enough to paralyze the stoutest heart. Of course, every business interest was prostrate. The wealth that was held in the labor of the slaves was gone at a stroke; without the slave-labor, plantations were at first valueless; planters who had lived freely themselves and thought nothing of an outstanding debt of fifty thousand dollars, or of "endorsing" to that amount for a friend, found themselves bankrupt; the merchants and banks who held their paper

were often forced into bankruptcy; the millions held in Confederate bonds and Confederate money had vanished into air—or rather into the smoke of battle; State bonds became, for a time, almost as worthless; the railroads had been the plaything of contending armies, and found themselves at the close of the struggle with road-bed and rolling stock worn out and in ruins, while their earnings were depressed by the depression of all things else. Thus every form of wealth was blighted or blasted.

In this material demoralization, it was not only individuals that suffered. The educational institutions of the South, whose investments were in bonds and stocks and other paper representatives of value, were without means of support, and would have been compelled to suspend but for the extraordinary sacrifices of their professors and the extraordinary exertions of their friends. And amid the general poverty, the support of all charitable enterprises and of religion itself became exceedingly difficult, and would have been impossible had not the hearts of the people been more than usually lifted to God, and their sacrifices for his cause proportionally greater.

But to thinking men, these material troubles were the least of their calamities. The social system of the South, with its admitted drawbacks, had developed a noble type of men and women. It is true, it was an aristocracy. The "poor whites" of the South had not developed equally with the corresponding class in other parts of the country; but this aristocracy contained much of what was best in all the land. From colonial times it had furnished the leading generals and statesmen to the whole country. Virginia was recognized as the "mother of States and of statesmen." What would be the outcome of the destruction of this aristocracy, who could tell!

But more than all this, they had lost their independence; their statehood. They were governed as a conquered province; the constitution that their fathers had helped to frame

was displaced by military authority and martial law. They were men without a country.

But over all came a darker shadow yet: in the enfranchisement—suddenly and without preparation—of the recently emancipated slaves. So far as this was done sincerely for the help and protection of the negroes, it was a blunder; so far as it was done for partisan advantage, it was a crime. The one hope for the South was that the good will existing between master and slave would lead to a friendly working out of the problem of free labor. This measure threw them at once into opposite political camps; subjected the colored race to the leadership of unprincipled adventurers, and irritated the baser whites into a thousand acts of lawlessness.

Had Mr. Lincoln lived—Southern people have more and more recognized—these things would probably not have been. With his views of the Constitution and the Union, he had felt it his sworn duty to wage war upon them. He had waged it relentlessly, as war must be waged if waged at all; but he had shown a scrupulous regard for the Constitution, as he understood it; a calm confidence in doing his duty in the face of popular clamor; a greatness of soul that rose above mere partisan advantage, and a kindness of heart incapable of ungenerous treatment to a fallen foe. It was the tragic mistake of the early secessionists to misconceive the character of this man. It was the tragic misfortune of the whole South that he was struck down just when he was needed to give moderation to the counsels of their conquerors. But Mr. Lincoln was not, and these things were.

The sorrow and resolve of this time are reflected in a few of Dr. Hoge's letters to his ever-faithful friend. The first was sent by the hand of his true friend, Mr. Staff Little, of New Jersey, at a time when one could not write as one pleased through the mails, and when even his visitors were under surveillance. His daughter, who was in poor health, had already been sent to "Aunt Mary's" care.

RICHMOND, *May* 15, 1865.

MY DEAR SISTER:

"With every morning light,
My sorrow new begins."

I forget my humiliation for a while in sleep, but the memory of every bereavement comes back heavily, like a sullen sea surge, on awaking, flooding and submerging my soul with anguish. The idolized expectation of a separate nationality, of a social life and literature and civilization of our own, together with a gospel guarded against the contamination of New England infidelity, all this has perished, and I feel like a shipwrecked mariner thrown up like a seaweed on a desert shore.

I hope my grief is manly. I have no disposition to indulge in querulous complaints. God's dark providence enwraps me like a pall; I cannot comprehend, but I will not charge him foolishly; I cannot explain, but I will not murmur.

To me it seems that our overthrow is the worst thing that could have happened for the South—the worst thing that could have happened for the North, and for the cause of constitutional freedom and of religion on this continent. But the Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens and his kingdom ruleth over all. I await the development of his providence, and I am thankful that I can implicitly believe that the end will show that all has been ordered in wisdom and love. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.

Mr. Little will tell you more than I can write. He will explain why I have seen so much less of him than I could have wished.

Bessie's letter tells me how considerate, tender, and loving you have been to her. I have long called you sister; you continue to give me reason for the sweet appellation.

I am trying to reconcile her to probable disappointment as to going abroad. My stocks, bonds, etc., are now worthless, and I have no means of sending her to England, and even if she went through the kindness of Mr. C——, I doubt whether she would enjoy her visit to the Old World, where a Confederate will be regarded very much in the light of a Hungarian or Pole; the object of pity dashed with contempt, and not even of sympathy. A successful

revolt is crowned with glory; an insurrectionary failure is branded by the world with infamy.

I am writing very late at night after a weary day, and I must still send a few lines to Bess by Mr. Little, with whom I have had a long and satisfactory conversation.

Ever truly yours, M. D. H.

Again he writes in August:

I returned last night from Petersburg, whither I went to see a bereaved family that had claims on my attention. It was a very mournful visit; the very memories of the past, some of them absolutely delightful in themselves, only saddened me because of the vivid contrast they forced on my mind with the things of the present. In passing the door of the pretty parsonage, I could almost see Brother William emerging, with his beaming face and almost boisterous welcome, when "Brother Moses" made a week eventful, in his regard at least, by a visit. Then there was the shell-shattered church. Then there was McIlwaine's house, the very home of hospitality and Irish heartiness, the proprietor, old, feeble, and in Europe. Then there was Stevenson's, where everything that is good in a cross between a Scot and a Virginian was to be found; but he, poor fellow, dying of consumption at some summer resort in Pennsylvania; and there was old Mrs. Lynch's comfortable mansion, recalling not only our visit there in company, but earlier ones of mine with Parsons; bringing back the recollection of such dinners and suppers as only those who have been college boys can recall; together with visions of blazing coal fires, and luxurious chambers, and pretty servant maids, and lunches and cigars between times. But now every whit of this has vanished—the old lady, and Phil., and the nut-brown Fanny, and the high-swung carriage and the fat horses, and the hot and honeyed and buttered buckwheats; and only you and I left to sigh over it all. But sorry as I am to end my letter with a sigh, this is the way nearly everything in life ends, and this must be the *finis* of your affectionate MOSES D. HOGE.

Once more in September:

I have not been very well since the surrender.

Other seas will give up their dead, but my hopes went

down into one from which there is no resurrection. These inscrutable providences are like the half lines written in the palaces of the Cæsars—what is to come after will explain and complete their meaning.

When you get back home, I want you to lay me under an additional obligation. Since my return from England, I have seen scarcely any new books, and I want something fresh and smart; something that will sometimes transport me to an ideal land. I have no objection to your enlivening the package with any good divinity or recently invented history. All I want is something late and readable, whether song or sermon.

Dr. Hoge had many friends at the North before the war. Some of them were of strong Southern sympathies. As they had opportunity they had cheered him during the struggle itself, and at its close they were prompt in their greetings and in offers of assistance of all kinds. Among them should be named General Archibald C. Niven and his brother, Thornton M. Niven; and the brothers, Charles P. and Robert Cochran—members of his brother's church in New York. There were many others, who differed widely from him on political questions, whose personal friendship was unchanged. A visit to the North the winter after the war and the meeting with many of these friends brings a gleam of sunshine into the darkness of the time. On his return home he wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf (January, 1866):

I *could* have remained a day longer in New Brunswick, but I considered the matter, and think I decided right. In view of its being the visit of a rebel; of the particular season of the year; and of your father's occupation at such a busy time, I concluded that it was best for me to leave when I did. Then I *could* not have had another evening more pleasant, something might have occurred to make it less so. Your father was so genial, Mrs. Terhune so kind, and my seat on the little lounge so near the fire—chilly body that I am—that it could hardly be expected that the course of another evening would run as smooth. I always like the dessert to come at the end of the feast. I enjoyed mine to the full, and so came away content.

This entire visit to the North has been a memorable one. My friends seemed to be anxious to make it in every way pleasant to me, and at no former time did I receive more marked and kind attention.

In February he wrote again, and the shadow has returned, though he writes with more of hope:

Since I came home, I have been working hard; very hard, that is, for lazy me. I am stimulated to make more careful preparation than usual for my Sunday services because of the crowds which throng my church. In the afternoons, especially, the people come long before the hour, and many have to go away because they cannot find standing or sitting-room. I hope some day to see you among my auditors, but I fear the times are too sorrowful, as yet, to permit you to enjoy a visit to Virginia. Our people are becoming increasingly depressed. There is scarcely any business done, and the scarcity of money and the gloomy prospects of the future causes care, like a vast shadow, to rest over everything. The most animated and cheerful day we have is Sunday, when people seem to forget their troubles for a while, and crowd the churches, seeking for solace there.

I have much to be thankful for and to make me happy at home, in the midst of all the abounding and surrounding privations and sorrow.

Susan and Mrs. Brown, Bess, Mary and Lacy,[1] five of the best of their sex, all contribute in their several ways to my comfort. Then Addison is a noble boy, and little Moses is a fountain of joy to me. And as to temporal matters, though I lost some thirty or forty thousand dollars by the termination of the war, I have been abundantly provided for, and had we gained our cause, would not have thought twice about *that* trifle. This, however, is an Irish way of stating it, for had we gained our cause, I would not have lost my property.

Let all this pass. We have a future to face; and, though there is nothing bright in the political sky, yet there may

[1] On the death of his brother he had taken to his own home his brother's two older children, Lacy and Addison. The younger children remained with their mother.

be a reaction which may yet restore to us a constitutional government.

I wish the millennium and the personal reign of Christ on earth were as certain as Dr. Cumming would have us believe. Though I do not believe with the personal advent people, I constantly find myself wishing their doctrine might be true; as the quickest and most certain way of putting an end to the misrule and unrest with which the world is filled.

When reconstruction was having its perfect work, at the time of the Underwood Convention, he wrote:

RICHMOND, *January* 8, 1868.

MY DEAR SISTER: The date at the top of this letter[1] reminds me of a man who, with all his faults, was one of the most unselfish patriots this country every produced; brave as Julius Cæsar, and inflexible in his adherence to what he thought right as Aristides. When a boy, I spent a day at the Hermitage, and I cherish the remembrance of his kindness to me during the visit. He said he would be gone first, but that I would live to see this land rent with civil war. It may have been old age, it may have been second sight, but his predictions as to the future of the country were all gloomy. The only alleviation I have, in contemplating the ruin of the South, is that I was prepared for it, in case we did not maintain our cause in the field. Some of my friends thought my apprehensions were extreme during the war, when I insisted that if we did not succeed in the conflict, our humiliation and oppression after defeat would be well-nigh intolerable.

For one, at least, I am not surprised at what has come to pass. Nothing would induce me to enter our Capitol. Others have gone in from curiosity, but I wish to escape the spectacle of beastly baboons sitting where sages and patriots once sat. The negroes now engaged in the work of making organic laws for the people of Virginia are not only most of them depraved men, but, in a number of instances, men convicted of scandalous crimes. The mulatto who represents Richmond was formerly newspaper car-

[1] The anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, long celebrated by the admirers of "Old Hickory" as "St. Jackson's Day."

rier for the *Dispatch,* but, being detected in defrauding his employers, was tried, convicted by the court, and publicly whipped. Of course, this state of things is too absurd to continue forever; but when the great reaction comes, the work will have been done; everything distinctive and dear in our Southern life will have vanished, and whatever material prosperity may visit Virginia, it must come through immigrants, aliens and strangers.

Do not imagine, however, that I allow these great calamities to make me moody or indifferent to the blessings yet remaining. I still have literature to beguile me, if not politics; I have innumerable family mercies; and I have more to interest me in my church than ever before. Last Sunday we took up our collection for "Sustentation," and the contribution was the largest ever taken up in my church, considering the poverty of the people. Last Sunday we had the largest Sunday-school that ever met since its organization, and a new spirit and life seems to pervade every interest connected with it. The old crowds continue. We fill the aisles with settees, but cannot, by any such helps, accommodate the people.

Overwhelmed with the calamities that had befallen them and dreading the impending evils of the unknown future, there were not a few in the South who favored a migration of the whole population to some virgin land, where they might build up their civilization in freedom. Against this movement General Lee set his face unflinchingly; and so did Dr. Hoge, though constantly in receipt of letters importuning him to throw himself into such a movement. His letters show that a noble purpose sustained him: to conserve what was left from the wreck of the past; to train up a new generation, fitted to meet the new conditions, with a fidelity and a statesmanship equal to that of their fathers; to infuse the Spirit of Christ into the hearts of his countrymen, that they might learn of Him how to bear the cross and how to win the crown reserved for the faithful; and to comfort, with the hopes of the life to come, those who in this life had suffered the loss of all things. In short, to set his face to the future, and "let the dead past bury its dead."

One of the first needs of the hour was education. Students had flocked, from college and university, into the army, and for four years scarcely a youth in the whole land had entered a college. Men who had been wealthy were now, in most cases, unable to educate their sons, while the colleges themselves were in financial straits. The problem was a serious one. Dr. Hoge's first care was, of course, for his own beloved college, but his interest was not confined to it. Venerable professors sought his aid in getting public support restored to the State University. On the death of General Lee, the friends of Washington College sought his coöperation in placing the Lee monument at the scene of his last labors, that his unfinished work might yet have the mighty influence of his name. During the life of General Lee, their correspondence shows a cordial coöperation in the common cause. And they builded wiser than they knew. A man whose fame had filled the world, who had commanded one of the greatest armies of history, sits down and writes to Dr. Hoge about the summer employment of indigent students. Was it an insignificant work? Every student named in those letters has done useful work in church and state, and one, of whom special mention was made, after filling an honorable place in the councils of the nation, has represented it at one of the greatest capitals of the old world. This was their work—to prepare a new generation for the duties that were to come.

Dr. Hoge also felt keenly the need of a literature for the South. There were journals devoted to the memories of the past, but his object was different. The Southern people needed to come into contact with the literature and culture of the world; but the Northern journals were too full of their recent triumph to be agreeable reading in the South. So he looked abroad, and from the cream of the British journals filled the pages of the *Richmond Eclectic,* which he founded and conducted for one year. It was then transferred to Baltimore as the *Southern Eclectic,* under the editorship of

Mr. J. Lawrence Turnbull, and, dropping the eclectic feature, finally became the *Southern Magazine,* conducted by Dr. William Hande Brown.

But his great work was in his church. This was his solace and his joy. Its work absorbed his energies, its prosperity cheered his heart and stimulated him to his highest endeavor. The political sky might be lowering, the material horizon full of portent, but here was peace. In the pulpit he was free; free, not to wail over the disappointed hopes of his people, or to assail their victorious foes, but to preach the everlasting gospel of the blessed God, and to declare the righteousness of that kingdom which is not of this world. To this principle he kept his church true. The best proof of it is that both General Patrick and (after him) General Schofield, the Federal commanders in charge of "District One," were both pew-holders in his church; and that Chief Justice Chase was a regular worshipper there, and the last sermon he ever heard was within its walls.

A letter from General Patrick is full of Christian fellowship. He had resigned from the army and was devoting himself to religious work, meeting "three or four times a week a band of young disciples, of both sexes, numbering seventy or eighty, to counsel and instruct them."

He wrote from Geneva, N. Y., February 15, 1866:

> I often feel, and especially since the receipt of your letter, that I would dearly love to spend some weeks in your church, in somewhat such manner as I am spending my time here—with little other business than what I find in the vineyard of the Master. I trust that the religious interest in your church continues and increases. May the Spirit of the Lord be and abide with you!

General Schofield wrote (May 23, 1898):

> MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of your Memorial Volume, and to be assured of my high appreciation of your reference to our pleasant relations while I was in Rich-

mond. You have done a great, good work in your long pastorate, and have been exceptionally fortunate, in that your people have known how to appreciate your ability and devotion. With great respect,

Sincerely yours, J. M. SCHOFIELD.

It was the noble privilege of both these men to do much to remove the bitterness of feeling on both sides; in the South, by representing in their own persons the highest type of Northern citizenship, and by discharging their unpleasant duties with a delicacy and kindness that won the respect and affection of those over whom they were placed; at the North, by testifying what they had seen as to the character of the Southern people.

General Patrick speaks of his efforts in this latter direction:

> Circumstances have made it necessary for me to express myself decidedly. At first, and in our religious assemblies, there would be some rejoinder, showing the animus. For weeks, however, all this has ceased, and in the gatherings, daily, of the active members of all the evangelical churches, I have heard none of the stereotyped, uncharitable allusions to the South, which were, but a short time ago, a great staple. On the Sabbath evening preceding the Week of Prayer, I took occasion to say that if we expected God's blessing while our hearts were full of hatred and all uncharitableness, we might more than doubt the fact of our discipleship. You can imagine what I *would* say under such circumstances, as a Christian man. To which I added that my *right* to speak as I did, none could question, for it had been earned by years of toil and danger in the service of the whole country. It had more effect than I then knew, because they had begun to think they *might* not be altogether without sin themselves.

Noble work for a Christian soldier! Surely winning for him the blessing the Prince of Peace has pronounced upon the peacemaker. In this connection—though far from its proper date—we must insert a passage from a letter of Dr. Hoge's to another dear friend at the North—Dr. Henry M. Field:

> Providence seems to have given you a special mission at this time in promoting friendly relations between the North and South. Regarding, as I do, the man who fans the fires of sectional strife as the enemy of country, church, and humanity itself, I look upon the work of the reconciler as the noblest in which a Christian patriot can engage.[1]

The friendships that Dr. Hoge formed during this time did much to lift his mind above the public calamities that weighed upon him and the private griefs that were to follow. His friend, Mr. Little, introduced him to Governor Randolph, of New Jersey. An instant attachment sprang up between them. When Mr. Randolph entered the Senate, it was his frequent custom to run down to Richmond to spend Sunday at Dr. Hoge's, and Dr. Hoge was a frequent guest at the Randolphs' beautiful home in Morristown, and was chosen to dedicate the new Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Randolph was a leading member. Among the guests whom he met at Senator Randolph's was General George B. McClellan. The meeting, under these circumstances, was pleasanter than it would have been in the stormy summer of 1862. Here, too, he frequently met General Fitz John Porter, to whom he was greatly drawn, and in whose vindication, by Mr. Randolph's devoted efforts, he sincerely rejoiced. Dr. Hoge once wrote Mr. Randolph a letter on his birthday—the letter of a friend, the outpouring of his affection. Mr. Randolph showed it to Mr. Bayard, who remarked, "I wish I had a friend to write me a letter like that." On the first opportunity, Mr. Randolph introduced them, leading to a most cordial friendship between them also.

But most of these incidents were in happier days—long after the time of which we write; and we must turn back again, to speak of another friend—this time in his own city and in his own church.

One of the foremost men in Richmond, a leader at the bar and in public life, was Robert Ould; a man of splendid

[1] Compare also remarks in his address on "The Private Soldier," Appendix, page 458.

intellectual endowments and of noble personal qualities, but from his youth addicted to intemperance and irreligion. Suddenly, to the surprise of every one, he began to attend upon Dr. Hoge's ministry. The power of the gospel took hold upon his heart; his intellect grasped the magnificent scheme of revelation; his life was transformed by divine grace, and he consecrated his noble gifts to the service of Christ. Every Sunday he lectured to a Bible-class of men, giving to this work the same careful preparation as to a brief for the Court of Appeals. He became a ruling elder in the church, and one of the most loyal and valued friends Dr. Hoge ever had.

We may get a glimpse, from the following letter, of what one strong soul, filled with the messages of God, may be to another soul of kindred endowments, struggling into the light and liberty of God's children. In a letter from Judge Ould to his pastor (August, 1870) he says:

> I have laid aside my political pen. I feel, with you, that there are "themes higher and more important." Oh! my dear friend, as you love me and my soul, if you see me following that or any other vain thing, do again what you have so gently done here, recall me to the fields where I can be a fellow-laborer with my Master, at his side and under his loving eye. Lamenting, as I do, that the best of my years were degraded by rebellion against his rule, if I know myself, my earnest desire is to consecrate those which are left to his service and honor. And, though it is my duty to seek out avenues of usefulness—nay, to make them where they are not found—yet I sincerely trust that if, in the field under your eye, you see any duty, however humble or laborious it may be, which you believe I am the proper person to discharge, you will put upon me the privilege of doing it. You told me once, in the early history of my Christian experience, that I might or could be of good service in this part of the Lord's vineyard committed to you. I have no higher hope than that. The memory of your last Sabbath in Richmond still lingers. Our heavenly Father was very near to me that day, and, blessed be his holy name, has been since.

It need hardly be said that Dr. Hoge's labors were not confined to his own congregation. After the adoption of the "Spring Resolutions," in the Assembly of 1861, the Southern Presbyteries came together in an Assembly of their own: *First,* because the terms of the resolutions virtually excluded them from membership in the Church whose Assembly had passed them; *second,* because the political character of the resolutions were inconsistent with the spiritual character of the Church, as held by the strong minority who voted against them; and, third, because, even if a separate nationality did not require a separate ecclesiastical organization, the exigencies of a great war made any other course impracticable. With the termination of the war, the latter reason no longer existed, but, in the judgment of Southern men, the two former were not only operative, but imperative grounds for a separate organization.

Except on the border, the Southern Church retained all the property in church buildings, colleges and seminaries previously held by its churches, presbyteries and synods, but all its missionary agencies had to be built up from the ground. Dr. Hoge had none of Dr. Thornwell's genius for organization, and rarely accepted an election to the General Assembly; but in such matters as the preparation of the Hymn-book and the revision of the Directory of Worship—not finally adopted until long after this time—his rare taste and sound practical judgment were invaluable. His correspondence on all matters pertaining to the welfare of the church was great, and in his daily counsels with Dr. Brown, many luminous suggestions found their way through him into the columns of the *Central Presbyterian,* and into the councils of the church. Dr. Brown was clerk of the Assembly, and both in that body and in presbytery and synod, one of the most sagacious counsellors the church ever had.

The Assembly's Committee of Publication was placed at Richmond from the beginning of its work during the war, and from the beginning Dr. Hoge was its chairman—con-

stant in his attendance, indefatigable in his labors in its behalf. His manner in presiding over such a body was ideal: hearing all that was said on any subject with patient deference, and suggesting at the close some plan that would, if possible, harmonize all views and best secure the desired results. In a dark hour that overtook the publication work, he undertook the most painful work of his life, and raised the funds necessary to save it from disaster and disgrace.

In 1866 he was appointed, with Drs. Palmer and Girardeau, to visit the churches of Scotland, and other Presbyterian bodies abroad, for the cultivation of friendly relations and to solicit aid in supplying the vast destitutions of the South. Through friends in England he sounded the leading men of some of those bodies, and finding them averse to receiving the delegation, the members decided not to go, thereby saving the Church from a rebuff.

The Assembly was then painfully struggling with the problem of colored evangelization, and certain resolutions of that year had given offence abroad. The resolutions were prepared by one who had devoted himself peculiarly to preaching to the colored people, and were meant for their good; but it was recognized by the next Assembly that they departed from Presbyterian principles and they were rescinded.

In all his work for the rebuilding of the South, there was no class that excited Dr. Hoge's interest and sympathy more than the colored people themselves. His relations to them had always been peculiarly friendly; he had always had them in his church in goodly numbers; in his family he had treated them with kindness and even affection. He saw them now scattered as sheep having no shepherd, and grievous wolves entering in to devour the flock. As far as they would receive it, he gave them counsel. He freely gave them pecuniary aid, which they as freely received. There was not a church built by them in Richmond to which he was not a subscriber, and the Colored Presbyterian Church recog-

nized that without his coöperation it could never have succeeded.

Any man can be happy who is useful, and Dr. Hoge found himself more useful to his people and State and church than ever before. But now a blow threatened to strike him in a vital point. Whatever else he was, whatever else he did, his great power for usefulnesss lay in his preaching. His gift of speech was to him what the Nazarite's hair was to Samson. Shorn of that, he would become weak as other men. And *that* was threatened. An attack of facial paralysis made speech impossible for a time, and threatened to lay him aside altogether. Happily it proved to be from a local cause, and in a few months he was entirely restored. But the anxiety of that time the following beautiful letter from Dr. Palmer enables us to see and feel:

NEW ORLEANS, *September* 18, 1868.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have only this evening returned from a missionary jaunt and a week's solid preaching at one of the points in our Master's field; but jaded as I am, I cannot go to bed without writing to tell you how sad my heart is at the news of the affliction which has fallen upon you; and not less upon the Church, in the interdict threatened to be placed upon your labors. I had not heard a whisper of this great calamity, until my friend, Dr. Richardson, of this city, was kind enough to place in my hands your letter, addressed professionally to himself. It is but an hour since I read it; and you must not accuse him of a breach of confidence in showing it to me, for it was in the fullness of his own sympathy, and with assurance that I would share the sorrow with him to the utmost. Indeed I do, not only for the love I have personally to yourself, but for the deeper love I have for the kingdom of our common Master.

I know you will bow beneath this stroke with a patient and cheerful submission; yet, putting my soul in your soul's stead, I think I can feel the full force of the trial.

There can be no dispensation of providence more severe than to be put aside from the Lord's work, to those who love to preach the blessed gospel; and it will cost you a

struggle to be wholly reconciled to it. The concurrent opinion of all your physicians gives ground for hope that it will not come to that; and many prayers will go up from many hearts, all over this land, that you may be restored to the pulpit, and to that career of usefulness and honor which you have so long pursued; but, my dear brother, if your worst apprehensions should be realized, you have cause for profoundest gratitude to God, in that you have been permitted for five and twenty years to proclaim the riches of divine mercy to lost men. Already, many seals have been given you of your acceptance in this blessed work, and a rich reward of grace is already secured to you in our Father's kingdom. God grant this to be only a temporary suspension of your labors; and that, in the prime of life and in the richness of your powers, you may come back to the pulpit with a new unction, and with a new appreciation of the privilege of being an ambassador for Christ. Even as the case now stands, it is an effective lesson to us all, how easily the Master can dispense with the service of the best of us. We are so prone to think this and that man to be necessary to the church; the Lord quietly sets them aside and teaches us that the kingdom, and the glory of it, belong to him.

You have another sore affliction in the peril which threatens your beloved wife; but she, too, is in the Saviour's hands, where she is content to lie, and where you are willing to leave her. In all these sorrows, be assured of the sympathy and love of all your brethren, who would shield you, if they could, and if they did not remember that you are in the keeping of One who loves you infinitely better than they. God bless you, dear Hoge, and sustain and comfort you, and make you and us sweetly submissive to all his holy will. I write in haste, only to breathe out the sorrow of my own heart, in sharing your affliction.

Ever yours in Christ Jesus, B. M. PALMER.

The closing paragraph of Dr. Palmer's letter foreshadows another sorrow, which, unlike the last, was not to pass.

No man was happier in his married life than Dr. Hoge; no woman more truly supplemented her husband than did his wife. Her naturally bright mind had been carefully culti-

vated. Her practical qualities supplied his most conspicuous lack. Her solicitous care in his frequent ill health, again and again prevented his breaking under the strain. Her sunny disposition cheered him in the despondency to which in earlier years he was prone, and filled his home with brightness and good cheer. Her patience under physical pain and frequent bereavement helped him to "suffer and be strong." Her goodness and unselfishness won to herself and to him the hearts of the sad and the needy and the suffering, and her ready tact smoothed over the many rough places that lie in a minister's path. Above all, "the heart of her husband" did "safely trust in her," resting in her love with an absolute repose and a perfect satisfaction.

During the twenty-four years of their married life she had lost father, mother, brother, five grown sisters, and four children; the last, little Genevieve,[1] dying at Mr. James Seddon's, just when their hearts were already crushed with the downfall of the Confederacy. But through all these sorrows her spirit bore up bravely. For her children and their young friends, with whom the house was always filled, she always had a bright face and cheerful words. She made their evenings happy with music and song and all innocent pleasures, and, even when her own heart was heavy, sought to make their lives glad. During Dr. Hoge's absence in England, her heart burdened with the anxiety of the separation and crushed by the bitter sorrow of their bereavement, she found time and heart to think also of the general distress, and divided her time between home and hospitals. Neither her husband nor her children could recall one unkind or impatient word ever falling from her lips. Her character was a rare combination of gentleness and strength, sustained by divine grace and by daily communion with God. Whatever else pressed upon her, nothing was permitted to interfere with her morning hour of devotion, so that she always met

[1] Born October 10, 1864; died June 7, 1865.

the day's duties and trials with a spirit refreshed as by the dew of heaven.

In the spring of 1868, a fatal disease fastened itself upon her—one of the most painful to which our poor humanity is subject. She bore it with the same patience and fortitude with which she had met other trials. In September she wrote Mrs. Greenleaf from Brooklyn:

> I should like to see your dear face once more, as it is the last visit I shall make North. My health has been failing since last spring, and my husband and friends urged me to spend the hot season on the borders of Canada, hoping it would benefit me; but it has failed, like other means. Although I look well, I am a constant sufferer. My husband's health, also, has been very bad for two months, but the last letter from him at the Hot Springs was more cheerful and encouraging. Good little Mary has had the care of Moses and my dear little sick baby[1] all the summer in the mountains, but she writes that he is nearly well now. Bessie came along to take care of me, the biggest baby of all.

In October, Miss Bessie Hoge wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf:

> You scarcely ever saw a greater sufferer in your life, and certainly no human spirit so purified, gentle and loving. During this distressing decline of three months, no impatient word, no murmuring expression, has ever escaped those poor fever-parched lips. Oh! the sustaining grace that is granted her! She is so calm that nothing seems to ruffle the repose of her soul. The only shadows that cross it are the thoughts of leaving Father and her children, especially the bright, dear little boys. Her prostration has been extreme during the past few days; at times she was not even strong enough to be propped up in bed with pillows. Father is still an invalid from his paralysis, his eyes being distressingly affected by it. Then, too, he is very nervous, partly from the disease, but more from anxiety and loss of rest.

[1] Hampden, born January 6, 1867.

And again November 9th:

Mother has been *very* ill indeed, and required the most constant attention night and day during the past week, but for the past twenty-four hours she has been more comfortable. This weather is the perfection of temperature and most fortunate for her; the windows are all open, and the flowers are so luxuriant and beautiful, the quantities of roses would surprise you; each day brings a fresh bouquet.

Mrs. Brown is perfectly invaluable as a nurse, so quiet, so skilful, so ready; she is a real household blessing. Father has not been quite so well lately, but he keeps up wonderfully considering his wearing anxiety, church work, and nursing mother the greater part of each night, refusing even our assistance until three or four o'clock; and he will persist in doing this as long as he has strength. His eyes are so much affected that at times he is totally unable either to read or write; but he, too, is learning submission.

We all feel it to be such a privilege to be with mother, to see how our heavenly Father enables his children, even in passing through fiery trials, to glorify Him.

On the 13th, Dr. Hoge wrote himself:

The two letters you have recently written did not demand, but deserved immediate answers. I must try to reply to both, as my dear wife will probably never take a pen in hand again. Before I had a good opportunity of thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, your tender letter to her arrived. This was only another of the great number of most affectionate and comforting ones she has been receiving of late from friends who have heard of her rapid decline.

A few evenings since, one came from Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, commencing with the most delicate apology for his seeming intrusion, and then unfolding, in his apt and impressive way, the consolations of the gospel for the suffering child of God.

Susan was much affected by this token of sympathy from so distant a quarter, coming, too, from one with whom she had never met but once.

I have never seen a community so moved as this is by the sickness of one not occupying some high official position.

I can hardly walk the streets for the number of persons who stop me to inquire after her, and our physician says that he, too, is constantly arrested in the same way. It is an illustration of what a power simple goodness is, and what influence can be gained by one who never thought of popularity, and who lived an unobtrusive, unselfish life, caring little for self, but full of sympathy for others.

Bessie told me of a little incident the other day that was so characteristic of her that I will give it to you. The negro barber, who formerly was employed by us, and who always came to the house to cut the children's hair, has been sick with consumption for a year or two, and almost forgotten by his own race. Susan had a nice partridge cooked for him and some light rolls, with fresh butter, and some fruit and flowers, all nicely arranged in a basket, and sent it to him, with a note which she dictated to Bessie, expressing her sympathy for him in his sickness, and her best wishes for his spiritual welfare. The servant who carried the basket said the poor fellow was quite overcome by the kindness, and wept freely when he saw what Mrs. Hoge had written to him. But why should I tell you of such things—you who had the opportunity of seeing for yourself her manner of life, during successive months of personal association with her?

As her malady is one of the most painful of all to which the human frame is liable, I dreaded lest it might make her feel that it was a harsh and unkind providence; but, on the contrary, all her talk when we are alone is about God's wonderful goodness and mercy to her. She is amazed at his making her the object of his loving-kindness. This is my greatest support—her patient endurance of suffering the most acute, and her entire acquiescence in the will of God.

I am sure this is the most useful period of her life. All who visit her room go away with new impressions of the power of divine grace to sustain and comfort in every distress. When she thanked Dr. Minnigerode (of the Episcopal Church) for a very pleasant visit he made her yesterday, he said, "Oh! no; you are under no obligations to me, but I am truly grateful to you for permitting me to come; for I go away with my own faith confirmed and my own hope animated by seeing what God is doing for you." You see I go on telling you these things, with much detail,

> because I know I am not writing to a stranger, or to one indifferent to such exhibitions of gracious affections, in whom God exemplifies the riches of his goodness and love. As to my own ailments, I have almost recovered from the most unexpected and distressing attack of facial paralysis I had last June. At first I feared it might be cerebral, but it proved to be entirely local and functional, and I suppose, at the present rate of improvement, by another month there will not be a trace of it left. I trust, however, that some of the effects of it will be permanent. If I am not deceived, no affliction was ever so blessed to me, and, accepting it as the chastening of the Lord, it is my supreme desire so to live that every year, and month, and day of my life may be spent profitably to myself and usefully to others.

Early Monday morn, the 23d, the long weariness and pain was over, and she entered into rest. Dr. Moore closed his brief address at her funeral—brief because of her request—with these words:

> And when the last stern struggle came, and she knew that she was entering the dark valley, she declared that the twenty-third Psalm was a complete and exact expression of her experience—that the Good Shepherd, who had led her all her life long in the green pastures and by the still waters, was with her in the valley of the shadow of death, supporting her spirit by "the strong rod and the beautiful staff," and would surely lead her through the gates of the city to her home in her Father's house above. And as the earthly Sabbath, which she loved so well, was silently passing toward the dawn of a new day, there dawned on her waiting vision that day that has no night.

Dr. Hoge wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf (February 23, 1869):

> Among the many letters which came to me from every part of the country, expressing sympathy for me in my great bereavement, there were few so prized as yours; for you who knew us both so well could appreciate all that was involved in it better than others. Letters of condolence written out of the hearts of Christian friends are often of real service in suggesting consolations which grief had overlooked in its blinding tears, and by prompt-

ing to the discharge of duties which a heavy heart had forgotten.

It is three months this morning since my dear Susan died. It seems more like three years. Once time seemed to fly, now it creeps or drags heavily along. Surrounded as I am by my affectionate children and many kind friends, there are times when I feel as solitary as if I were the only person on the earth.

I do not wish you to infer that I am indulging in any sentimental sorrow, or brooding over my grief, or neglecting any social or public duty because of what has happened.

I am not. Notwithstanding the effort it cost me, I preached the Sunday after Susan was buried, for reasons which I thought almost imperative, and the example thus set has already borne its fruits among the afflicted. Nor is ours a gloomy household. Though there is probably no day in which Bess and Mary do not go to some secret place to weep, they are outwardly cheerful and are attending to the new duties imposed on them with great propriety. Bess is teaching Moses, and Mary has entire charge of Hampden, who is now two years old.

But such losses as yours and mine seldom occur even in the richest lives.

To his cousin, Mrs. Burton,[1] he wrote:

Ours is an afflicted household, but not a gloomy one. We meet every night in the chamber where Susan died, and commune together about her, but while we cherish her memory deep in our hearts, we try and exhibit to the world something of the same cheerful submission which she manifested so sweetly during all her illness to the very last hour.

To another friend he wrote:

Now that all is over, now that I have no wife and no country, I have an indescribable feeling of having overlived my time, and a good part of the day I have been in a sort of trance, hardly knowing whether what was passing was real or a dream.

I wonder how long this vague, restless, bewildering mental and spiritual state will continue.

I have not really lived since Susan died.

[1] Daughter of Dr. Thomas Hoge.

Among the many letters of sympathy that poured in upon him, we must give one, as showing in its tenderest light the Christian character of one of the greatest of men. Writing on a matter of public interest to the cause of the kingdom of God, he concludes:

> And now, dear Doctor, though perhaps inappropriate to the subject, you must allow me to refer to a subject which has caused me great distress, and concerning which I have desired to write ever since its occurrence; but to tell the truth, I have not had the heart to do it. I knew how powerless I was to afford any comfort, to give any relief, and how utterly inadequate was any language that I could use even to mitigate your sufferings. I could, therefore, only offer up my silent prayers to him who alone can heal your bleeding heart, that, in his infinite mercy, he would be ever present with you; to dry your tears and staunch your wounds; to sustain you by his grace, and to support you by his strength. I hope you felt assured that in this heavy calamity you and your children had the heart-felt sympathy of myself and Mrs. Lee, and that you were daily remembered in our poor prayers.
>
> With our best wishes and sincere affection, I am
>
> Very truly yours, R. E. LEE.

Dr. Hoge always remembered, with peculiar gratitude, Dr. Palmer's kindness at this time, and years afterwards, when he was similarly bereaved, wrote to him as follows:

> RICHMOND, *November 27*, 1888.
>
> MY DEAR DR. PALMER: Of late years, when I hear that any one of my friends has suffered a great bereavement, I hesitate to send immediately the assurance of my sympathy, well knowing that such will appreciate the sympathy of silence until the sorrowing heart has had time for self-communion and for communion with the great Healer and Comforter.
>
> There is a sacredness in some griefs into which the tenderest affection must not too soon intrude, even when it yearns to give some expression of it.
>
> I trust I may now be permitted to say what my heart prompted me to say the moment I heard of your great loss.

It *is* a loss, whatever heaven may have gained, and whatever you may have gained through the discipline of sanctified sorrow.

Even the grace of God does not make us insensible of the deep sense of loneliness and privation when one who has been intertwined with us, life for life, and with whom every thought, feeling and plan has been associated through all the vicissitudes of long years, has been taken away.

I suppose our heavenly Father means that by every experience of trial we may better understand the actual character of each form of suffering which others endure, and that thus we may become qualified to comfort others by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

It is only in this way that I can interpret the purpose of the bereavement you have sustained. Hundreds of times you have spoken words of consolation to those whom death has bereft of friends, of brothers, of sisters, of parents, and now with what new tenderness will you ever speak to those to whom life can never again be what it was, because of another loss to which no other is comparable.

My dear Dr. Palmer, I gratefully remember your gentle and loving sympathy when I was passing through a trial like your own—the greatness of which succeeding years have only made me increasingly sensible of, so that I can say—

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Let us look for our solace in the heavenly reunion and in our increased usefulness on earth.

Yours affectionately, MOSES D. HOGE.

Two other calamities, and these of a public nature, must sadden the pages of this chapter.

On April 27, 1870, the floor of the Senate Chamber fell in, killing sixty-five persons, and wounding two hundred more. In a moment, Richmond was turned into a house of mourning. A political reaction had brought once more into public life many of the best men of the State, and the sudden loss of so many such men, brought back, with distressing vividness, the horrors and sorrows of the war. The calamity was overruled into a dispensation of spiritual blessing, and, "subdued

by a common sadness, the entire population of the city bowed in penitence before the Lord.[1]

On October 12th, of the same year, the Great Captain of the Confederacy finished his course. Had he been struck down in the midst of the storm of war, his loss to the South could hardly have been greater than now, when his superb example shone like a guiding star before the whole South, leading them into the paths of peaceful endeavor, and inspiring them with a sense of the dignity of true manhood. To Dr. Hoge his death came not only as a public calamity, but a personal loss; and his sermon on his death was considered one of the noblest efforts of his life.

As this decade was drawing to a close, a determined effort was made from several different directions to remove Dr. Hoge from Richmond. The great promise of Washington College, under the presidency of General Lee, made the call to Lexington peculiarly attractive. St. Louis, Nashville and Memphis sought his services for their largest churches, and in St. Louis his big-hearted cousin, Dr. Brookes, wrote, "If you don't like Anderson's church,[2] *take mine, and I will get another.*"

A group of prominent and wealthy Southerners in Baltimore were anxious to found a new Southern church, and pledged to Dr. Hoge an adequate support and the rent of a suitable building, with all other necessary expenses, until a congregation could be gathered and a church building erected. At the same time, friends in New York made overtures to him with regard to a church there.

It was urged upon him that Richmond was a hopelessly crippled town; that it could never recover from the shock and ravages of the war; that in the larger cities of the West or North, his usefulness would be greatly extended; that

[1] For a fuller account see Dr. Hoge's Memorial Address (Appendix, page 482), and for his prayer at the public meeting, April 28, 1870, see Appendix, page 492.

[2] The Central.

Richmond was the scene of painful memories, associated with public calamity and private bereavement, and could never again be to him what it had been in the past.

All this Dr. Hoge considered and weighed. He sought counsel of friends, and—came to his own decision. He had not made a decision never to leave Richmond, but he had determined not to leave it until the reasons for going were so overwhelming as to leave no room for doubt. He still believed in Richmond, and his heart was still there. The outspoken sentiment of the whole community counted for much; the tears and entreaties of his own people far more. Nothing touched his heart more tenderly than a well-thumbed petition from the operatives in the Tredegar Iron Works. And Richmond won the day.

Cheered by these widespread manifestations of appreciation, sustained by the loyalty of the church and city that he loved so well, and for which he had done so much; strengthened by the fiery discipline through which he had passed, and enriched by the vast and varied experience through which he had come, he stands at his post in the full maturity of his powers, ready for the broader fields of usefulness that lie before him in the more prosperous days to come.

CHAPTER XI.

Broader Fields.

1871 — 1880.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Longfellow.

DR. HOGE entered upon the eighth decade of the century with a little more than fifty years of life behind him, and with something over twenty-five years of his ministry accomplished. Much of his life had been spent in struggle: struggle in his boyhood and youth to educate himself; struggle in his early ministry, grappling with the debt that threatened his church with disaster; struggle in his maturer manhood with the stormy problems of the war, and the bitter problems of defeat; struggle all the time with a proud and imperious disposition, which chafed under the rod of discipline, but which his higher nature was ever seeking, by grace, to bring into subjection to the will of God. But his heavenly Father had not spared the rod, and it was a serener, gentler, stronger spirit that came from under the rod, and out of the valley into the serener heights to which he had attained. Henceforth his life lay before him like a broad table-land, undulating, it is true, and rising always towards the infinite beyond, but with no gloomy depths to fathom and no perilous heights to scale. Lonely he often was, and often sad; but loneliness was enlightened by those invisible companionships that a fertile mind creates, and re-creates for itself; and sadness was sweetened by precious memories and blessed hopes, and by the consciousness of a mission to a world that was full of sadness—and of sin.

His cousin, Dr. Brookes, wrote him:

> I have often thought of you, and sometimes fancied that a feeling of unutterable loneliness must frequently come over you in the midst of your most active duties. The tenderest ties of life have been sundered, and all the past sends the echoes of the tomb to your heart. Father, mother, sister, brother, children, wife, earliest and dearest friends, all passed on before, and you standing alone, bravely contending against, but powerless to stay, the on-rushing tide of error and evil and ruin sweeping over Church and State.

But Dr. Hoge's view of the future was different. He felt that the Church of Christ, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, *groweth* into a holy temple in the Lord; and that not by a sudden cataclysm, but by the work to which every builder contributed was the kingdom of God to be established in the world.

In matters of state, too, the day was not far distant when he could say once more, "Our country," and find his sympathies going out to every part of this broad land, and in every part of that land he was to find himself welcomed and honored.

His decision to remain in Richmond was vindicated very speedily. It was his fortune to have those things come to his doors that he had declined as inducements to go elsewhere. He had declined to go to the Federal Capital, and Richmond became the Confederate Capital. More recently he had declined to go to larger cities, and the rapid growth of Richmond furnished the fullest field for his energies. He had declined to go to Lexington, and Richmond College was established.

Although an institution under Baptist auspices, the students always composed a large part of his afternoon audiences, and all over the South there are Baptist ministers to testify their indebtedness to his preaching, as giving them their highest ideal of the gospel ministry.

The growth of his congregations under these conditions was so great as to compel the enlargement of his church. Its Gothic architecture easily lent itself to enlargement by

throwing out wings of equal length on each side to form a transept. There was no "choir" or apse behind the pulpit, the space being occupied by the Sunday-school building; so that the form of the audience-room was a T and not a cross. The galleries were bent around the angles into the wings, so as to surround the whole church except the pulpit wall. The original length of the church (seventy feet) remained unchanged, but the wings, added to the breadth of the nave, made an entire stretch in the transept of one hundred feet. The speaker turning to the left or right had almost as large a congregation before him as in front. Twelve or thirteen hundred could be comfortably seated, while two or three hundred more were often packed in. There was no seat in the house where the speaker could not be seen, and the remotest man was not more than eighty or ninety feet distant from the speaker; but the auditor sitting in any part of the house felt that sense of infinity that comes from a portion of the audience being beyond his view. A noble roof, with massive wooden arches, spanned the whole.

The entire effect was harmonious and inspiring, silencing the fears of those who anticipated a piece of patch-work from the enlargement. The old Scotch builder—one of the original members of the church, and the only one who survived to Dr. Hoge's jubilee—stood in the pulpit the day before the dedication, and, after silently surveying the whole, sententiously said, "Well, I've opened their eyes and shut their mouths."

During the progress of the enlargement the congregation occupied the "Assembly Hall," a building of large capacity and delightful acoustic properties, but of very plain appearance, since superseded by the Academy of Music. His sermons here attracted many who were not in the habit of attending a Christian church. Especial interest was aroused by a series of afternoon lectures on the Prophets, Priests and Kings of Israel, which a Jewish rabbi asked him to repeat in his synagogue.

With the momentum of these services he entered his new church, which he kept full and often packed to overflowing for more than a quarter of a century.

He had now entered upon a higher plane in his preaching. While his time suffered constant interruption up to the day when he was laid aside, he now had no regular duties but those of his ministry. Though he could command little time for study until others slept, his more robust health and his indomitable will enabled him to study far into the night. It was not uncommon for the night editors of the city papers to see his light still burning as they went home from their labors in the small hours of the morning. Yet seven o'clock always found him out of bed, ready for another day's work. Not infrequently, under some special stress of duties, he worked the whole of Saturday night, going direct from his study to his morning bath, after which he seemed as fresh as those who had slept all night. With all his readiness in extempore speech, one thing he had settled; he would not go into his pulpit unprepared. The *thinness* which, in spite of its beauty, had been sometimes felt in the preaching of his earlier years, had wholly disappeared. He lost none of his delicacy of touch, none of the subtle play of his fancy, none of the artistic finish of his earlier work; in all these things experience had made him only a more perfect artist; but he had gained in robustness of thought: in compactness of argument, in fulness of scriptural exposition. His illustrations were of wider range and richer vein. He struck deeper chords of human experience, and sounded profounder depths of divine truth. From the garnered stores of human knowledge, from the inexhaustible treasury of the Scriptures, and from the fulness of his own experience, he brought forth things new and old.

The treatment was new, but the truth was old. The flood-tide of popularity never swept him from his moorings, and he despised the itch for notoriety that betrayed the minister of God into sensationalism. He regarded this as the greatest

danger of the American pulpit, and seems to have meditated a treatise upon the subject; with regard to which he wrote to Dr. Shedd, and received the following reply:

> I am sorry that I am unable to refer you to any treatise, or even any essay, upon the present tendencies of the pulpit in the direction of which you speak. I know of nothing. Most of what has been written of late in the reviews and magazines has favored, rather than hindered, latitudinarianism in doctrine, and superficial preaching. The current literature in the periodicals is against us, and one reason why sensational preachers get large audiences in large towns is the fact that the periodical constitutes nearly all the reading. Those who read standard literature are good hearers, and do not join the crowd.
>
> I am rejoiced to know that you have taken the matter into consideration, and hope that you will give the public, and especially the ministry, the benefit of your knowledge, experience and observation. You will have an almost entirely untrodden field. Such a treatise will be welcomed by a large class of our best men and minds, who lament with you the sensationalism and feebleness in respect to all the higher qualities of preaching, which marks a certain class of popular preachers.

Some time later he wrote an editorial for the *Central Presbyterian*[1] on one aspect of the subject, that of "Advertising Texts." He closed by asking, "Why should the minister stop here? If it is his great object to attract the crowd, why not make himself as ridiculous as his theme? Why not come into the pulpit with a cap and bells on his head? or with a couple of lilies in his right hand and a sunflower in his button-hole?"

The variety of theme and treatment that others sought in sensational departures from the word of God he found in a faithful adherence to it. By presenting truth in its biblical setting, and clothing it in its biblical imagery, he distilled the honey from every flower, but preserved the different

[1] While he had no official connection with the paper after 1859, he often contributed to its editorial columns.

beauty and fragrance of each. The variety of his preaching was not the variety of a peddler's pack, but the variety of nature; with glowing flowers and rich fruits, and sunny fields and gleaming waters, with now the whisper of the breeze in the tree-tops, and now the rush of the storm in the forest, or the beat of the surf upon the shore. This was the variety—the variety in unity—the

"one clear harp in divers tones,"

by which for over half a century in the same city this one man held the changing throngs.

While his ministry drew increasing crowds at home his reputation was growing abroad. To his good friend, Mrs. Brown, Judge Ould wrote of a service at the White Sulphur Springs, then, as in bygone years, attracting to itself men of distinction from all parts of the land·

> I need not say to you how he did the work; how he put his materials together and showed forth a structure radiant from dome to foundation stone; but I will say something of the effects. Of course all his special friends were jubilant; indeed, to them the whole affair took the form and hue of a personal triumph. The most intelligent of the audience were the best pleased, perhaps in the ratio of their sense. Mr. C——, an Episcopalian of Washington, said, with a glow on his face that tokened his sincerity, that he would give any money for the privilege of such preaching every Sabbath. I told him he could get it just in that style for nothing by coming to Richmond. Mrs. P——, of Baltimore, who is here with a coach and four, and a daughter millionaire, who expects to be married some day to somebody, now not known, declares that Richmond is too small for the Doctor, and that he must and shall go to Baltimore. She said so to me, and I smiled incredulously, not thinking it proper to contradict a coach and four. If the daughter had said the same, perhaps I would have even stayed the smile. The opinions of a millionaire must and *shall* be respected.

In 1872, Dr. Hoge made a visit to Princeton that occasioned his friends some anxiety, as it was his first public

appearance in the North since the war. They never troubled themselves in that way again. A friend wrote of the services:

> I don't think I ever saw a quiet, staid community so moved by a single Sabbath's services. They were the first, almost the only subject of remark by all whom I met. It was a spontaneous outburst of something better than admiration—of great joy. The morning service in the Chapel was deeply impressive, faithful and tender; so good that Dr. McCosh will not admit it to be inferior to the second. The students seemed to me very solemn. I saw many wipe their eyes; one said to me, "I never heard such preaching in this chapel before." And yet the sermon at night excelled in power. It was one of the most logical and lucid arguments I ever listened to, the ablest refutation of error, and most convincing vindication of glorious truth; all clothed with such exquisite grace and beauty as to make it a grand poem.
>
> The congregation caught the preacher's enthusiasm, or rather his enthusiasm caught the congregation, and carried them along with him. Of the incomparable reading of scriptures, rendering of hymns, and the sweet inspiring prayers I need not write.
>
> Should we not hope and pray for great blessing from this preaching of the word? Then will come high reward, the only reward for the work of faith and labor of love.

Of the same visit Dr. Miller wrote to Mrs. Brown:

> I went early and watched the gathering in with a degree of nervous excitement that surprised me. I was very anxious for a good impression on many accounts, and I was greatly gratified to observe the deep attention and emotion of the whole audience, young and old. Again and again during the sermon there was a painful stillness, marking both the power of the preacher and the intense feeling of his hearers.
>
> At night the services were in the First Church. Both of its large galleries were full, as was also the floor, with an eager and most attentive congregation. This, to my mind, was the best of two sermons. The morning sermon satisfied me because I saw how great an impression it made;

but I said to a professor at the door of the chapel, who was much pleased with it, "Dr. Hoge can do better than that." At night, meeting this same gentleman in the aisle, I whispered to him, "You know I promised you Dr. Hoge could do better, and you see he has done it." "My!" he replied, "I never heard such preaching in my life;" a speech he has repeated to me since, when in cool blood he could look back upon it; but I have heard but one impression from everybody, and that of the warmest admiration. The students were delighted, our few Southern boys being proud as well as pleased.

It may be, too, that better service has been done, a hundred-fold, than that of merely gaining for himself the admiration of the audience. Dr. Hart told Mrs. Miller that there was a decided religious seriousness in the college subsequent to this visit. Whether those sermons produced it or only developed it, he could not say. In either case, Dr. Hoge and his friends should feel grateful that God should so honor and bless him. All human eulogy sinks into nothingness before this.

One word more. As to social attention nothing was omitted. All the professors called—some after he had gone, and every visit was marked with the utmost cordiality and respect. There was not a trace of any unpleasant memories, nor the slightest approach to a recognition of any differences, social, sectional, ecclesiastical or political. I doubt whether Dr. John Hall, who had no Confederate history or Southern-churchism, ever received any greater or more cordial attention here than Dr. Hoge.

From the venerable Dr. Charles Hodge, Dr. Hoge received a kindly note of regret that illness prevented his hearing him and calling upon him. Dr. Hoge called to see him, and always cherished the memory of the pathetic tenderness with which the aged saint received his visit, recalling sacred memories of the elder Dr. Hoge, of whom Dr. Hodge said, "Your grandfather was the holiest man I ever met, and I esteem it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known him."

The following July he spoke in Philadelphia—on just

what occasion does not appear. He wrote to a friend in answer to congratulations upon the speech as printed:

> I could have had more of this recompense had you been present that night, and seen for yourself the cold inquisitorial aspect of the audience as I commenced my address, giving expression as I did to the feeling of loneliness that oppressed me in that crowd, and then the gradual manifestations of sympathy, and at last the enthusiastic greetings which came up, like the waves on a beach, toward the close.

A more distinguished opportunity presented itself the following October, when the World's Evangelical Alliance held its sessions in New York, and outstanding men from both sides of the Atlantic gathered together to discuss the things of the kingdom. Dr. Hoge was invited to speak on the "Mission Field of the South." His address was a noble vindication of Southern civilization, which commanded the respect, if it did not wholly carry the convictions, of his audience, while the broad Christian philanthropy of his appeal for the coöperation and sympathy of the Christian world in the vast task of rebuilding out of the ruins of the old a new civilization in righteousness and the fear of God, carried the hearts as well as the consciences of his hearers. This address established his fame upon a firm basis throughout the Christian world, while it received the warm thanks of his own Southern people; but even now he preferred the preaching of the gospel and the rewards it brought. He wrote:

MORRISTOWN, *October* 16, 1873.

> MY DEAR SISTER: The kindness of your favor of yesterday and its superabundant appreciation of my humble contribution to the treasures of the Alliance, profoundly moves me, and awakens more than gratitude.
>
> Sunday was best of all the seven. It was an unusual scene in a stately New York church, when at the close of my sermon, Dr. Gause rose and thanked me before the congregation for a discourse, which, he said, God had sent me

there to deliver, containing the very truth he most wished his people to hear on that very day, as the next Sabbath was their communion Sabbath. I responded briefly to this, and made a short address, tender and encouraging as I could express it, to those who might be thinking of making a public profession of their faith on the coming Sunday.

I could not anticipate as good a time again, at night, in Dr. Deems' "Church of the Strangers."

I had a better time. Knowing that Steinway Hall, the Academy of Music, Cooper Institute, Tammany Hall, as well as all the churches, would be thronged at night, I anticipated a thin audience.

I found the church packed, aisles and all. I preached a sermon I had arranged that afternoon (having changed my theme after dinner) without any notes, and I had what the old divines used to call "liberty" of feeling, thought and expression, which greatly helped me in its delivery.

I have been trying to find time since I came to Morristown to write it out, and so preserve it, but have not been able.

In 1875, when some English gentlemen, under the lead of Mr. Beresford–Hope, presented to the State of Virginia the Foley statue of Stonewall Jackson, the committee of the Virginia Legislature charged with the arrangements for its reception unanimously fixed upon Dr. Hoge to deliver the oration at its inauguration.

Such an occasion does not come to many men; nor to any man more than once. The people of Virginia and of the South were there. They gazed upon the tattered remnants of the old Stonewall Brigade. They looked upon the widow and child of their dead chieftain. They came to honor his memory and to commemorate the Lost Cause. It was the first of such occasions—the "inauguration of a new Pantheon." In no other land could such a celebration have taken place, certainly not so soon after such a war. In no other land could such a gift from citizens of a foreign nation have been received. The eyes of the whole country were fixed

upon Richmond; and across the seas the occasion was watched with an interest scarcely less eager. A key-note was to be struck. Would it ring false or true?

In the oration of that day there was no note of subserviency. It was boldly stated that Southern people would never "add degradation to defeat and hypocrisy to subjugation by professing a love for the Union which denies to one of their States a single right accorded to Massachusetts or New York;" for South Carolina and Louisiana and Florida were still coerced by Federal bayonets; but there was, at the same time, the broadest spirit of patriotism:

> Why may there not be a comprehension of what is truly politic, and what is grandly right, slumbering in the hearts of our American people—a people at once so practical and emotional, so capable of great enterprise and greater magnanimity—a patriotism which is yet to awake and announce itself in a repudiation of all unconstitutional invasion of the liberties of the citizens of any portion of this broad Union? When we remember the awful strain to which the principles of other constitutional governments have been subjected in the excitement of revolutionary epochs, and how, when seemingly submerged by the tempest, they have risen again and reasserted themselves in their original integrity, why should we despair of seeing the ark of our liberties again resting on the summit of the mount, and hallowed by the benediction of him who said, "Behold, I do set my bow in the cloud!"
>
> And now, standing before this statue, and, as in the living presence of the man it represents, cordially endorsing, as I do, the principles of the political school in which he was trained, and in defence of which he died, and unable yet even to think of our dead Confederacy without memories unutterably tender, I speak not for myself, but for the South, when I say it is our interest, our duty and determination, to maintain the Union, and to make every possible contribution to its prosperity and glory, if all the States which compose it will unite in making it such a Union as our fathers framed, and in enthroning above it, not a Cæsar, but the Constitution in its old supremacy.

But the characteristic feature of the occasion—one that was emphasized by the selection of the orator not from the ranks of those engaged in political strife, but from the ministry of the gospel of peace—was that the man whose fame was celebrated rose above party, above section, above nationality, and commanded the homage of the world. Dr. Hoge was annoyed at an editorial in the London *Times*, attaching political significance to the occasion, and wrote to Mr. Beresford-Hope a letter of explanation:[1]

RICHMOND, *November* 15, 1875.

A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR: I saw in the New York *Tribune* this morning an extract from an editorial in the London *Times* which singularly misrepresents the *design* and *spirit* of our demonstration at the unveiling of the Jackson statue.

The celebration here had no political significance whatever. It has not had the slightest political effect. It was not intended to excite animosities between the North and the South, nor to stir up rancor between Great Britain and America.

So far from it, I announced it to be the purpose of the Southern people to maintain the government as it was now constituted, though we should profess no love for a Union in which the Southern States are denied privileges accorded to the Northern.

Moreover, I said, "We accept this statue as *a pledge of the peaceful relations which we trust will ever exist between Great Britain and the confederated empire formed by the United States of America.*"

We did not regard the statue in the light of a gift from England, but as the kind expression of the sympathy which English gentlemen felt for our people, and of their admiration for the character of Stonewall Jackson.

The fact is this: the arrival of that statue gave an occasion to the Southern people for showing their passionate love for the memory of Jackson. It was their first oppor-

[1] He wrote a similar letter to his friend, Mr. Lawley, who, from his connection with the London *Telegraph*, was in a position to correct the mistake.

tunity to render to his memory the homage they had cherished in their hearts. It delighted them to do this publicly, and they did it with the greatest enthusiasm. They did not come together in thronging thousands to make a political demonstration. They were drawn together by a stronger and nobler attraction. In this light most sensible periodicals in the North regard our memorial day. The New York *Tribune* so views it, and the New York *World* of the 10th instant gives a true statement of the spirit of the addresses delivered by Governor Kemper and myself.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

MOSES D. HOGE.

To which he received the following reply:

ASHBORO HOUSE, CONNAUGHT PLACE,
LONDON, *November* 27, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: The kindness of your letter enhances the pleasure with which I have read your eloquent oration, which I have had the opportunity of doing, thanks both to yourself and to Governor Kemper.

It was a grand occasion, and you rose to it. I need not tell you how we sympathized in England with your hero. The completion and gift of the statue was a joy to right-minded people, and the reception which your noble State accorded to it thrilled sympathetically through English hearts.

My absence, which was inevitable, was a great disappointment to me. It is very kind of you to say that it was felt in Richmond. Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

A. J. B. BERESFORD-HOPE.

Before referring, as he did, to the opinion of the "English Earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic," he wrote to him, recalling the remark made to him in London, and asking his permission to quote it. Lord Shaftesbury answered in the following cordial note:

CASTLE WEMYSS, WEMYSS BAY, N. B., *September* 2, 1875.

DEAR DR. HOGE: It is a very great honor to me that my opinion should be thought worthy of being quoted in a testimonial to General Stonewall Jackson.

So far from recalling what I said to you in London, I emphatically repeat it. America may well rejoice in having produced, among many others, three such eminent men as Washington, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. Were they alive now they would be above all criticism as public men; slavery, God be praised, having passed away, the only cloud that obscured their bright intelligence and virtue.

You will not, I hope, forget to call on me, should I be alive, when you revisit England.

May God be with you, through time and in eternity.

Yours truly, SHAFTESBURY.

That the whole occasion tended to promote good feeling between the North and South is illustrated by this incident, of which Dr. Hoge wrote to a friend:

My last letter about the Jackson Memorial Address came a few days ago from Professor Frink, of Hamilton College, New York, who says he has selected some portions of it which especially pleased him for exercises in declamation in his rhetorical class—New York boys reciting eulogies on a Confederate General!

And if there had been no other fruit of the day, the happiness it gave to the gentle heart of one true woman who had suffered so much would have been to Dr. Hoge reward enough. Mrs. Jackson wrote:

I thank you kindly for the good supply of the oration received by express. I have read it carefully twice, and with new pleasure each time. You have received so many graceful and beautiful commendations on its merits that I feel a hesitancy in offering my meed of praise, and yet there can be no heart, whose chords have been so touched, or that has vibrated more in unison with every word so truly and beautifully spoken by you, as my own.

I wish you could know how much I value your true appreciation of the exalted Christian character of my sainted husband.

In these gloomy days that have followed upon my return home, I have lived over my delightful visit to Richmond, and am more and more impressed with the conviction that

nothing was wanting to complete its perfect enjoyment. Of course, I can never have such another epoch in my life, but there was enough in this to shed brightness and gratitude over all the future, and to make me a better and happier woman to the end of my days.

Wishing you and yours every blessing, I am,

Most truly your friend,

M. A. JACKSON.

The oration is given in full in the Appendix,[1] but General D. H. Hill's account of it gives some touches that are not found in the printed speech:

Dr. Hoge made the mighty effort of his life. He was inspired by the grandeur of the occasion, by the vastness of the audience, and above all by the greatness of the subject of his eulogy. He impressed all who heard him that he is the most eloquent orator on this continent. Carried away by the enthusiasm caused by the mighty surroundings, Dr. Hoge made his most eloquent utterances extemporaneously, and they did not appear in his published speech. He paid a most glowing tribute to General Joseph E. Johnston, "the greatest of living soldiers, whose singular fortune it was always to encounter vastly superior forces, and therefore to be always retreating, but his retreats gave no confidence to his enemies and demoralized not one whit his own devoted followers." The cheer that greeted this outburst of Dr. Hoge was as hearty and spontaneous from the tens of thousands of listening soldiers as from the eloquent orator himself. General Johnston was much affected by this honest tribute of love, confidence and admiration, and came forward and bowed his acknowledgments.

Dr. Hoge, in closing his address, alluded to the prophecy of Jackson, that the time would come when his men would be proud that they belonged to the Stonewall Brigade. Rising to his full height, the orator exclaimed in his clear, ringing tones, "Men of the Stonewall Brigade, that time has come. Behold the image of your illustrious commander!" The veil was raised, the life-like statue stood

[1] Page 425.

revealed, recalling so vividly the loved form of the illustrious soldier that tears rained down ten thousand faces. Men of sternest natures, cast iron men, were weeping like children.

Earlier in the same year an honor had been bestowed upon Dr. Hoge that brought him into a line of work for which he had little relish, but in which he was to be eminently useful. His presbytery having sent him to the General Assembly—as usual against his protest—he was unanimously and without opposition elected Moderator. His dignity and grace in conducting public exercises, his tact and skill in giving things a happy turn, his deference and courtesy to his brethren, and his habitual promptness in decision made him an ideal presiding officer. Perhaps in no part of his duties did his peculiar gifts show to more advantage than in the reception of delegates from other bodies. *Their* addresses were, of course, prepared; in his extempore replies he would, in a brief, sparkling little speech, take up every point in the address to which he had just listened, giving to every thought some new and happy turn.

To a dear friend, who had sent him a letter of congratulation, he replies:

ST. LOUIS, *May* 31, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have dated my letter May 31st, but it is one o'clock on the morning of June 1st, and I have just returned to my room after the adjournment of the Assembly and the long leave-taking of friends who detained me.

How can I better show my appreciation of your kind congratulation and good wishes than by sending you this line at this most weary hour?

It is an honor to be Moderator of an Assembly like ours, but I need not tell you how irksome it is to a restless person like myself, who cannot sit still with comfort half an hour, even in a parlor, but go walking about like an evil spirit seeking rest and finding none; and then the tax on one's attention for so many days together, keeping the run of business and having to decide in an instant so many points

of order, adds greatly to the bore of the position; but it is all over now, and I can indulge in a little thankfulness that, so far from having an appeal taken from any of my decisions, not one of them was even questioned. We had many difficult and delicate questions to discuss, but the harmony was unbroken, and when we closed our sessions to-night with the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," we felt the beatitude in our hearts which we sang with our lips.

It was my hope that the Cleveland Assembly would put it in our power to establish "fraternal relations" by one frank and manly expression of regret for the injurious imputations heaped on us for so many years. It was informed that if it would but say they were "disapproved and disavowed," we would gladly meet them on that ground; but the utterance did not come before our adjournment.

I leave for Richmond to-morrow.

Affectionately your friend, M. D. H.

The question of "fraternal relations" to which he alludes was one much on his heart. Properly speaking, fraternal relations already existed, in the mutual recognition given to the order and discipline of each body by the other, and in the free interchange of pulpits, and other forms of communion; but the term was used to denote official correspondence between the Assemblies by the formal interchange of delegates.

According to immemorial Presbyterian usage, Dr. Hoge was the chairman of the Committee of Bills and Overtures—which prepares the most important business for the house—in the following Assembly, which met in Savannah. It was his laudable ambition to signalize his term of office by the accomplishment of that which was so near his heart, and which he felt would mean much for the glory of Christ. No one was more staunch in maintaining the dignity and honor of his church. Reunion he did not regard with favor for many practical reasons; but he felt that a Christian Church, like a Christian man, should in all things, and above all things, show the spirit of Christ. Several years before,

in correspondence with Dr. Field, he had so expressed himself as to elicit this reply:

> DEAR DR. HOGE: Your very kind letter reached me at our country place, and was very grateful to my heart. I find that Christian love knows no State lines, no geographical boundaries, and that when good men come together, they are drawn to each other in spite of all prejudices. I am receiving a good many letters from the South, but as they are private, I cannot make any use of them. I am beginning to feel that there are more obstacles to reunion than we supposed. Perhaps time and patience will remove them. If not, we can at least soften irritations, and so do something to heal this grievous wound that mars the body of Christ as well as the State.

In this spirit he sought to meet the question in the Savannah Assembly. The time seemed propitious, for his, and the South's, warm friend, Dr. Van Dyke, was in the Moderator's chair of the other Assembly. In answer to an overture from the Presbytery of St. Louis, asking the Assembly to take some further action in regard to fraternal relations with the Northern Assembly, the following resolution was adopted, upon the recommendation of his committee, and telegraphed to the Assembly in Brooklyn, with the assurance that they were "ready most cordially to enter on fraternal relations on any terms honorable to both parties," indicating what those terms were, in their judgment, by the resolution:

> *Resolved*, That the action of the Baltimore conference, approved by the Assembly at St. Louis, explains with sufficient clearness the position of our Church.
>
> But, inasmuch as it is represented by the overture that misapprehension exists in the minds of some of our people as to the spirit of this action, in order to show our disposition to remove on our part real or seeming hindrances to friendly feeling, the Assembly explicitly declares that, while condemning certain acts and deliverances of the Northern General Assembly, no acts or deliverances of the Southern General Assemblies are to be construed or

admitted as impugning in any way the Christian character of the Northern General Assembly, or of the historical bodies of which it is the successor.

The intention of the resolution was to make it easier for the Northern Assembly to withdraw offensive imputations upon the character of the Southern Assembly by disclaiming any reflection upon the Christian character of the Northern Assembly. Unfortunately the Brooklyn Assembly contented itself with repeating the action of the Southern Assembly. This was, of course, unsatisfactory. At a later time the charges of "heresy, schism and blasphemy" were formally withdrawn. If those charges had been made, as thus admitted, it was hardly in order to disclaim reflections upon the Christian character of those against whom they were made. The charges needed to be disavowed.

In the Chicago Assembly (1877) Dr. Van Dyke sought to carry the Assembly farther, and there was a dramatic scene when he asked the Assembly to invite the venerable Dr. Plumer to address the Assembly. A Chicago paper[1] thus describes it:

All eyes were turned toward a cynosure under the gallery near the main entrance; a little gentle clapping of hands in that direction disseminated no infection beyond the narrow immediate circle.

Slowly the group separated, and through the friendly breach thus formed strolled a majestic figure.

As the grand vision dawned upon the upturned faces of the Assembly, resistance to its charms was impossible; generous impulse overcame the heat of prejudice, and courtesy paid voluntary tribute to the highest type of manliness.

The applause rose and swelled and waned again, then waxed higher and more fervent as the royal form went on down the aisle, and as the gallery caught the first glimpse of his advancing figure, ladies and gentlemen rose *en masse* and cheered and cheered again, while the pent-up emotion

[1] Preserved among Dr. Hoge's papers.

of the scene found vent here and there in unchecked tears.

On coming forward, the Moderator requested him to take a position on the platform, but he politely declined, addressing the Moderator and Assembly thus:

No, sir; sound ascends, not descends. I shall be heard. I wish to say, first of all, *why* I am here in Chicago. I am here entirely on social accounts, and would have been here if this Assembly had met in San Francisco. I am not here to do anything touching this business, or any other business, except to preach Christ's gospel and see some of my old friends before I go hence.

The second remark I wish to make is, sir, that I fully and cordially estimate the embarrassing conditions in which I am placed.

If I say anything, I say it solely for myself and on my own account. I am not deputed here by anybody, or by letter or otherwise.

And, thirdly, I wish to say that in my heart I glory in the truth conveyed to me in his last letter by one of my old teachers now in heaven. It was this: "I would not give one hour of brotherly love for a whole eternity of contention" [applause]. That is my sentiment. God in his mercy grant that we may all reach that conclusion, "One hour of brotherly love is worth a whole eternity of strife and bitterness."

Now, sir, God in his providence—a providence that no man on earth claims to understand—has raised up Presbyterian churches North and South. The Southern Church covers a vast area of territory, and has great interests of immortal souls—four millions of people who are not dying out. It was said the colored race would die out. It will not die out.

The last census shows an increase, including the decade during the war, of ten per cent. It is going to live. We have great interests there. We need help. The Southern Church, through its Assembly, has invited all the world to come and work in the field and do good. Can we not do something that will profit these people? Sir, if getting on my knees, if lying on this floor and allowing all men to trample on my body would be the means of saving the soul of one poor black man or black woman, where any other course would jeopardize the interests of that soul, I would

lie down on this floor [applause]. I ask the brethren to think this matter carefully over.

You say you can do something. You have done something. God be praised for what you have done; but can you not do more? Suppose you were to treat the Southern Church as three honored brethren have urged—one in Baltimore, one in Philadelphia, and one in New York—that you should treat it the same as you treated the Waldenses: give them funds, give them means, and ask them to employ these means in building up the cause of Christ, and for every dollar they expended there would be good results—blessed results.

We honor your missionaries there. We love them. Dr. Mattoon was the companion of my own nephew, who bore my own name, in the mission to Siam. He is my friend. Books that I have written are class-books in that institution. Can you not help us in this thing?

Suppose, brethren, by the grace of God, you were enabled to say what will at once forever silence all contests and bitterness—can you not say it? I would give anything if you could; and yet you must judge for yourselves. I know not what the vote of this house shall be, but one thing is certain, Jesus Christ will this day be greatly honored or dishonored by this body; and this body must judge whether its action is to honor or dishonor the Saviour, and not I.

Another thing I wish to say is, that this body will candidly, I have no doubt, to-day vote as it has hitherto done—candidly vote what it wishes to say. It will be understood; it will be settled. I would love to see these hindrances removed in my time; but there will be a good many things done after my head goes down to the grave, and if God denies me that privilege, be it so.

There is not a man in the Southern country who does not desire fraternal relations in terms both equal and honorable [applause]. There is not a man in the Southern country who wishes this body to humble itself or abase itself before anybody. But this is true: if I have stated, Mr. Moderator, that you are not a gentleman, it is due to me, it is more due to me than it is to you, that I should say, "I ought not to have used those words" [applause].

Now, sir, I heard a conversation day before yesterday

about memories. Some one said that a man had an excellent memory, that he never forgot anything. I had read of a better memory than that—it was the memory of Lord Archbishop Cranmer, of whom it is said he never forgot anything but injuries [applause].

Oh! what a memory that must be, to cherish everything that is endearing, and forget and forgive.

God in mercy give us all such memories [applause].

The action plead for was finally taken in 1882; but that "good gray head" had been two years under the sod. Or rather—shall we not say?—that lofty spirit had joined the general assembly where brethren always dwell together in unity.

If Dr. Hoge failed to accomplish, by the action of the Savannah Assembly, his heart's desire on this subject, there was another subject, closely akin, in which his efforts were crowned with complete success.

In pursuance of a resolution of the St. Louis Assembly, Dr. Stuart Robinson had attended a conference in London composed of representatives of the most important Presbyterian bodies of the world, with a view to forming an alliance for mutual conference and coöperation. Dr. Robinson presented a report of its proceedings to the Savannah Assembly, with a copy of the provisional constitution adopted. The Committee on Bills and Overtures reported through Dr. Hoge resolutions approving the general tenor of the proceedings of the London conference and of the constitution adopted, and providing for the appointment of delegates to represent the Church in the General Council to be held in Edinburgh in 1877.

The debate on the resolutions was long and warm. Dr. Robinson led the debate in favor of the resolutions, and Dr. Adger in opposition. Dr. Hoge remained silent through the whole discussion, which lasted several days, but was, by the courtesy of the house, accorded the closing speech. The opposition was based partly upon the idea that the Alliance

might grow into an ecumenical council, with ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the churches; partly upon the heterodoxy or doubtful orthodoxy of some of the churches represented; partly upon the expense involved without corresponding benefit; partly upon the compromising position in which it would place the church to enter the same body with the Northern church, while refusing direct correspondence with that church. Unquestionably the *gravamen* of the opposition was on the last ground, but on that ground alone the opposition could not command a majority of the Assembly, as shown by its action on "fraternal relations." The great work, therefore, of those who favored the Alliance was to demolish the other arguments.

Dr. Hoge began by saying that "to argue for victory is unworthy of a member of an ecclesiastical court; to seek to ascertain what is true and then to do what is right is an obligation resting on every one." He did not wish to take advantage of his position in making the closing speech, and if any one had any questions to ask or any answer to make to anything he said, he hoped he would not hesitate to do so. "It does not interrupt me to be interrupted." Dr. Girardeau—Dr. Hoge's predecessor in the moderatorship, but a visitor at that Assembly—said to a gentleman sitting by him, "Now watch him; out of these interruptions will come his happiest hits and his finest flights."

Dr. Hoge first met the point that the agitation threatened the peace of the church. "If peace were the only watchword, none of the charters of rights would have been wrung from unwilling tyrants, none of the battles of freedom would have been fought. The cry of peace must never arrest true progress."

The progress in this movement was not towards consolidation, but towards spiritual unity. Spiritual unity could be recognized without organic union. The tendency of the age —and one of its best tendencies—was the disposition of Christians to recognize the essential truths which they held

in common as bonds of spiritual affection, leading them to unite in such general Christian work as they could prosecute together.

The question of constitutionality could be met by a resolution he proposed to offer, declaring the council to be, not a court, but only an assemblage of committees meeting for conference and coöperation. The question of expense was an individual one for the delegates appointed or their churches. To a question as to whether representation was to be confined to rich ministers and churches, he replied that the Presbyterian Church recognized no such distinctions, and that he was sure the brother had not intended to excite class prejudices by his question; but if this brother was appointed a delegate, he would see that the question of expense was not an obstacle to his going. It was not necessary to send a full delegation. One man like his friend Dr. Palmer could adequately represent the whole church.

Having thus cleared the ground, Dr. Hoge addressed himself to the main question of *cui bono*—the advantage to be derived from the alliance. It was, in a word, a plea for breadth as opposed to narrowness, for contact and communion as opposed to isolation and exclusion, for progress as opposed to stagnation; but, while keeping steadily on with his argument, he met in passing a running fire of questions.

Gen. ——: Does Dr. Hoge consider the French Protestant Church, which was a member of the Confederation, a sound church?

Dr. Hoge: A portion of the French Church is unquestionably orthodox.

Gen. ——: A gentleman in this Assembly who has resided in France tells me that three-fourths of the Protestant Church of France deny the divinity of Christ.

Dr. Hoge: That is partially true, and greatly to be deplored, but it is not true of the branch of the French Church represented in this Alliance.

Gen. ——: Do you consider the Northern Church orthodox?

Dr. Hoge: I do in the sense that that word is applied to other churches in this Alliance, and—leaving out of the question organic union—I consider the Northern Church orthodox to the extent that I am willing to enter into fraternal relations with that church whenever a basis is adopted proposing terms which are just on their part and honorable to ourselves.

This was greeted with a sudden outburst of applause, which was promptly suppressed by the Moderator as against the rules of the Assembly.

Mr. C.: Would a majority of the council sanction the view that it was a mere confederation of committees?

Dr. Hoge: That subject has already been fully considered. We cannot go back and discuss it again.

Mr. C.: I do not want to go back.

Dr. Hoge: Then suppose you join us and go forward.

In response to a question as to some doctrine held by one of the smaller continental churches Dr. Hoge rejoined:

Moderator, I wish I knew everything. I could solve all doubts about the orthodoxy of continental creeds and confessions, if I were minutely acquainted with all the subtle metaphysical distinctions, and with all the theological controversies on abstruse points since the Reformation.

Dr. Adger: If this Assembly sends delegates to the council, what guarantee have we that those churches will not violate their constitutions, and take actions which this church could not endorse? Has not moderatism been the bane of some of those churches, and while holding the same form of government, have they not been sliding into serious error? Can we devolve our responsibility on other bodies, instead of being the guardians of the trust which has been committed to us, and which we are bound sacredly to guard?

Dr. Hoge: Moderator, of course we cannot transfer to anybody the responsibility which belongs to us, but have we not a guarantee in the character of the great churches which are represented in the Alliance that they will not betray the interests which are as dear to them as to our-

selves? Have they nothing at stake? Have not the men who made Christ's crown and covenant their watchword regard for the honor of the Redeemer and the purity of the church? Are they the men to dishonor their own traditions and to violate the constitutions of their own churches? If we cannot trust them, whom can we trust? In the course of this debate we have been told by some that it is their design to make the Alliance a high court, a sort of spiritual star chamber; that they will begin by discussion and end by imposing their decisions upon us; that these churches are full of latitudinarianism, broad-churchism, and rationalism, and that we will be contaminated by association with them. Who are the men who cannot bear the test of the light of our purity? Is there no genuine Presbyterianism but ours? If the only pure Church is the Presbyterian Church of these Southern States; if the problem of the development of Christianity as symbolized in the Presbyterian faith and form of government has been solved only by us; if after all the great sacrifices of confessors and martyrs of past ages, we alone constitute the true Church; if this only is the result of the stupendous sacrifice on Calvary, and the struggles of apostles and missionaries and reformers in all generations; then may God have mercy on the world and on His Church. Moderator, when night casts its mantle over the earth, and one by one the constellations of heaven shine forth until the whole sky is illumined with their glory, how would it look for one star on the southern horizon to say, "I am the heavenly host?" When a fleet is drawn up for a naval engagement, and monitors, and seventy-fours, and iron-clads are ranged for action, how would it look for a single gunboat to proclaim, "I am the fleet?"

Are we willing that some of the sentiments which have been expressed on this subject should go forth to the world as the voice of the General Assembly? In the name of what is due to our own character for justice and charity; for the sake of what is due to that article in the creed, so dear to us all, "I believe in the communion of saints;" by the regard we should cherish for the good name of God's venerable servants in those lands from which we derive our lineage and our religion; I protest against such a misrepresentation of the spirit of this Assembly. Brethren,

> allow us to make the experiment of association with other churches for consultation about the interests of Christ's kingdom, and then throw around us what guards and restrictions you please. Allow our Church to come into line, and take her legitimate place in the great family-gathering of the Presbyterian Churches of the world. We have no wish for organic union with any other Church, but we do wish to be recognized, and to be conscious ourselves, that we belong to the great Presbyterian brotherhood. Permit our Church to take the position to which she has been so cordially invited. Let us see if we cannot coöperate with other branches of the Presbyterian family, and by conference and interchange of views advance the interests of our Redeemer's kingdom. Let us not be suspicious of other Churches of like faith and order with ourselves, but, taking the word and relying on the honor of God's ministers and office-bearers in the eldership, let us see if we cannot help them by our coöperation, and be helped by them, as we plan and labor together in the unity of the Spirit and in the bonds of peace.

After this outburst, lifting the whole question into the high, clear atmosphere of eternal truth, no man durst ask him any more questions. "What did I tell you?" said Dr. Girardeau.

It was generally remarked that Dr. Hoge, who had been hitherto known as a great orator, on this occasion proved himself a great debater; but it was far more than a personal triumph. It brought the Southern Church out of the exclusiveness and isolation toward which it was tending, into living contact with world-wide interests. It has breathed a larger, freer air ever since.

Dr. Hoge's next concern was to see that the Church was properly represented in the council. Of course, he was a delegate, and so was Dr. Robinson, and both would go; but some who had been appointed could not go, and it was necessary to replace them with the best men possible. Then there were others who were willing to go, and who would add much to the weight of the delegation, who could not afford

the whole expense. These matters were the subject of much correspondence between Dr. Hoge and Dr. Robinson; but before they were brought to a conclusion, another matter arose, of which he wrote:

> Knowing that I had to go to Europe in June, I determined to visit every family in my congregation before I sailed, and just as I commenced my systematic rounds, the lamentable defalcation in the Committee of Publication burst upon us like a water-spout in a Halcyon sea, and being chairman of the committee, I set myself at once to repair the disaster. I did not have a day, not an hour, to lose; but it has already cost me an entire month. I went to Atlanta, Macon, and Augusta, to raise money to meet the terrible loss; and my presbytery, in spite of my remonstrances, insisted on my representing it and the Committee of Publication in the General Assembly, which meets on the 17th in New Orleans, and this will cost me two weeks more. I go next Monday, and when I return I will have barely time to pack my trunk and be off for New York, for my passage is engaged on the *Scythia* (of the Cunard Line), which sails on the 13th of June. This is a hard dispensation, for I wished to make some preparation for the Edinburgh Council, as I have to speak on the first day; but now I will have no time for preparation, and will suffer the disadvantage of making an extempore address; but I have had no more control of my movements than if I had been an automaton.

His efforts were successful in preventing any summary action by the Assembly in the affairs of the publishing house, and by patient and indefatigable efforts, running through many years, with the business-like management of the present secretary, this fine property was saved to the church.

From the Assembly he wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf:

> NEW ORLEANS, *May* 24, 1877.
>
> MY DEAR SISTER: I have come to the desk of one of the clerks, while the Assembly is in session, to write you this line, liable to an interruption every moment.
>
> This is the land of summer most of the year, and of

almost perpetual flowers, but the brightest and most fragrant was the one wafted by a northern breeze from New Brunswick.

We are having a pleasant time socially. A few of the old families here still retain their wealth and former homes and style of living. I dined yesterday with one of them. As we went in to dinner, the old lady on my arm, in passing the broad staircase there came floating down two young granddaughters all in white, looking like the angels who came down Jacob's golden ladder, to bless the men who waited for their coming below.

The dinners have many courses here—in proper sequence, with the proper vegetables served with each meat or bird, and a great variety of wines. Well, it is pleasant to sit by a good old lady at such a dinner (provided her tender granddaughter is on the other side) and take course after course, leisurely, with much conversation between, anticipating the crowning cup of *cafe noir* and cigar.

But I like nearly as well to dine with a plain (clean) family, on black-eyed peas and jowl, and ash-cake for the last course; but all this is extra-ecclesiastical, and for that reason to me all the more pleasant, for I am weary of the discussion of our Book of Church Order.

I was very anxious to get off to-morrow morning and be as far on my way toward Richmond as possible before Sunday; but the subject in which I am most interested is not yet out of the hands of the committee, and cannot be acted on to-day.

Several vacancies having occurred in the list of those appointed to the Edinburgh Council, it was necessary to make new nominations. I wanted Drs. Plumer, Irvine of Augusta, Brown and J. L. Wilson elected, and got each of them elected without nominating either of them myself, with the exception of Dr. Irvine.

My life has taken a strange direction of late with so many unexpected duties thrust upon me, but I have tried to do the work of each day as it arose.

Your account of your father's health and activity is most cheering. His presence with you is like a long, mellow radiance, making your own life calmer and fuller of solemn joy.

I am writing you these incoherent lines, listening to the

debate all the while, occasionally answering questions, because I fear I may have no other opportunity as good as this even. The weather is warm here, though not oppressive, but no warmer than the affection of M. D. H.

It was a noble delegation that finally went to represent the little Southern Church. Dr. Hoge was especially glad to have Dr. Brown for his weight in counsel, and Dr. Plumer for the majesty of his presence. These two, with Dr. Robinson and himself, were probably the most notable men in the delegation. There were in all twelve ministers and two ruling elders—one-half the representation to which the church was entitled.

Dr. Robinson had the honor of presiding over the council the morning of the opening day, and Dr. Hoge spoke in the evening, Lord Moncrieff in the chair. The *Daily Review* said:

> Exceptional interest was excited by the appearance of the next speaker, Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va. He stepped upon the platform—a tall, spare, muscular man, of a military type of physique, and features bronzed by the blazing heat of a Southern sun. His manner at starting was almost painfully deliberate, and the cool self-restraint with which he surveyed his audience and measured his ground before he opened his lips deepened the interest which attended the beginning of his speech. Commencing with a graceful compliment to the chairman, admirable in its spirit and perfect in its manner, he dallied for a little with his subject in a lively and almost gay humor, and then, mingling pathos with humor with the happiest ease, he set forth, with dignity and breadth of view not inconsistent with great intensity and emotional excitement, the leading points of his many-sided subject—the simplicity and scriptural character of Presbyterianism, its expansiveness and adaptation, and its friendly aspect to other churches.

Moncure D. Conway, who himself had "made a clean sweep of all orthodoxy," wrote of the council to some of the American papers:

There is one illusion often found in other churches which these three days are enough to dispel. We often hear it said that old-fashioned Calvinism is dying out, and election and reprobation no longer preached; but, on the contrary, nearly every speaker maintained the extremest Calvinism. The most rigid views of Calvin were iterated with intensity; and the more resolute their utterance by any speaker, the more hearty the applause. There, for instance, is Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, whose tall, dignified person, and dark, moody brow, as he entered, made me start as if Mazzini had come to life. The nervous twitching of the face, with the pale cast of thought, and study, too, so full upon it; the flame of the eye ranging from the dove to the eagle, the voice now aeolian, now thunder—why one could as easily mistake the physiognomy of a falcon. I remember once hearing John Daniel, sometime editor of the Richmond *Examiner,* who had made a clean sweep of all orthodoxy, say that somehow he did not like to hear Dr. Hoge, and I do not wonder, since I heard the same man last night, making a clean sweep of all the timidities and time-servings which would cut the roots of his faith and church. The same may be said of Dr. Eels, of California, a man personally of the same make and complexion. Every word he uttered was organic—came out of his bones; and there is no compromise about him. "We will," said Dr. Hoge, "have no broad church in the sense of a Calvinistic creed with an Arminian clergy;" and his old Huguenot blood burned in his cheeks. "Craven temporizers, who dare not preach what is plainly written in God's word." The next moment he told of his old Bible which his forefathers carried to their refuge in Holland—"the family names in it are dim; I hope they are bright in the book of life," and one felt what warmth it was that called up his storm. "Exalt God," cried the Californian; "that is our answer to those who would exalt reason. Exalt law! Grace is not surrender of law. Pardon is not weakness prompted by love, but power, and rebels must first lay down their arms." But he, too, revealed the tender hand beneath the iron gauntlet, as he almost pleaded with the disbeliever for the spent swimmer, who has reached a rock among the waves, not to shove him off, because his rock is not a continent. The disbeliever might ask what of those who find no rock,

for whom it is a question whether they can find any shore; but he must be more a bigot than a skeptic who does not feel the superior grandeur of the exalted law than of the apotheosized sentimentality with which so many have tried to withstand Calvinism.

Dr. Hoge received many social attentions and marks of honor during the council, and, by the appointment of the business committee, moved the Address to the Queen, which was seconded by Dr. Pressensé.

Of his travels that summer he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Marquess:

> Since the adjournment of the council, I have visited Lochs Lomond, Katrine and Long, going by way of the Trossachs; then on to Aberdeen, Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban; thence to Staffa and Iona, and by the Kyles of Bute to Glasgow. On the way I accepted several invitations to visit gentlemen whose acquaintance I made in Edinburgh. Had I accepted all, I would not have got out of Scotland this summer. One of the most delightful of the little voyages I made was to Staffa and Iona from Oban. These islands are only accessible in moderately calm weather, as passengers have to be landed from the steamer in boats. It had been very stormy the day before, so that nothing could land on these surf-beaten shores, but, though there was a dark cloud and a rainbow ("sailors take warning") at seven A. M., when we left Oban, the weather became fine, and I was almost in a rapture as I walked over the island home of the ancient Culdees of Iona, and heard the ocean thunder through the vast portal of Fingal's Cave in Staffa. I have been two days in London, and expect next week to go to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, returning by way of Berlin, Vienna and Paris to London.

In London he had the opportunity of meeting his friend by correspondence, Mr. Beresford-Hope, and of renewing his acquaintance with Lord Shaftesbury, through whose courtesy he had two years before been elected a member of the Victoria Institute.

The following summer he again went abroad—this time with Dr. Hunter McGuire, "who is taking me as his chaplain, or I am taking him as my physician, just as people choose to have it. I hope we may both get good from the company of the other." Dr. Hoge was greatly delighted at the honors shown Dr. McGuire by the medical profession abroad, and Dr. McGuire seems to have been equally interested in the impression made by Dr. Hoge's preaching, as appears from this note from the editor of the *Homiletic Magazine* (London):

> DEAR DR. MCGUIRE: I have to thank you for a very pleasant chat at dinner last evening. I hope some day to meet you again.
>
> You asked me one question to which I gave what might have seemed an off-hand answer. It was about Dr. Hoge's sermon. Let me say in all seriousness that it was a glorious soul-lifting sermon and produced an immense impression. The power, pathos, pleading and spirituality of that address I have never heard surpassed. No notes, too! No memorizing! All free, direct, natural. You have reason to be proud of your preacher. He is our Spurgeon, Parker and Liddon in one.
>
> Pardon my enthusiastic way of writing. Possibly my admiration for the good Doctor's character makes me write in this strain. Bon voyage,
>
> Yours truly, FRFD. HASTINGS.

On his return Dr. Hoge wrote to a friend:

> The old world was not so interesting to me the last time I saw it. I have become somewhat wearied with galleries, museums, and antiquities in architecture, and I find Europeans inferior to our own people in so many respects that I am more than ever contented with my own country.
>
> All we need is the continuance of a free and stable government to make this the happiest country on the globe, and I trust that the kind providence which has preserved our liberties so long and the institutions which have made us prosperous, will still show us his favor. I find, however, that many thoughtful men look forward to a near future of strife and disintegration, which may Heaven avert!

Perhaps when he wrote this letter he had in mind a confidential communication from a United States senator, asking to be put in immediate communication with General Joseph E. Johnston; that the Secretary of War was very anxious over the threatened labor troubles; that should several States make requisitions, the available Federal force was very small, and little confidence was felt in the State militia for such emergencies. The idea was to call out the old Confederates! Happily there was no such need.

In 1879 he was appointed a delegate to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle, but could not go, chiefly because he had in reserve the fulfilling of a long-cherished desire to visit the lands of the East. His friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. William Pemberton, who were already abroad, had urged him to be their guest in travelling with them anywhere he might prefer. Early in 1880 he went, and after a short time in Italy, where he joined his friends, they sailed for Egypt to spend the month of March. April and a part of May were spent in Palestine and Syria, travelling with their own dragoman and camp. On the Phœnician coast Dr. Hoge nearly lost his life. The road led right into the Litany, and as there was no sign to a stranger that the river was higher than normal, he rode boldly in. In a moment his horse was swimming and unable to withstand the current that was sweeping out to the Mediterranean whose broad surface, with ships afloat upon it, was in full view. Dr. Hoge's fine horsemanship and cool head saved him. Not endeavoring to stem the current, he turned his horse's head obliquely towards the bank. He reached it at last, of course below the ford, and as the bank was steep, it was only after several efforts that his horse's hoofs took hold, and man and beast were saved. The joy of his friends, who had stood paralyzed on the shore unable to lend any aid to their beloved friend, can only be imagined.

At the spot near Shechem where Joshua celebrated the dedication of the land in the two great natural amphitheatres

that confront each other on the converging slopes of Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, Dr. Hoge, with the Rev. Harry Jones, rector of St. George's-in-the-East, London, tried an interesting experiment. Mr. Jones ascended Mount Ebal and Dr. Hoge Mount Gerizim, their friends remaining in the valley below; Mr. Jones read a portion from the Prayer-book and Dr. Hoge repeated the twenty-third Psalm. Each heard the other, and the Richmond party in the valley declared they had never heard their pastor more distinctly in his own church: yet the amphitheatres at the back of which the ministers stood are of ample size to have held the whole congregation of Israel.[1]

From Palestine they went to Asia Minor, Constantinople and Greece, reaching London early in June. Physically Dr. Hoge was much exhausted by this trip, and spent the summer quietly resting on the coast of Wales. Intellectually and spiritually it was the most stimulating voyage of his life. He has often said that he had never since preached a sermon without feeling its influence, though he might make no allusion to anything he had seen. And not only did he get good, but do good. He and his friends are held in cordial remembrance by the missionaries along their route, and his addresses to the students of the American College at Beirut and Robert College, Constantinople, are remembered to this day.

Of course, Dr. Hoge was in much demand for college addresses in his own country, and, whenever he could command the time, he was glad to seize these opportunities of impressing the choice young men of the land—the men who held the key to the future. The most important occasion of this kind during this decade was his centennial oration on the completion of the hundredth year of his own college (1876); but he greatly enjoyed a visit to the University of

[1] In 1898 I completed the experiment, with Dr. John L. Campbell, of New York, and the Rev. R. E. Caldwell, of Winston, N. C., demonstrating that one speaking from the centre of the valley could be heard at the utmost verge of the amphitheatre.

North Carolina, where he not only preached the baccalaureate sermon, but at the last moment took the place of Mr. Thurman for the annual address; and he relished with boyish pleasure his reception at Due West, S. C., the seat of the Synodical Colleges of the Associate Reformed Church. When he stepped from the train he saw a disappointed committee of students turn to each other and say, "He didn't come." "Perhaps I am the person you are looking for; I am Dr. Hoge." "You Dr. Hoge? Why, *we were expecting an old man!*"

During this time, and for a decade longer, he was also much sought after as a platform lecturer. He never accepted remuneration, and lectured only for benevolent and philanthropic objects. He declined all but the most pressing calls, and finally had to stop altogether. As the line had to be drawn somewhere, he preferred to devote what time he had for extra service to the preaching of the gospel. His most noted lectures were "An Arabian Night's Parable," "Ich Dien," "Modern Chivalry," "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and "Tent Life in the East."

The fertility of his fancy, the gaiety of his wit, his delight in roving through the fields of literature and personal reminiscence, all came into play upon the platform, but in the pulpit he stood as an ambassador for Christ; and while his preaching made a profound impression wherever he went, his best efforts were in his own pulpit, where the thought came hot from his heart; and its richness could only be appreciated by hearing him Sunday after Sunday.

Probably his preaching never attained a higher plane than in the last three years of this decade, when the writer had this privilege. Certainly there was no ebbing of the tide for many years yet; but it is doubtful if the preaching of this time was ever surpassed. There are texts that can never be read to this day without ringing with the cadence of his voice, and there are thoughts that rise in the mind as from living fountains, with all the freshness of those happy days.

While the standard of preaching was uniformly high, and the congregation uniformly full, there are some outstanding occasions when the preacher surpassed himself, and the congregations overflowed.

Once the students of Richmond College asked him to preach from the text, "And there shall be no night there." They themselves made the brief announcement in the papers, and nothing more was said; but long before the hour of service the people began pouring in; pews and galleries were packed; seats were placed in the aisles and every available inch of floor was covered, and every possible seat was filled. As Dr. Hoge entered, he took in with one quick glance the audience, and one could see him rein himself back, as it were, like a blooded horse, and knew that he would equal the occasion.

And that sermon who that heard it can forget? How he brought out the charms of the night—the intercourse with friends; the communion with the great minds of the past; the quiet for reflection and introspection; the sweetness of rest; the refreshingness of change. Then the beauties of the night! Now one heart in the congregation began to beat faster. The night before, at the supreme moment of an occultation of Venus, he had ventured to interrupt him at his study. He had given one quick glance, one expression of admiration, and returned to his work; but here it comes! "Who that looked forth last night, and saw the crescent moon, with the evening star just trembling on its silver horn, could wish to lose these ever-changing beauties in the panorama of the heavens?" Why then should there be no night in heaven? How could heaven be complete, and lack those elements of joy and beauty that night contributes to our happiness here?

Then followed such an exposition of the glory of Christ, its sufficiency to satisfy every aspiration of the soul, and the tireless capacity of the soul to receive and enjoy, when freed from the limitations that make rest necessary to us here, as

one does not often hear in a lifetime; and the impression of which a lifetime is not sufficient to destroy.

That afternoon he announced that the next Sunday afternoon he would preach—in response to repeated requests—on "The Moment after Death." The congregation was larger, if possible, than the previous evening. Charles Ghiselin was with us that day—now Dr. Ghiselin, but then a theological student—and thus recalls the impression of the time:

> The text was not taken from the Bible, but was found in the hymn that we sang before the sermon—
>
> "In vain the fancy strives to paint
> The moment after death."
>
> "The moment after death"—that was the theme, and he began by saying he would tell what he had not intended to reveal, how on the night before, at the dead hour of midnight, he had come into the church and walked up and down before the pulpit, and thought of the many he had known and loved whose coffins had stood there, and as he thought of them, he prayed so earnestly that one of them might be permitted to come back—he knew not whether it was right, but if it was right—that the veil might be lifted for a moment, a hand might be stretched forth from the darkness, a voice might speak to him to tell him of what was after death.
>
> "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."
>
> And he went on in matchless eloquence, picturing to us the scenes that burst upon the spirit of the Christian after death. It was all imagination; but what does that matter? Are not the gorgeous pictures of heaven, that the Bible gives, woven of the threads of truth and love by the chastened imagination of "the Holy Theologian?" and who shall say that the sanctified imaginations of God's ministers, under the special illumination of the Spirit, does not give us true pictures of heaven to-day?

We cannot better close this chapter—a chapter illustrating the strength that comes after suffering—than by the account written by Dr. G. Watson James of a sermon of Dr. Hoge's

in September, 1880, just after his return from the East; an account which Dr. Graham pronounced "a gem of pictorial description."

> Sunday evening, Mrs. Rennie's farm-house, on the Brook Turnpike, was the scene of a gathering for public worship long to be remembered. The services were conducted by Dr. Hoge, assisted by Rev. Dr. Graham, of London. The congregation was composed of a large gathering from the neighboring countryside and a number of Dr. Hoge's congregation. The front porch of the farm-house, vine-embowered and shaded by two majestic trees, served as a pulpit, and was occupied by Dr. Hoge, Dr. Graham, and several of the older members of the congregation, while the main portion of the assembly were seated on chairs and rustic benches placed with picturesque irregularity among the rose bushes and shrubbery of the lawn. The services commenced a little after five o'clock with prayer and the singing of several familiar hymns; and just as the shadows were lengthening and a dreamy gold-lit haze began to pervade the atmosphere, Dr. Hoge commenced his sermon, taking his text from First Peter v. 10, "But the God of all grace who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."
>
> If Dr. Hoge rose with a prearranged discourse and detailed line of thought, he soon, it was easy to see, lost it in the suggestions of the surroundings. No man could preach such a sermon, except under the inspiration of the moment. It was a poem of consolation, its figures, its illustrations drawn from nature's ever-shifting panorama, the stanzas interlaced with a golden filament of gospel truths and the refrain of each, "after that ye have suffered a while," rising and falling like the sweet, sad cadence of an angel song. As the speaker painted picture after picture, carrying his hearers through the darkness to light, all nature seemed to break in echo—
>
> **"Via crucis, via lucis,**
> **For the righteous light is sown:**
> **E'en from suffering God educes**
> **Fruit by suffering cheaply won."**

In this picture the birds on the trees, here the flowers of the field, there the swaying boughs and sighing breeze, were made to interpret his meaning and enforce the consoling thoughts of his discourse. A central idea—the thematic chord that vibrated in every lesson—was that God needed martyrs as well as missionaries, the patient sufferer as well as the active worker. It was asked what a man could do stricken down on a bed of sickness. It had been his good fortune to hear some of the ablest divines in the great religious centres of the world; but the most effective sermons he had ever heard were from the bed of sickness, from the death-bed.

Once during the war, when there were eleven thousand wounded men in the city, he went through Seabrook's Hospital. A young soldier lay unconscious and dying. On one side of the cot knelt the mother, on the other the aged father. The mother was praying her boy to speak to her; but he died without a sign of recognition. The old man rose, and standing there, the central figure of that scene of suffering, clasped his hand and preached this sermon, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." Here he paused and his aged form shook. Could he finish it? Yes. After a moment, with a louder and a firmer voice, he cried, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and every soldier about there wept like a girl. Some one says to you that an acquaintance has lost a child. Well, it is only a little child—a little grave; but a child's grave is large enough to cast a shadow across the world, at least in the eyes of the bereaved mother. The mother's heart never emerges from these shadows. Here again he illustrated by implication the truth of that "after ye have suffered a while." There were doubtless, he said, mothers in the congregation who could look up to the blue vault above and see little hands beckoning them to come. When he (Dr. Hoge) was a young man and first read Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," he was charmed with it until he came to the last line, "Learn to labor and to wait." He said to himself, Did ever a man bring a poem to such a lame and impotent conclusion? Learn to wait? Who could not wait? He had since learned that the hardest thing in life to do was to wait.

Dr. Hoge finished his discourse as the last rays of the

setting sun were bathing the scene in a peaceful, mellow radiance; and as the gloaming was merging into darkness, Dr. Graham brought the evening services to a close with a fervent, touching prayer. As we have said before, the scene was one that must long be remembered—must linger in the memory of every one present as a picture perhaps never to be witnessed again. Dr. Hoge's illustrations could not be reported. There was nothing that could afford him inspiration that was not seized upon, and when he closed, there was hardly a dry eye in the congregation.

CHAPTER XII.

In Labors More Abundant.

1881 — 1890.

"Resolved, to live with all my might while I do live."—JONATHAN EDWARDS.

UPON the death of Mrs. Hoge—or rather, upon the failure of her health—Mrs. Brown had taken the keys of the house, a charge which she administered with her accustomed thoroughness for a number of years, when she resigned it to the faithful Scotch housekeeper,[1] who continued with the family as long as Dr. Hoge lived. Under her excellent management Dr. Hoge, like Joseph's master,

[1] The writer must be pardoned for a brief tribute to this good woman, whose arms were the first that held him in this world, and who saved his life in infancy at the peril of her own. Miss Lizzie Lindsay, afterwards Mrs. Drever, was one of the best of that class of Scotch domestics whose duty to their employers is regulated by conscience; whose principles are based upon the Shorter Catechism and the Bible, and whose hours of recreation are occupied with such light literature as *Horne's Introduction* or *Chalmers' Sermons*. In her daily life she showed a constant fidelity; in great emergencies, the highest heroism and self-sacrifice. She was tossed by a cow, but saved the infant in her arms. She was wrecked at sea, losing all she had that she might save two children. My father used to say that she had experienced everything except to be struck by lightning. Afterwards she experienced that. In her childhood and youth, after the morning "porridge" on Sunday, the family walked seven miles to church, often over the snow, took a cold lunch on the grounds between services, and walked home about dark to partake of tea and bread and butter, and spend the evening reciting the Catechism and reading divinity. In such a discipline was this stout fibre grown.

"Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health and peace and sweet content;
And oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile."

Both in Dr. Hoge's family and in that of his brother, whom she had earlier served, she was regarded more as a friend than a servant.

"knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat."

To his second daughter, Mary, fell the care of Hampden, his youngest child. This care she continued after her marriage (December 7, 1870) to Mr. Marshall M. Gilliam, and when she had children of her own, he seemed but as her oldest child. She continued to reside with her father—at first for the sake of the child, afterwards for her father's sake, and her children added to the brightness of the family circle. Mr. Gilliam became an elder in Dr. Hoge's church, and by his personal devotion to him, the freedom of their intercourse in the same house, and the conscientious thoroughness with which he discharged all duties, was an invaluable associate in his work.

Dr. Hoge's anxiety about the health of his oldest daughter has appeared more than once. In spite of great suffering, she kept up until after her mother's death, when she became a confirmed invalid—for many years entirely confined to her bed. It was the joy of the whole household and of many friends to make her room the most attractive spot in the house; and her own cheerfulness of spirit, her strength of will, repressing all signs of pain, and the charm of her conversation made it the brightest spot.

Here Dr. Hoge came at the close of his long day's work for rest and cheer. With her he talked over work done and plans for work to come. Her varied reading and her discriminating taste kept him abreast of the best literature; and in the despairs that seized him when he was under pressure and could not find what he wanted, it was generally to her that he came for help in his extremity.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown continued to live in Dr. Hoge's family until the sale of the *Central Presbyterian* in 1879, and their removal to Fredericksburg, where, before long, Mrs. Brown entered into rest.[1] Not long after they left, Dr.

[1] For a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Brown, see Dr. Hoge's address on his fiftieth anniversary, Appendix, page 476.

George Harris—Uncle George, as the children called him—a dear friend and faithful elder, took his place at the table, which he kept until infirmity confined him to his room. It is not every minister that has a quorum of session at every meal. His son Moses was away much of the time, at college and professional schools in the later seventies and earlier eighties, but his nephew, Ernest Marquess, was a constant member of the family. His brother's children, who had lived with him for some years, had long been gone; Addison having become professor of Greek at Hampden-Sidney College in 1872, and Elizabeth Lacy having been married to the Rev. William Irvine, of Kentucky, in 1873. Such was the patriarchal household through these years of intensest labor.

Dr. Hoge returned from the East just in time to see once more the honored friend of his youth, Dr. Plumer. Troubles had gathered about that hoary head, and to Dr. Hoge he poured forth his heart as to none other. He had signed his name to what proved to be the last letter he ever wrote him, when—feeling that the tone of the letter was too sad for a trusting child of God—he added the postscript, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." His death severed for Dr. Hoge one of the strongest links that bound him to the past.

And other links were to be severed soon. In December, 1882, Judge Ould was taken. In his noble funeral discourse, Dr. Hoge said:

> I have known him as a student of theology, taking it up after his conversion as he would a new treatise on science or international law, and mastering it as few divines in the pulpit have done; known him as a student of polemics and Church government, coming to an unalterable conclusion as to the scriptural origin of the Creeds and Confessions of the Church of his choice; known him in the humble, but, in his own esteem, the honored office of superintendent of a mission Sunday-school in the suburbs of the city; known him as the teacher of a Bible-class, for which he began to prepare his lectures on Monday morning lest the pressure

of professional duties should hinder him at the close of the week; known him as an officer-bearer in the church, giving his pastor all the hearty coöperation, encouragement and support which a man of his clear judgment and generous nature was so capable of rendering; known him as a devout and regular attendant on all the services of the church on the Sabbath and during the week, in heat and cold, in sunshine and storm, even when failing health rendered such regular attendance difficult and hazardous; known him as the friend of the poor and the generous contributor to all the enterprises of Christian benevolence; known him as a member of ecclesiastical courts, always heard with deference when he spoke because of his familiarity with ecclesiastical law, and his fair, lucid and conciliating style of discussion; known him as a friend congenial to my intellect and heart, loyal, true and loving; known him as an appreciative hearer, never listening critically, captiously or distrustfully, but giving me his fullest sympathy and confidence, so that he was to me (none of you will misunderstand what I mean), as it were, an audience in himself; and now that I shall no more see him coming with slow and measured step along that aisle, no more look upon his calm and placid face, full of light and loving-kindness, I feel that this church hereafter cannot be to me all that it has been since 1870.

I hasten to the close. I was absent from the city when the mortal chill seized him. When I entered his chamber on my return and expressed my concern at finding him so ill, he smiled and quietly said, "You came near losing one of your elders last night." Little did I think, when I kneeled and commended him to God, that this was my last interview. The next morning I lost him—oh! no, not that, if heaven found him, and if while walking with God, he was not, because God took him.

A week or two afterwards Governor Randolph wrote Dr. Hoge for a copy of this discourse, and closed his letter:

I am very busy just now, but not too much so to have you and yours in my most affectionate remembrance, and to hope to be able, these many and many times to come, to [illegible] to you and, as now, be of honest heart in saying I am

grateful to God for home and wife, and children and *grandchild,* and dear friends, and for faith and hope—"and yet more." Affectionately yours,

THEO. F. RANDOLPH.

It was his last letter to his friend. Shortly afterwards he was taken—"in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye"—to know more fully the meaning of those last words, "And yet more."

Of this sorrow Dr. Hoge wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf:

> You can well appreciate the great privation Bessie has suffered. During the last twelve years Governor Randolph paid us more than fifty visits, and not a fortnight ever passed without his sending her letters, magazines, flowers, or some reminder of his thoughtful and loving regard for her. Compelled as she is, by separation from all outward activities and enjoyments, to lead an interior life, the world of the affections is almost her only world, and whatever made that world richer to her was the most prized, and all that makes it poorer is most deplored. At first, she seemed to be overwhelmed by her sorrow, but submissive, trustful and brave as she is, she soon regained her self-control, and now suffers "and makes no sign."

Near the same time he wrote to Mrs. Greenleaf, when *she* had a threat of breaking down:

> I have already outlived so many of my early and dear friends that I am becoming more impressed with the *pilgrimage* aspect of life, though I cannot call myself a *stranger,* in the midst of the crowds who know me; but much of the brightness and sweetness of life has been carried away with those who have gone from me. I cling to those who remain, and would not willingly surrender them to anything but heaven.
>
> But eternity is so long that it can afford to spare for a great while those who are useful and needed here, and I hope I may count on the genial warmth of spring and the reviving glow of summer to reanimate and invigorate you, and restore you at least to the health of twenty years ago. I wish this for my sake, for your father's sake, for the sake of all who love you.

At the very beginning of this decade he had written her:

RICHMOND, *January* 1, 1881.

MY DEAR SISTER: This is the first time I have written 1881.

I told Bessie last night that I meant to dedicate the day and year to you in that manner; and I expect to associate you with all its coming history. There are a few persons with whom I am always doing this.

I keep myself surrounded with an invisible, imaginary circle, with whom I keep up a mental communion.

During my Eastern travel, especially while riding alone through Palestine and along the silent Phœnician shore (which Gibbon says once resounded with "the world's debate"), I often entertained myself with colloquies of that character. No matter what I hear or enjoy, I have fallen into the habit of saying to myself, how would this influence or that affect this and that friend, so that while I am in one sense always in the crowd, I am really living for (and with) a few persons, one of them being yourself.

Before that decade was over, first her venerable father, and, a little after, she herself, had joined—

"the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Of this constantly growing multitude he wrote to his friend, Mr. Osborne:

MY DEAR MR. OSBORNE: I could not read your letter of March 16th or that which followed it without being deeply moved and gratified by every expression of your regard for me.

Your last letter, especially, is so full of kind and generous appreciation that I must preserve it among the treasures which are not to be misplaced or destroyed during my life-time.

I was particularly impressed by your minute and interesting reminiscences of Dr. Plumer, going back to your childhood, and imprinted on your memory, as in a photograph a noble oak is sometimes pictured so as to present not only

the massive trunk and spreading branches, but the smallest twigs and leaves.

Ah, the changes since you saw me with my young wife at Boyden's Hotel, and since Alexander Martin stood before me with Miss Macon at his side! Changes in the domestic, social, political, and even religious, world, so great, so unlooked-for that I often feel as if I were living on another planet. My church is still crowded with hearers twice every Sunday, but I have two churches now, one on earth and one in heaven, and the members of the latter are now by far the most numerous. Could they be summoned back to earth, no building in the city would contain them.

This Mr. Osborne was a remarkable instance of the singular attachment of his friends. A voluntary exile from his own land and people, for years he kept even his European address a secret from all but Dr. Hoge. To him he confided all, and for him, when abroad, he would make any sacrifice to add to his pleasure or to the attainment of his objects.

But this was to be a chapter of work, and while—

"Friend after friend departs,"

his mission was to—

"Act, act in the living present."

To attempt even to summarize the labors of this time would be to turn these pages into a mere catalogue, which, at best, would be incomplete. The period is characterized by the deepening and broadening of his work at home, and by the increased and multifarious demands for service abroad.

The work of his own church went on like a steady stream, full and strong. It must not be supposed that its work was maintained merely by the power of his preaching. He neglected no proper means for strengthening his hold upon those whom his preaching attracted. Dr. F. C. Walker, U. S. A., writes of the remarkable hold he gained upon the medical students. He had attended his church but a few times, when, returning to his room from his classes, he found a deacon of Dr. Hoge's church awaiting

him with a message of welcome from the pastor and a promise that he himself would call at the earliest opportunity. He said the effect on him was overwhelming: "The idea that Dr. Hoge, whose name was a synonym for greatness, should come to see *me* seemed well-nigh incredible." Speaking of it to his fellow-students, he found that "every one who had attended the church had been waited on in like manner."

Dr. Hoge was not a systematic pastor; he was not systematic in anything; but he more than made up for the lack of system by certain other qualities. First, he saw everything. A face did not appear in his congregation more than once or twice before he singled it out. Second, his visits to an individual, while necessarily infrequent, were effective. When he showed a courtesy, he did it in a way that made an impression. One might have been suffering from a feeling of neglect, when unexpectedly he paid some attention of so marked a character that one was almost dazzled by it; and never forgot it. He had a wonderful way of thinking of happy things to do that would require little extra time; as, when he had a distant visit to pay, he would drive by and pick up some overworked woman or anæmic girl, and give her a breath of fresh air while he discharged the other duty; but the most important faculty of all was his ability to set others to work. He asked service of others in a way that made them feel it was a favor conferred. There were many who would be happier all the week if he asked them to do some errand—in itself, perhaps, disagreeable. There was no toil that some of his godly women shrank from if it would help on his work and win his approval. The members of the official boards of the church were punctilious in their fidelity to all that was expected of them. The Ladies' Benevolent Society was one of the most efficient and successful organizations in any church, shouldering colossal undertakings and carrying them through with unwavering patience; and in all the departments of the church, Sunday-school, children's

societies and other agencies, the work was so organized that he had no responsibility for it, yet he was felt to be the inspiration of the whole.

But work that others could not do, he did with his whole heart. In affliction, and trouble of all kinds, he left nothing undone that could soothe, or help, or sustain; and, doubtless, much of the tenderness of his preaching was gained in that sympathetic personal contact with souls in trouble. In nothing was his ministry more blessed than as a ministry of comfort.

Yet he did not hesitate to perform those unpleasant duties that fall to a minister's lot—of which the following letter is an illustration:

> MY DEAR SIR: I think I ought to know, from yourself, whether you have any definite plan or purpose with regard to your connection with our church.
>
> The matter has now drifted along several years without seeming to come to any definite conclusion, and you are aware that there is a solemn obligation resting on every member to attend the meetings and sacraments of the church to which he belongs, and that the neglect to do so cannot be perpetually overlooked.
>
> I am not aware that I have failed to discharge the duties I owe to you and to your household, but I would be an unfaithful pastor if I did not call your attention to the possible injury you are doing to yourself and to your family by your neglect of church ordinances.
>
> I have the very highest appreciation of Mrs. ——, and feel a deep interest in the future of your children.
>
> I cannot but think that you would add to her happiness were you to come with her to the house of God, which she loves so much.
>
> Life is short and uncertain, and were you to survive her, I am sure you would be filled with bitter regrets at having withheld from her one of the comforts which I think she would dearly prize—that of your presence and union with her in the worship of God.
>
> I know, too, that your course will be injurious to the spiritual interests of your children. You cannot expect

them to be regular, or to form a deep attachment to the church of which you are a member, but which you do not attend.

It is my duty to ask you to give this subject a new and prayerful consideration, as in the sight of God and with reference to the account you are finally to render to him.

I do not write this letter in a spirit of unkindness or rebuke, but with a sincere regard for your happiness and usefulness. Yours faithfully,

MOSES D. HOGE.

Sometimes he wrote a pastoral letter to the whole congregation to awaken them to a sense of individual responsibility, and to keep them informed as to the welfare and work of the church.

Another beautiful custom, for the deepening of this sense of responsibility, was the selection of a motto text for each year, which would be the subject of his New Year's sermon. He speaks of this in one of his letters:

I wish you could have been with us yesterday. On the first Sunday of each year I take a text which I propose as a motto for the people that year. Last year it was, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Yesterday it was Joshua's resolution, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," giving me an opportunity of delivering a discourse on family religion. I was glad to have a day so bright and balmy, and to have two grand congregations to begin the year with.

There was scarcely a communion season in which there were not some to come forward and confess Christ under his preaching; but there were times when the solemn hush or the audible weeping would show that eternal things were taking a deeper hold than usual upon the heart. At such times he would direct his appeal more searchingly to the impenitent, the doubting, and the fearful; he would name times for personal conversation with himself; he would put parents and friends and Sabbath-school teachers on the

watch for evidences of tenderness on spiritual subjects; he would seek out those that were touched—

"With some clear, winning word of love;"

or, if he thought best, would hold some special services for prayer, awakening, or instruction. At such seasons often the whole of the ample space before the pulpit would be filled with those standing up to take the vows of God upon them.

In this work he rarely sought help. When he did, it was from some trusted personal friend to preach a special sermon. In answer to an offer of professional assistance, he wrote:

> REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I have received your fraternal letter of the 2d instant, and would say in reply that I do not think the way will be open for such meetings as you propose to hold in Richmond.
>
> The city is well supplied with pastors and efficient laymen, well acquainted with the field, and ready for any active service.
>
> There are many regions in the South, as well as in every part of the country, where the labors of self-denying evangelists might well be bestowed.
>
> I have been the pastor of the church to which I minister ever since its organization, and I have never deemed it expedient to resort to extraneous aid, but have preferred to rely on the regular services of the Sabbath, with such meetings during the week as seemed at the time to be desirable. These meetings I have usually conducted myself.
>
> Very truly yours, MOSES D. HOGE.

But while this strong work was sustained at the centre, his church was throwing out branches to the right hand and the left.

For many years the church had sustained a mission in the western end of the city. Dr. Hoge thus described its origin:

> The most difficult labor of my life was in the first movement for sending out a colony in the west end of the city.

> It began with the gathering of a Sunday-school, of which the late Judge Ould was superintendent, and in holding a night service in a gloomy building called Elba, which stood in an old field, and which was difficult of approach. A good name for it would have been Bleak House. During the winter we labored there, the weather was fearful. I frequently said to my family on returning from the mission that there was consolation in the knowledge that the next time I had to visit the place there could not be as bad a storm; but when the next night came the weather would be worse than ever. One night, as I was driving through the storm, I was caught in a deep snow-drift, and had to be extricated by the help of a passing colored man.
>
> There was a class in the Sunday-school composed of the worst boys I ever saw. Paul says he fought with beasts at Ephesus. I think I would rather have met the enemies Paul encountered than these boys. Yet, by infinite patience, we conquered, and the class, instead of consuming the time in yelling at one another, fighting among themselves, and running in and out, became quiet, orderly and attentive.

In due time the mission was housed in a neat brick chapel, costing about five thousand dollars, half of which was the gift of Mr. James McDowell. There the Sunday-school flourished for a number of years under the active leadership of the young people of Dr. Hoge's church.

In the spring of 1882 the session invited Dr. Hoge's nephew, Peyton H. Hoge, who had just graduated from Union Seminary, to take charge of the work. In June a church was organized, which called Mr. Hoge to be its pastor. In October he was ordained, Dr. Hoge both preaching the ordination sermon and delivering the charge to the pastor. In every way the occasion moved Dr. Hoge's deepest emotions. It recalled his own ordination as the pastor of a new church in the same city; it fulfilled his long-cherished desire to be the founder of two churches in Richmond: "With my staff I crossed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands!" More than all, the memory of his

brother filled his heart. Perhaps not more than all: perhaps the vision of his own earnest-faced boy came before him, of whom he had written his brother, "May we not one day see your Peyton and my Lacy sit in the pulpit together, as you and I have done?" Under the influence of all these memories and aspirations—fulfilled and unfulfilled—he rose to his greatest power, preaching one of the noblest sermons of his life on the work of the gospel preacher, and delivering one of the most solemn and tender charges a young minister ever received.

The church grew, but not according to expectations. The removal of the First Church to its vicinity retarded its growth, and in course of time, under the ministry of Rev. J. C. Stewart, it was found necessary to remove it from Grace street to Park avenue. The congregation is still not large, but it is one of the best organized and most active churches in the city. It was at first called the Fourth Presbyterian Church, but after its removal, the Church of the Covenant.

His next effort in church extension met with more immediate success. In January, 1885, Mr. D. L. Moody held a ten-days' meeting in the Armory Hall. Dr. Hoge gave his hearty coöperation, making a broad distinction between a man evidently marked of God to do a special work like this, and the multitudes of imitators who, without special qualification, thrust themselves in to build on other men's foundations and to reap where others had sown. God's power and presence were shown mightily, and great throngs attended—many from the classes that never entered a church. The last night was a meeting for men only—women being excluded only that the men, who could not come in the day, might have a chance. The hall was packed. Dr. Hoge was not present; it was the night of his prayer-meeting; but he sent a notice that on the following Sunday he would preach at night in the Old Market Hall. Mr. Moody read the notice, with a word or two of thankfulness that such a

work was to be undertaken, and of prayer for God's blessing upon it.

Dr. Hoge had long contemplated such a step, but he saw that this was the time to strike. He wrote a note to the Mayor, asking the use of the hall, and on securing it sent the notice. Between Wednesday and Sunday an army of scrubbers and carpenters had to get the hall into condition, for it had long been unused; a choir had to be organized and various assistants gotten together. Sunday night came and the hall was filled; it held over a thousand. In a Sunday or two more a Sunday-school was organized and faithful fellow-workers, from his own and other churches, labored with him through summer's heat and winter's cold. Before the first spring was over the Chief of Police and the neighboring police justices pronounced this mission of more value for keeping order in that part of the city than all the police force. Year after year he kept up this work, preaching in his church morning and afternoon, and at the Old Market at night. His sermons there were wholly different from those preached in his church, and as carefully prepared. They were taken down and published each week in the city papers. He was urged to publish them in a volume, but he never found the time to give them the necessary revision. Even yet the "Old Market Pulpit" would make a most valuable volume of practical sermons.

In time a pastor was needed for the congregation that was gathered. The Rev. L. B. Turnbull, now of Durham, N. C., was for a number of years their indefatigable and successful minister, and has been succeeded by their present devoted pastor, the Rev. James E. Cook, who grew up in Dr. Hoge's church.

The Old Market Hall is still used on Sunday evenings for preaching to "them that are without," but the congregation has a very attractive and suitable house of worship, that was dedicated by Dr. Hoge twelve years after he began the work. In his dedication sermon he said, "The humblest spire that

points to heaven suggests more than all the monuments reared to earthly fame and glory." Next to his own church, it is his best monument. It was named even in his life-time the Hoge Memorial.

The fame of this work went far, for it was a unique experiment in the problem of city evangelization. It was doubtless on this account that the subject of city evangelization was assigned him at the Presbyterian centennial; and in that great throng from all parts of the country, the moment he had begun the sentence, "The best plan that I know is for some city pastor—" the applause from all parts of the house drowned the rest.

While engrossed in these arduous labors at home, Dr. Hoge's voice and pen were busied in various labors elsewhere. The congregation could afford to be generous in giving him up for service abroad since they were now satisfied that he would remain with them for life. Their last agony of suspense had been toward the close of the last decade, when he had received an urgent and persistent call from the Second Church, Philadelphia.[1]

On July 2, 1881, the assassination of President Garfield sent a thrill of horror through the country. At a popular meeting held in Richmond, Dr. Hoge made the remarkable address that is printed in the Appendix. It was probably some knowledge of this address that led the Fifth Avenue Church in New York to seek his services, in the absence of Dr. Hall, on the Day of Humiliation and Prayer appointed by President Arthur. His sermon is thus described in one of the city papers:

> It was no doubt owing to the little notoriety given to the fact that the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., was to officiate in the memorial services last Monday that no report of his remarkable discourse was given in the morn-

[1] The correspondence was conducted by Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, his beloved and devoted friend, to whose skilful surgery he was afterwards indebted for the partial restoration of his daughter's health.

ing papers. As is well known, Dr. Hoge is the leading clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, South. His fervid eloquence and powerful influence stood the defunct Confederacy in good stead in many a dark day of its troubled history. It was a bold move, therefore, for the great, wealthy and conservative congregation presided over by Dr. John Hall to invite him to lead them in their memorial services for the dead President. An immense congregation was gathered, the beautiful church was heavily draped, and after a solemn voluntary on the noble organ, Dr. Hoge came forward to the front of the platform. His very mien attracts attention anywhere. Standing for a moment silent, he began his remarkable discourse with the following words: "I suppose there is not a single person in this great assembly who has not been called to watch at the bedside of one very ill and very dear to the watcher. I will not attempt to describe what the feelings are on such an occasion; but here we have the whole country, from New York to San Francisco, and from the Gulf to Canada, watching at the bedside of a single individual with feelings of grief too deep for utterance." And from this the speaker entered upon an oration, which, for ability, eloquence and pathos, has seldom been equalled in this city. It was *our* President, *our* friend; and when he spoke of the grief of the "solid South," "not the solid South of the politicians," but the deep grief of the whole people of that section, the effect was marvellous. It is to be hoped this grand discourse will be published by the church in which it was spoken.

It was never published as a whole, but the concluding paragraphs were written out for one of the religious papers:

Our present sorrow shows how God, in his providence, can arrest the attention of the world, and make the heart of humanity tender, and so cause all to feel the dependence of man upon man, of State upon State, and nation upon nation. The news of the attempt of the assassin was flashed over the world; and then across all continents, and under all seas came electric messages of sympathy and condolence—China and Japan uniting with the states of Europe; paganism and Mohammedanism joining with all Christendom in the expression of a common sorrow. Thus

God makes the very wounds of humanity the fountains from which issue the tenderest sympathies and the sweetest charities which bring comfort to the suffering, and which, at the same time, make the whole world akin in the consciousness of common interests and interdependence.

More practically important to us is the fact that the great bereavement we commemorate to-day has hushed the voice of party clamor, and at once rebuked and silenced the discord of sectional animosity.

Death is the great reconciler. A Federal officer was mortally wounded on one of the battle-fields of Virginia. As he lay upon the ground, far from his comrades, conscious that his end was near, while scattered soldiers of the Confederate army went swiftly by, he called to an infantryman who was passing the spot, and asked him if he would offer a prayer for him. The man replied, "My friend, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request. I have never learned to pray for myself;" but he did what he could; he moved the officer into the shade, put something under his head, gave him some water out of his canteen, and then hurried on. Presently a dismounted cavalryman, who had lost his horse, came by. The officer called to him and made the same request, "Won't you stop and say a prayer for me?" The trooper kneeled down at the side of the dying man and commenced a prayer, but as he uttered one tender petition after another, the officer used the little strength that remained to him in creeping closer and closer, until he placed both arms around the neck of the petitioner, and when the last words of the prayer were uttered, he was lying dead on the bosom of his late antagonist in battle, but in the parting hour one with him in the bonds of the gospel, a brother in Christ Jesus—united in love forever.

Yes, death is the great reconciler.

I am here to-day, because, while making a brief visit to a friend in an adjoining State, taking the only rest I have had for a year, an invitation came from the officers of this church urging me to perform this sad office in the absence of its honored pastor; and I stand here to represent the feelings of the Southern people, whose interests and whose sentiments are mine, and to say that to-day your sorrow is their sorrow, and your bereavement theirs. To-day Richmond and Augusta, and Charleston and Savannah, and

> Mobile and New Orleans, unite with Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago, in laying their immortelles on the tomb of the dead President. To-day there is a "solid South," not in the low and unfriendly sense in which demagogues use the phrase, but in the nobler sense of a South consolidated by a common sorrow; and one with you in the determination to advance the prosperity, the happiness and the glory of the Union, and that, too, without the surrender of one just political principle honestly held by them. This is the day for the inauguration of a new era of harmony and true unity. The great calamity will thus be overruled to the good of the whole land.
>
> The providences of God sometimes wear a frowning aspect as they approach, and men's hearts grow faint with foreboding; but as the providence, which looked like a demon of darkness as it drew near, is passing away, it turns and looks back upon us with a face sweet and bright as the face of an angel of God. So now the angel of death seems to menace the land over which he is casting his dark shadow, but lo! as we look, we see him transfigured. It is an angel of love, dropping peace and good-will upon the world.

No matter what the occasion or the audience, Dr. Hoge never omitted an opportunity of putting in a word for his beloved South. How deftly it is done here—the audience receiving on the current of another thought, sympathetically, and almost unconsciously, the idea of the Southern soldier as kind, humane, Christian. Yet the sentiments of unity were just as real; he sounded the same note in Richmond as in New York.

In 1884 Dr. Hoge went abroad to travel with his oldest son, who had been pursuing his professional studies for two years in Berlin. He also paid a number of delightful visits to country places in England, visiting relatives of friends and members of his church. While travelling on the Continent, he looked in on the Evangelical Alliance, then holding its sessions in Copenhagen. He was not a delegate, but had attended several times, when one night, missing his way, he

entered by a door that opened directly upon the platform. He was at once accosted by Dr. Schaff, who told him that he had been looking for him anxiously, as he had put him on the programme for the evening to fill a vacancy, and that he would come on in fifteen minutes. He replied that it was preposterous to ask a man to address such an audience without preparation, but Dr. Schaff would take no denial. The subject was Family Religion, and the address (which is given in the Appendix) was not only a gem of graceful speech, but, what is of far more importance, it reached the heart. The Crown Princess, who was present, was deeply affected by his remark, "If there is but one pious person in the family, let that one be the mother." The next day she sent for him, and took counsel with him concerning the religious training of her children.

At the conclusion of the address some one said to Dr. Schaff, "That was a very successful experiment, but a very hazardous one." "I knew my man," said Dr. Schaff.

The period was the era of centennial celebrations, and Dr. Hoge had his full share of such addresses: The centennial of Washington and Lee University, at which he delivered the Historical Address; of Winchester Presbytery, which had been organized in the church founded by his grandfather in Shepherdstown, where the celebration was held, and where he preached the memorial sermon; of the Synod of Virginia, at the organization of which his grandfather preached the opening sermon, and he the centennial discourse; the Presbyterian centennial in Philadelphia, and the centennial of Presbyterianism in Kentucky, at each of which he delivered addresses.

For all such occasions he always made original preparation; hence the timeliness and fitness of all his performances. Nearly all of these addresses were published, and would make quite a volume if collected. His discourse at Washington and Lee gives a good idea of his work upon such an occasion, and as it was rewarded with the degree of LL. D.

from the university, a brief report, published in the press at the time, will not be without interest:

> Dr. Hoge announced as his subject "The Memories, Hopes and Duties of the Hour," and after a graceful preface, he stated clearly the two methods of history—"one a chronicle of famous men who have ruled their fellows by force, or by ideas, or by ethical systems; a record of battles and sieges, a portraiture of the rise and fall of kingdoms and confederacies, an account of great charters and declarations of rights, of political coalitions and ecclesiastical organizations"—in a word, the history of events; the other department of history, and the nobler department—that which deals with "the causes which have led to the events." The latter method "traces the development of principles from their most germinal beginnings until they find expressions in free constitutions." . . . "It reveals the foundations on which strong and just governments are based, and the influences which determine the decline and fall of such as are not fitted to survive."
>
> It was the philosophy of history—the causes which developed events—that Dr. Hoge discussed, and in connection, of course, with the character of the people who inhabit the Rockbridge section, and in connection more especially with the educational trend of Washington and Lee University. In order to account for an institution like Washington and Lee, the speaker showed how important it was to go far back into the past and "ascertain the influences which developed its growth from a primary school to a university." The three great influences, he claimed, which develop governments are to be found, first, in the word of God, "from which the true ideal of representative government is derived;" second, in the reformation of the sixteenth century; and third, so far as our government is concerned, in "the peculiar training received by the emigrants to these shores and by the patriotic sages who were most influential in shaping our Constitution;" and before beginning a splendid review of the civilization and the history of the literature and political movements of the seventeenth century—the century of Jamestown and of Plymouth Rock—Dr. Hoge said:
>
> "In our country the spirit which animated the colonies

in their struggle for independence, and which led to the adoption of a republican form of government, was identical with that which founded and fostered our older schools of learning, and could I establish this position, I would succeed in laying before you what your invitation dignifies with the title of an historic address."

Dr. Hoge took a deep interest in all that concerned the preservation of American history. He was an original member of the Southern Historical Society, and helped to organize the Presbyterian Historical Society, of which he was one of the vice-presidents. He contributed to the Schaff–Herzog Encyclopedia the articles on Dr. Plumer, Dr. Thornwell, and the Southern Presbyterian Church. He was a member of the committee that made the arrangements and prepared the programme for the Presbyterian centennial, and was appointed by the Assembly one of the speakers. Who can forget his reference to the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, "and by his side, *his* chief magistrate, and our Republican Queen, who rules our hearts with as absolute a sway as the Queen of Great Britain—with the advantage of being fifty or sixty years younger."

But Dr. Hoge had more important work in hand just now than the commemoration of the past—the future had to be formed as well. The Assembly of 1887, after a great debate on the subject of organic union with the Northern church, appointed a "committee of inquiry," to meet a committee from that church and ascertain how far the obstacles to union, whether organic or coöperative, had been removed. Dr. Hoge was named first on this committee, after the Moderator, who was *ex officio* chairman.

The committee met in Louisville, and after informal and fraternal joint discussion, proposed certain questions to the other committee: (1) As to the existing attitude of their church on political deliverances by ecclesiastical courts. (2) The policy to be pursued in the event of union with regard to the organization of the colored churches. (3) The degree

of responsibility of the boards of the church to the Assembly, and (4) The soundness of the body in the Calvinistic doctrine since the reunion of the Old and New School bodies.

The Northern committee met again in Baltimore to formulate its reply to these inquiries, and the Southern committee submitted both questions and answers to the Assembly of 1888 without recommendation. That Assembly decided that, while the obstacles to organic union were not removed, there was both room and reason for a much closer coöperation between the two churches, and Dr. Hoge was appointed chairman of a committee to confer with a similar committee from the other Assembly on plans for coöperative union. The joint committees met first in New York, and after several days' conference placed the different topics that had emerged in the discussion in the hands of sub-committees, which were to report at a subsequent meeting in Atlanta. It was found that in foreign missions there was already hearty coöperation, it being the policy of both churches to unite with all other Presbyterian bodies in building up one Presbyterian Church in each country in which they labored. In publication there was also in operation a practical coöperation between the business department of the Northern board and the Southern committee.

In home missions recommendations were adopted looking to the removal of friction, and the creation of a more cordial feeling.

It was recommended (1) that mission funds should be expended as far as possible in different fields to avoid hurtful rivalry; (2) that weak churches of either Assembly might be grouped with those of the other, and consolidated, if possible, by mutual agreement, with such presbyterial connection as might be most agreeable; (3) that persons removing from one Assembly to another should unite with the churches of the other, or, if in sufficient numbers to organize a new church, should form such organization under the care of the

presbytery with which the contiguous churches are connected; and (4) that where large bodies of both Assemblies occupied the same ground they should cultivate the closest fraternal relations.

Doubtless, neither party has fully lived up to their agreement, though with the best intentions of so doing; but it was much to have the standard fixed and both parties committed to the principle.

The *crux* of the situation, however, was in the relation of the two churches to the evangelization of the colored people. The Southern committee was anxious to consolidate the work of the two churches, both Assemblies laboring to build up one colored Presbyterian church in the United States, as they unite to build up one church in Japan or Brazil. This view is embodied in the following paper found in Dr. Hoge's handwriting, hastily pencilled in Atlanta:

> Among the subjects demanding attention by the committees of the General Assemblies, North and South, now in session in the city of Atlanta, there is none invested with graver embarrassments, or which awakens deeper solicitude than the ecclesiastical relations under which the colored people of our land may attain to the best development of Christian life, and be prepared for the maintenance of self-supporting efficient church organizations in the future.
>
> Whatever differences of opinion may prevail on other points, happily all good men agree in the earnest wish to bring the colored population to a saving knowledge of the truth. To see them truly converted, and so to train them that their highest spiritual interests may be secured, is the one paramount wish and aim of all who appreciate the blessings of salvation for themselves, and who have at heart the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world.
>
> Many of the colored people are now members of our respective churches, and as such are now receiving our fostering care and require our unremitting efforts to instruct them, not only in the fundamental elements of Christian faith, but in the practical duties of church life, that, grounded in the truth and guarded from the dangers of a more emotional religion, and from the superstition and

fanaticism to which impressible natures are especially liable, they may become intelligent, consistent and faithful followers of Christ.

While they continue under our care, they are entitled to all the watchful guardianship and instruction we can give them, and when they withdraw from ecclesiastical connection with us, our responsibility does not cease as long as we can aid them by our counsel and pecuniary contributions, or in any way promote their spiritual edification.

As divine providence gives us light, we learn our duty to this people. We cannot fail to recognize the disposition they exhibit to withdraw from the religious teachings and ecclesiastical control of the white race. From the denominations which contain the overwhelming majority of those of them who are professors of religion, they have already separated themselves, and the tendency is equally manifest in the denominations with which a smaller number of them are connected.

It is the common opinion of those who have most carefully watched their course and acquainted themselves with their preferences, that in the near future they will all, with few exceptions, prefer a separate and independent ecclesiastical organization.

This result is in harmony with what is taking place in our missionary field, in which native converts are organized into distinct churches that they may learn self-reliance and, by their own experience in ecclesiastical affairs, be trained to efficient church life.

When this consummation is attained by the colored churches of our land, we secure the same advantage for them, and at the same time avoid the complications which must be disturbing elements while they retain their ecclesiastical connection with us.

Contemplating this separation as the issue which will be best for both races, the two General Assemblies may agree to coöperate in organizing them into a separate Presbyterian Church. To this end all the churches, presbyteries and synods should be set off as fast as providence may open the way, from the bodies with which they are now connected, under one General Assembly, with such boundaries as may be most convenient; to be governed by the general rules and principles common to the two Assemblies, with

> such modification of details as may be adopted by the new Assembly. We can coöperate in giving such general aid, material and spiritual, to the new organization, under regulations which may hereafter be determined, in the prosecution of the work of colored evangelization, by maintaining the most friendly relations with it, and keeping ourselves duly informed of its needs, and supplying them in whatever methods may be deemed most expedient.

As the Northern committee held out for the organic connection of the colored churches with their Assembly, the joint committee adopted the preamble of Dr. Hoge's paper, reported the fundamental difference, and recommended the maintenance of the *status quo,* with the most cordial sympathy of each in the work of the other. There are many in the Southern church who would have turned the whole matter over to the Northern Assembly, rather than build up two sets of colored synods and presbyteries in the South, had they not feared that their churches would lose interest with the loss of responsibility.

Of the London Council of the Presbyterian Alliance, which he attended that year, Dr. Hoge wrote entertainingly (July 11, 1888):

> It is like telling one's dream, but it is a waking reality that I am the sole occupant of one of the most elegant houses in the West End of London, on one of the most beautiful squares. It happened in this way. For ten days I was at the De Kayser Royal Hotel, hard by Blackfriars Bridge; but while I was taking "mine ease in mine own inn," one of the London pastors told me that a wealthy lady, a member of his church, had gone to Scotland to be absent all the summer, but had expressed the earnest wish that her house should be occupied by members of the Alliance during its sessions, and he invited me and another delegate from the South to accept the proffered hospitality of his parishioner. My fellow-countryman had made another arrangement which he could not change, and so had to decline the invitation; but I accepted it, and on removing

from the De Kayser to my new quarters, I found the kind pastor here to receive me and to put me in charge of the good housekeeper, who welcomed me in the absence of her mistress. She had been expecting guests every day, and as the servants, provisions, supplies and luxuries of every sort, were all in place, there would have been a disappointment had no one come to enjoy them. I can hardly describe the feeling of quiet restfulness which possesses me here, after being ten days in a crowded steamer, then in the great audiences in Exeter Hall, to return in the evening to the cool, still rooms (the housekeeper says there are twenty-four in all) of this noble mansion, far removed from the throngs, the traffic, and the roar of the city.

And now what shall I tell you about the Alliance? It is scarcely worth while to attempt to give you an account of its doings, which you will learn so much more satisfactorily from the newspapers which I am sending you. Among the speakers who attract most attention are Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh; Dr. Drummond, of Glasgow; Dr. Donald Fraser, of London; Dr. Eugene Bersier, of Paris; Dr. John Hall, of New York; Principal Rainy, of Edinburgh; Rev. M. de Pressense, of Paris; Dr. Watts, of Belfast; Rev. E. Van Orden, of Brazil. There are delegates in the Alliance from every part of the United States and the British possessions in North America, from nearly every kingdom in Europe, from Africa, Asia, Australia, and the islands of the sea, representing a population of above twenty millions associated with the Presbyterian churches of the world. And yet the reports of the doings of this august council are to be found only in the religious newspapers. One looks in vain through the multitudinous columns of the *Times, Telegraph, Standard, Daily News,* etc., for any account of its proceedings, but for that matter, they are almost equally silent with regard to the great Anglican Lambeth Council now in progress in this city. It is not the custom of the secular press in London to report the proceedings of religious bodies. I need not say how different it is in our own country. Had this Alliance of the Reformed churches of the world met in Virginia every one of our Richmond daily newspapers would have reported everything connected with the meeting. The London papers devoted many columns to the

notorious trial of the libel action brought by Wood, the famous jockey, against his alleged slanderer, but the doings of two great ecclesiastical bodies, the Anglican and the Pan-Presbyterian, representing so large a part of Christendom, scarcely receives a passing notice.

I have not had the opportunity of hearing any of the distinguished ministers of the Alliance preach. I have heard them on the platform, and would have been delighted to have heard some of them in the pulpit, but I have lost the chance in consequence of having agreed to preach in St. Columba Church (Rev. Dr. MacLeod's) last Sunday morning, and in the Camden Park Road Church (Rev. Mr. Thornton's) in the evening, and in the Regent Square Church—lately vacated by the resignation of Dr. Dykes—next Sunday morning, and in the church of which Rev. Donald Fraser is pastor, in the evening. During these sessions of the Alliance, of course, all the pulpits of the Presbyterian pastors of London are filled by ministers from abroad.

The tedium of the session of the Alliance has been relieved by pleasant excursions judiciously interposed between the business meetings. The first was to Argyll Lodge. The Duke himself was not present, owing to having to make a speech in Parliament that afternoon; but he was well represented by Lord Balfour, who, in the Duke's absence, made an address of welcome to the Alliance, to which there were several handsome responses. It was to have been a sort of garden party, but so frequent were the showers that the guests were forced to take refuge under the piazza of the Lodge, or in the great tent on the lawn. When the sun came out, so did the guests, some of whom for the first time saw the Pipers, in all the bravery of their Highland costumes, strutting up and down the lawn, with the indescribable pride of their race, and heard the wild notes of the pibroch. I believe I am the only one, out of Scotland, that enjoys the music of the bagpipes. It always excites and delights me, and I would at any time rather listen to the shrill strains of one of these musical Macs, when he "screws his pipes and gars them skirl," than hear Rubenstein, Von Bulow, or Hoffman on the piano.

His own part in the council was one of those disappointments to which all speakers are liable. The subject on which he was to speak had been carefully arranged by correspondence, and he had made very thorough preparation. It was on "Christ's Method of Reconciling the Antagonisms of Society," and as written was one of his finest productions. The address was set for the close of the evening programme, on July 5th; but the preceding speaker, although speaking in his own home, entirely forgot the limitations of time and the courtesy due to the speaker who was to follow. Before he was through the audience had begun to stream out to catch the trains for their distant homes. When Dr. Hoge was announced, he said that it was of course out of the question to discuss such a subject as had been assigned him at that hour, and made a bright, captivating little speech of a few minutes, that arrested the exodus and sent every one home in a good humor—except, perhaps, himself.

Far more fortunate was he in his address in Tremont Temple, Boston, at the meeting of the American Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, in December, 1889. The subject was "Christian Coöperation in Awakening the Moral Sentiment of the Community." Here the magnificent audience was appreciative and responsive, and the address was praised from one end of the land to the other, not only for its lofty thought, but for the beautiful literary form in which the thought was clothed. Like St. Paul at Athens, he showed in the Athens of America how well he calculated the intellectual meridian of his audiences, in the wealth of literary allusion that adorned his discourse without ever diverting him from the steady progress of his thought.

But as we approach the limits of this chapter we are reminded that we have said nothing of the International Sunday-school Committee, whose sessions he always attended, and to whose work he gave diligent service and helpful suggestions; nothing of his great sermon on the "Finality of the Scriptures," delivered before a great audi-

ence of the leading men of the country in the New York Avenue Church, in Washington, and repeated many times by special request elsewhere; nothing of his addresses before the Students' Conference at Northfield, nor of college addresses without number; nothing of the lectures delivered in many places for benevolent objects, of the sermons preached to help his fellow-ministers on special occasions, of the churches that he dedicated in all parts of the land. It was really refreshing to hear of as many new churches as he was called upon to dedicate. In our lack of liturgical forms for such services everything depends on the taste and skill of the minister, and he gave to every part of such a service the same care and pains as to the sermon.[1]

Time would fail, also, to tell of the Confederate memorial addresses, the funerals of old soldiers in the Confederate Home, the participation in the funeral services of prominent persons of all denominations, and the frequent calls for prayer on public occasions.

These things must be left unchronicled. He sowed beside all waters, and not only the harvest, but the record must be left to eternity.

His life was now hastening to a climax, and we will close this chapter with a letter that closed a longer chapter in his life—the correspondence with the widow of the friend of his youth—his last letter to Mrs. Greenleaf:

RICHMOND, *March* 20, 1888.

MY DEAR SISTER: This is the anniversary of my marriage. Forty-four years ago it pleased God to give me one whom you in your letters have often called "the peerless Susan." As years are counted, the time seems long,

[1] Among the principal churches dedicated by him may be mentioned: The First Church, Atlanta; the Grand Avenue Church, St. Louis; the Central Church, Washington; the Central Church, Kansas City; the First Church, Louisville; the First Church, of Fulton, Mo., of which his nephew, William Hoge Marquess, was the pastor; the Church of the Covenant and Hoge Memorial, in Richmond, and the Chapel of the Soldiers' Home.

though to memory it is but as yesterday when we gathered in the evening at "Poplar Hill" a company of happy friends, some eighty in number, though it was intended to have a very quiet and private wedding; and now, of all that merry throng, not a dozen survive. As our years wear on—I speak of you and myself—they bring us nearer and nearer to one another, because they bring us nearer to Christ and heaven. "Forever with the Lord" and with one another; what an anticipation this is with which to make the true life attractive and glorious!

Your kind and tender letter in acknowledging the copy of the little speech I sent you was in itself a recompense for composing and delivering it. I know of no pleasure so pure as that of giving pleasure to those I love.

Bessie keeps you informed as to family matters and church affairs. I am thankful to say both are in such a condition as to keep us constantly grateful. My own health is well nigh perfect. It has been ten years since I had a cold, and I never had a headache. Now and then I have a touch of sciatica—a severe one last summer—but it readily yields to treatment, so I am little interrupted in my work. I am very happy in my two congregations, and especially in having one of the hitherto "neglecters because neglected," to the number of a thousand and more, every Sunday night. My third service refreshes me when I get a little jaded from my second.

With many thanks for your letter and endless blessings on your head and in your heart, I remain, as ever,

Affectionately yours, MOSES D. HOGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

1890 — 1895.

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."—KINGSLEY.

HOW many there are who go to their graves thirsting for a few drops of the appreciation that waters their memory with copious showers! How many souls, wearied in service for others, are tempted in bitterness to say—

"Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save."

One of Dr. Hoge's favorite themes was the value of appreciation and the expression of it, and one of his most effective New Year sermons was on the text, "Let the redeemed of the Lord SAY SO," involving not only the duty of confession and praise to God, but of the expression to benefactors and loved ones of our recognition of what they are and of what they have done for us. Certainly he himself had no cause for complaint, as he gratefully acknowledges; for his ministry had always called forth just that kind of appreciation that most helps and cheers a pastor. The great end of the ministry, of course, is to help; but it helps us to help when we know that we help; and if life is made "one grand, sweet song" by devotion and self-sacrifice, some echoes of that song should come back to us in the gratitude and love of those to whom we minister.

But few can expect those echoes to come to them in such a swelling "Hallelujah Chorus" as greeted Dr. Hoge on the anniversaries that crowned his ministry.

When it became known that his congregation intended to celebrate his forty-fifth anniversary, the demand came quick and strong that it should not be confined to his congregation. It was said, "Dr. Hoge belongs to Richmond, and not to one congregation, or to one denomination." So the scope of the celebration was widened. Prominent representatives of other denominations were invited to take part, and the Academy of Music—the largest hall in the city—was chosen for the place. Richmond was present; all of it that could crowd in. Friends came from far and near. Most precious of all to him, his oldest daughter was present; the first time in twenty-five years that she had been in a public assembly. The proceedings of the evening make in themselves quite a volume, and the letters of congratulation, if published, would make another. From the leading addresses of the occasion we give a few of the most important passages.

Dr. John Hall,[1] of New York, said:

> I have pleasure in taking any modest part in these uncommon exercises; for it is not often, in this land, that a pastor labors in the same field for five-and-forty years. This celebration is honorable to the pastor; it is honorable also to the church he serves, and to the community which thus express their appreciation.
>
> I am a representative, and one can sometimes claim attention on that ground—attention to which he would not be entitled as an individual. I stand, first of all, for the congregation which I serve. Dr. Hoge has been in their pulpit, and, setting aside his exceptional brilliancy, in all other matters he is counted by them as old-fashioned and orthodox as their pastor. I stand for the community of New York with which I come in contact, which always listens to his voice with the deepest interest and respect. I stand for the great Presbyterian community, as it was represented at the Centennial exercises in Philadelphia, and for a larger constitu-

[1] Dr. Hall's address is given in full as printed; but, except the first two paragraphs, it is only a scant epitome of what he said. It was printed in the Memorial Volume from his MS.

ency in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, knowing his voice, figure and characteristics. I stand for a gentleman, an Englishman, whose name I do not know, who sat down by me in a great meeting in London while Dr. Hoge was speaking. I noticed at once that his ears were open; then his eyes were open; then he opened his mouth and said to me, "Is that young man an American?" If the congregation where that gentleman worships were vacant, and Dr. Hoge were a candidate for the pulpit, I am sure he would vote for him.

Dr. Hoge is entitled to our regard *as a man*, for the man is behind the minister. We do not believe in that division of the race given as "men, women and ministers." We honor Dr. Hoge as a good, genial gentleman. In any line of life he would be valued and trusted.

We know him as an evangelist, a minister not content with "running a congregation," as they say, but toiling for the good of outsiders. We honor him as a pastor. It is no light thing to have filled this place in this influential city for five-and-forty years. I have been just half that time in my present charge, and I sometimes feel as if my people know about all that I do; but there comes to me the sober second thought that I have the divine word to explain to them, and it is inexhaustible.

After an illustration of the difficulties of a busy city preacher from a Scottish minister's career, and another of the tenderness of the tie binding pastor and people together, the Doctor proceeded:

We honor—I honor—Dr. Hoge as a preacher of the gospel of grace. Men are now dividing up vice into sections, with an organization to deal with each section. The evangelical minister goes to the root of the matter with the grace that teaches men to deny ungodliness and all worldly lusts. There is a sphere in which it may be wise policy to "divide and conquer," but it is not the physician's way to give medicine for each symptom. He diagnoses the case, and strikes at the root of the trouble. So the Physician of souls would have us do; and all virtue is so promoted. We are taught to "live soberly, righteously and godly" in the world. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound

of cure," and the man who is bringing the gospel to the homes and hearts of the people is guarding against wrong-doing, sin and the crimes which cost the community so much. A city may justly honor a faithful preacher of the grace that brings such salvation. Men say that we want, not dogma, but doing good; but as the multiplication table is for making us keep accounts, as the rules of grammar are for making us talk good English, so the doctrines of the Bible are for making us good, useful, unselfish Christians, and so good citizens. I read not long ago of a substitute for the gospel, in the "fatherhood of God, the motherhood of nature, and the brotherhood of man." It is nice to the ear; it is unmeaning, however. It is when we know God in Christ that we have the deepest sense of his fatherhood and of our brotherhood. Dr. Peter Parker realized that when he founded an hospital in Canton, China, which has treated, I suppose, a million of sufferers, and did it all in the spirit of living Christianity. Where would the "charities" of our nation be if it were not for the inspiration of this faith in Christ revealed in the gospel of grace?

Bishop Wilson, of Baltimore, spoke more particularly of Dr. Hoge's relation to the great movements of the age in which he lived:

Perhaps few men in the country, few men in the world, have been able to affect personally, not simply by any far-reaching utterance of his own that has gone through the press and has been sounded out from other lips, but by his own personality, such multitudes of men as the pastor of this church. And his popularity in that better, best sense of the term has not declined with the advance of years.

This, I say, is its culminating expression. Richmond is here to-night—the Richmond church, not the Richmond churches simply—the Richmond people, church and all; thoughtful people, honest people, grateful people, people who know good when they see it, and can recognize the effect of a strong, hearty, vigorous, sympathetic, God-like life when it comes out in such development. The people and the church of God are here to testify to the fidelity of this man to his work and to the efficiency of his work. I am glad and grateful to witness it.

There are two things always to be taken into consideration when you consider the position of a man who has such popularity as this. One is, what has he taken into himself? and the other is, what has he given out from himself?

He has come through the critical years, in fact, of American history. It was but a little time after he commenced his pastorate in this church before he heard from afar the note of that marvellous war down there with Mexico, which opened to us that great southwestern territory, and brought us into close relationship with South America, and affected the tone of our national life. About the same time there came the cry of California gold, and the rush of emigration across the west, and roads were opened, and presently towns and cities began to spring up, and a new country was created.

Over yonder, Oregon was brought into close connection by the struggle over its limit and the interest of its people, and a cry began to be made about the northwest territory. By-and-by railroads were projected in that direction, and the intimacy between the East and the West was cultivated until the heart of the people in all these great interests of national life became one. And all this time, keen-eyed, sympathies open, he was in the thick of this constantly converging swell of human impulses and influences, and growing with it, until his own nature became as broad; and that was not sufficient for him, but he wanted to touch hands and hearts with the people of other lands.

He crossed the seas; heard English accentuation of American speech; went among the Welsh populations, and the Irish; and he would lay himself alongside, in brotherly consciousness and earnest Christian service, with the old-world workers, and got all that was best and truest and strongest out of their life, and brought it back here; and he has continued to cultivate these sympathies. He has gone into the individual and social life of families of this city, as well as of other cities and foreign lands. He has seen and appreciated the best sides and best qualities of social life. He has gone into the individual life of cultivated men and of the common people. He has gone into the homes of the poor, and has appreciated their need and the narrowness of their lives.

There is no phase of our diversified human nature that

he has not looked into and which has not worked upon his sympathies, and brought them out, and unfolded them, until he claims humanity as one, and himself imbedded in the centre of its great brotherhood. It is just because he has gone into such wideness of sympathy with our kind, has touched so many sides in human life, has become identified with so many interests of human nature; it is because he has interchanged thoughts with so many forms and specimens of human character; because he has wept with them that weep, rejoiced with them that rejoice, under all the manifold conditions of our life; it is because of these that he has become popular.

Narrowness shows a man within a narrow circle; individual narrowness of thought and feeling. The man who looks into his own household, and that alone, and never gets out into the community, never gets into the broad field of common life in its development about him: who does not know anything about the party interests of the country, and which is right and which is wrong, and the great commercial interests of the country, and the wants of the great masses of the people, rich and poor; the man who thinks only of what is going to build up his own character and fortunes, and has no other concerns, will never be a popular man, and ought not to be.

But when a man has got the whole broad surface of our humanity, with its infinite variety of life and issues open to him, you may make him popular without danger to any community; and when a man comes back charged in this way with the profoundest concern for all human interests, with the closest sympathy with all human conditions, to take his place, not simply as a minister and doctor, but as a man among men, to whom nothing human is foreign, when he is ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with the toiler, side by side with the sufferer under shadow of the cloud, when he knows man as man, and as man enters into sympathetic association with him, you may trust him, and he will be a popular man, and ought to be.

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And, now, what has he given out in all this time? With all his breadth of sympathy, he has maintained unalterably and at all times his individual convictions upon every point that has been brought before him requiring a conviction.

I reckon you know all about that, too. He has had the manhood to form his own opinions, to sift them, to test them; and, if they were the right kind of convictions, he would yield them to no man.

A good many questions have come up in these forty-five years. First, your course of political history; then, your course of social history, which has threatened all our relations in all the aspects of them. The multiplied and complex problems that have been presented in the changed conditions of labor and of capital have been forced upon our attention.

Do you suppose that, standing here in the centre of them, with all the avenues of thought and life pouring in their tides of influence upon him, he has been indifferent to any one of these questions? I do not believe it, and neither do you.

Not a man of us standing here can understand the import and immense interest of these things, and not think about them and reach conclusions.

I never knew a man yet that had a congregation united upon any of these questions; and the strongest temptation that a minister of the gospel has is to compromise his opinion and conviction upon these points so as to keep the peace, prevent disorder; and yet he has learned to read that word of scripture, "First pure, then peaceable," and has held to his own convictions and has made no enemies by it. That is the marvel of it. I do not know how it has happened. There is in it something more than mere human fidelity. There is a grace of God about it, and the power of God's Spirit involved in it—that a man can stand up forty-five years true to himself, his creed, honest in all his convictions, determined in his attitude and his relations to his people, and yet cast up no element of antagonism, and stir no strife or discord among his people (I hear you have never had a strife in your church)—it is a marvel; and when a man has attained a position like that, without compromise, without forfeiture of manhood, without giving up his own convictions, he can touch the great body and mass of the people. That is the sort of man I want to see in mission work.

I confess that my only regret about the matter is, that you have had him so long. Such a man ought not to be

shut down in any one place. You know I am a Methodist. He ought to itinerate, and bring all these qualities of his along with him.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry spoke more of Dr. Hoge's old-world relations:

We are rather boastful of the influence of American ideas and institutions on international law, on systems and policies of government, on great truths of personal and religious liberty; and we hold that the quadri-centennial celebration of the discovery of America will find its crowning, consummate glory in what has been wrought for humanity and Christ, for social, political and industrial regeneration within the limits and through the influence of our complex and related governments and our representative institutions. We have not been able to congratulate ourselves on like beneficial religious results flowing backwards to mother countries. Dr. Hoge, however, among the few, has been useful, we may say conspicuous, in foreign religious assemblies, in foreign pulpits, in association with the cultured, in making a favorable impression for American Christianity.

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He has preached in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, on the continent, in Africa and in Asia; and as confirmatory of what I have affirmed of our common attachment to the one universal Christ, the "old, old story," as he proclaimed it, has met a like response from Christian hearts in widely distant lands. The eloquent Bishop has said that such a preacher as Dr. Hoge should itinerate, and that one place should not monopolize his pulpit ministrations. With due humility I respectfully suggest that his diocese has been a large one, and that few itinerants have had such large opportunities for utilizing their gifts. It is a singular fact that two of his present congregation, eager sharers in this joyous celebration, have heard their pastor on four continents. Dr. Hoge has shown his catholic Christianity by sitting under the ministry of those who have illustrated in their labors the power, the universality, and the all-sufficiency of the gospel. To hear Parker, Liddon, Spurgeon, to worship in tabernacle and cathedral, to rejoice in a common faith, that is genuine catholicity.

It was the pleasing office of Bishop Randolph, of the Diocese of Virginia, to speak of Dr. Hoge in his relations to other churches and denominations—a task to which his own "sweet spirit of Christian unity" peculiarly fitted him:

> Here and there along my life it has been my privilege to sit under his preaching. That preaching has always kindled my intellect and warmed my heart, and given me new impulses of hope in the duties of my calling. A few years ago I parted from a dear member of my family. He left us to study for his profession in one of the great universities of Europe. Often in my prayers I asked that he might be protected from the religious indifference and skepticism which characterized the great city in which he lived for nearly two years. On his return, the first Sunday he spent with us, he went to the worship in the Second Presbyterian Church. As long as he was in the city, no engagement was permitted to interfere with his attendance upon these afternoon services. Upon my coming home in the week, in the quiet hours in my study, he would tell me of the current of thought in the sermon. I could see that he was touched and deeply impressed. That gladdened my heart and warmed it toward my friend and brother more than I can tell you. In some sense, then, I may claim with you, his people, to have shared the benefits of your pastor's ministry. To describe the relations and associations, and to analyze the influences upon you, his congregation, and upon the community, of such a ministry, extending over forty-five years, would be too much to ask of me in the brief time at my disposal. The relations of a pastor to his flock, of a preacher to his people, are absolutely unique. The lawyer is the trusted friend of his client; the family physician, who ministers to us in our hours of weakness and suffering, has his deep place in our hearts like one of the sacred circle of our home; but the pastor, whose preaching has moved and warmed and illumined and comforted our souls, and perchance been the instrument in God's hands to bring us to Christ; who has moved as a central figure through all the scenes of our joy and our sorrow; who has baptized our little children, married our young men and maidens, buried our dead, and comforted our sorrows—such associations engender rela-

tions which partake of the nature of the elements with which they deal. They have in them something of the imperishable, the immortal; and these ties have been deepened in your case by circumstances which, though not absolutely without precedent, are still exceptional.

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The relation of this ministry to other churches and to the community at large in the city of Richmond find their best illustration in the character of the congregations which gather in the Second Presbyterian Church on the afternoons of Sunday. To one acquainted with the people of this city, in looking around upon that congregation as it has gathered there to hear the preacher for many years past, it would be difficult to tell, but for the forms of the worship, the name of the church we are in.

You see around you Methodists and Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Baptists, all singing the hymns and joining in the worship and listening with rapt attention to the words of the preacher. It has been said that there is less denominational jealousy, and more of the broad, sweet spirit of Christian unity, among the churches in the city of Richmond than in the majority of communities in our land. A blessed thing it is to say of any community, for its civilization, for its light, its education, its Christian manhood and womanhood; it is blessed, if it be so. Why should it not be so? If men can do business together in the same offices, in the same stores; if women can mingle in the same circles of social and family life in a thousand homes, cannot they worship God together? Cannot they listen to the preaching of Christ's gospel together? Perhaps these afternoon services have helped to educate our people into the great principles of practical Christian unity. Perhaps they have helped to put your city in the advance ranks of that great movement throughout Christendom for Christian unity. The tide is moving and rising along the lines of all the churches in Christendom. The day is coming when jealousies between churches and rivalries between preachers and the sharp tongues of sectarian exclusiveness will be numbered among the things of the past. It will come, it is coming; not by what you call the obliteration of denominational differences; not by all churches consenting to merge themselves into one organism, and

subscribe to one confession of faith and one theological system; not when Christendom in its million churches will repeat the same prayers and worship through the same litany and chant the same anthems. That would be the unity of sameness, the unity of uniformity, the unity of the sands upon the seashore—all alike, yet separate, and with no living bond between them. This unity that is coming will be like the unity of nature, one spirit under diversity of form; one living force under diversity of operation; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and with you all, and in you all. How far ahead of his time Paul was! The Corinthians divided into parties; the watch-word of one party was, "I am of Paul;" of another, "I am of Apollos;" another, "I am of Cephas." How Paul lifts them, and lifts the Church of all ages, out of its inveterate tendency to glory in itself, to glory in men! He tells them that the ministry is your servant for Jesus' sake. This ministry, with all its gifts, belongs, not to itself, but to you. All things are yours. The faith and the fire of Cephas; the eloquence and the grace of Apollos; the logic and the fervor of Paul—all are yours. All the ministers and churches of this city belong to each and every one of you Christian people. Dr. Hoge, your own minister, as a preacher, as a teacher, belongs to me as well as to you, and the varied gifts of ever other minister in this city belong to us all—they are all our servants for Jesus' sake; but I must not detain you from others who are to address you on this deeply interesting occasion. This long ministry of forty-five years among you, growing and deepening through the years, gathering larger crowds to-day under its preaching than at any other period of its history, old in years, but young in the enthusiasm and the love of all the people, is a signal refutation, is it not, of the common criticism of the indifferent and skeptical classes of our age, that the pulpit has lost its power? that the mission of the preacher is done? They tell us that the age is a practical, a materialistic age; that men are in haste to be rich, or hurrying after pleasure, or driven by passion, and that they will not listen to the preacher. Is this so? This man whom you honor to-night has been preaching here forty-five years. Visit his church on Sunday evening, and there are young men and old, a thronged assemblage. They

are listening to the preacher they have heard hundreds of times. Would they listen that way to a lecturer upon science? The scientific lecturer would tell them about the structure of their bodies, about the laws of heat and electricity, about the conservation and correlation of forces. How long do you suppose he would hold them, listening there to him, thronging to hear him? Twenty years? ten years? one year? Oh! no. Men must listen to the gospel; they have their sins, their sorrows, their battles with doubt and temptations, the fear of death, their cry for help in view of the great hereafter; human guilt and Christ's redemption; man the prodigal, and God the Father welcoming him home; death and judgment and eternity. Men will listen to these themes, and they will never cease to listen.

Dr. Kerr, of the First Presbyterian Church, spoke for the Presbyterian pastors of Richmond, and for the Southern Presbyterian Church:

If I am to speak for my brethren, the Presbyterian ministers of this city, what shall I say?—that Dr. Hoge, by his eloquence and splendid diction, maintained for nearly half a century, has made it hard for us to preach, not only in his pulpit, but anywhere within the range of his influence? No; not that, but the opposite, for by the incentive and training of his example he has made it easier for us to preach the gospel. Because he has disdained the tricks and cheap attractions of a sensational style, adhering to the simplicity of the Scriptures and the attractiveness of the cross, it has been easier for us to tell the story of redeeming love. He has raised the standard of pulpit effort, and has raised the respect and influence of the ministry in the sentiments of the people. He has made it easier for us to do our work, because he has made the name of a Christian minister honorable in this great commonwealth and far beyond it. More than that: he has made it easier to be a Christian, easier for clergy and laity; easier for those who toil with the muscle or brain; easier for the wealthy and learned; easier for the humble poor to lead a sober, righteous and godly life to the glory of the Almighty name. He has done it by his preaching; he has done it by his

conversation; he has done it by the life he has lived, which has been for half a century in the public eye unchallenged and unrebuked even by the carping world; a life that has added, so that all can feel it, to the momentum of goodness that is moving mankind toward God.

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I do not consider that, in standing for the Southern Presbyterian Church to-night I am in her name to confer a distinction on Dr. Hoge. There are none left that she has not already given him. For twenty-five years there has hardly been a vacant pulpit of importance, a professorship or presidency in college or university, which had not been his if he wished it. We have been glad to have him preside as Moderator, in the succession with Thornwell, Palmer, Robinson and Dabney. He has been our agent in many most delicate and difficult negotiations with other denominations. We have sent him more than once to the World's Alliance of Presbyterian Churches and to the conferences of the Evangelical Alliance of all the Christians.

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If I should gather up all the laurels of forty-five years, and twine them into a wreath, it would be too heavy for me to lift and place it upon his brow, though he would be strong enough to bear it.

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And now let the mighty impulse of this one feeling which fills all hearts rise in prayer to God, that this star may long shine in our earthly skies. It shall never go down; it shall at last ascend to glisten in a purer firmament, and come to rest beside the eternal throne. Let us pray that it long may linger here, and shine as bright as it does to-night; and when we make this prayer let the people say, Amen! Amen!

When Dr. Hoge arose to respond at the conclusion of this speech, the rounds of applause that greeted him soon gave way to a breathless hush as the vast throng waited to catch his first words. The delicacy, the grace, the tenderness, the power of this speech can only be imagined by those who have heard Dr. Hoge. The joy, tempered with sadness at the thought of the multitudes that had gone before; the gratitude chastened with unaffected humility; the kindliness

and benignity towards all classes in the community for which he had so long labored; the generous and cordial tributes to the men who honored the occasion with their presence, and their words; above all, the supreme honor and glory given to the Triune, covenant-keeping God; all these elements mingled in a speech that only such a man could have made on such an occasion. The words spoken we can read; the voice, the manner, and the fine aroma of the night linger only in the memory and the heart.

It is difficult to find words in which to express the commingled emotions awakened by this anniversary.

First of all, I trust my most fervent feeling is gratitude to God for sparing me to this hour; gratitude for permitting me to serve him so long in the ministry of the gospel; gratitude for the unbroken harmony which has existed between my people and myself, and for the unity and peace which have made their relations to each other so delightful. The blessings and the benefits which result from such concord have been so happily portrayed in the different addresses of the evening that we have had a fresh and inspiriting impression of the beauty of the psalm whose opening words always fall like music on the ear of the listening heart, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Next I hasten to acknowledge the generous greeting given me at the very commencement of these exercises by one whose high official position and personal worth make any expression of regard from such a source dear to me—one who comes from my native county, who represents my college, and, better still, who represents this noble commonwealth—borne, as he was, into office on the tide of an overwhelming popular vote—one who was the friend of my youth, as he has been during all the succeeding years, his Excellency Governor Philip Watkins McKinney.

Next, I desire most affectionately to reciprocate the assurances of regard and confidence expressed in the resolutions of the Presbyterian Pastors' Association, made all the more welcome to me because drafted by the brother in charge of the church which was a colony from my own, and read to this audience by my colleague at the Old Market

Hall, who is now conducting that enterprise with signal success.

And what response can I make to the cordial and loving words spoken by my revered and honored brethren who have come from their near or distant homes to honor this occasion with their presence, and to lay me under obligations I can never repay or express, so moved am I by their generous approval?

It might be supposed that such addresses as we have heard to-night, replete with commendation and encouragement, would fill my heart only with emotions exultant and joyous; but who does not know that in the midst of scenes fullest of gladness there often intermingles with the joy a strange sadness, like a solemn refrain running through a jubilant song?

When I remember that of the sixty-three members composing the church with which I commenced my ministry but two are with us to-night; when I remember that those to whom I have preached since that year, now numbered with the departed, would form a larger congregation than this vast assembly; when I recall to mind the fact that it was my office to direct the religious thought, to shape the Christian principles, and to develop the spiritual life of that great multitude, the remembrance of the imperfect manner in which I discharged that solemn trust, and the conviction that I might have been far more helpful to those who are now beyond the reach of earthly influence had I preached more faithfully, more tenderly, more lovingly, admonishes me that, if this is an hour for joy, it is also an hour for penitence and tears.

So, too, while listening to the kind words which have been spoken with regard to my life and labors, I have been conscious that they were descriptive rather of what I ought to have been and might have been; and none can better understand and appreciate my meaning than these very brethren when I say that I am more humbled than elated by their unmerited commendation, and that the best use I can now make of their approval is to derive from it a stimulus hereafter to follow with more affectionate fidelity in the footsteps of my Lord, and to serve the people to whom I minister with new diligence and devotion.

In this I am encouraged by the conviction that, with

whatever conscientious study and honest work I can prosecute my coming labor, I shall be sustained in the future, as I have been in the past, by the coöperation of the earnest men and noble women of my charge.

No pastor was ever blessed with a more loyal church; and so far as its enterprises have been successful, the result has been mainly due to the ready sympathy and persistent activity of its members; and I avail myself of this great opportunity of bearing this public testimony to the loving fidelity and consecrated devotion of my people—a fidelity, a devotion that has never faltered or wavered, but has been as undeviatingly fixed and true as the pointers of the splendid constellation that to-night with fingers of radiant light and beauty point steadily to the pole.

But no church, however organized and equipped, if isolated from its sister churches, or if antagonistic to them, can accomplish any widespread and permanent good in the community.

And here, too, I find another element and explanation of whatever of service my church has rendered to the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual welfare of the public.

It has had the good will of all denominations—most notably and unmistakably their kindest regards.

And this leads me to ask, in conclusion, what is the real meaning and true significance of this splendid throng in the Academy of Music to-night?

It is not to make one man the object of temporary attention; it is not to honor a particular church; it is to illustrate the beauty of Christian charity, the happiness which comes from Christian concord.

If there is anything more characteristic than another of the times we live in, it is the fact, that while there was never more denominational zeal and activity than now, associated with it there is a determination to bring to the front the real unity which binds all the branches of the Christian family together in one harmonious and happy brotherhood. There is an uprising and advancing tidal wave of gospel charity, which, I trust, will continue to rise and flow until it sweeps away all the bigotry, the intolerance, and the exclusiveness which have so long deformed and degraded Christendom.

In no city in our land is there a more kindly feeling among the different denominations than in Richmond. It had an early manifestation among the pastors who labored together in harmony until they went up to renew their intercourse in the world of love. Their spirit has descended to our day, and so prevails among us that were a minister of any denomination to proclaim arrogant and intolerant claims in behalf of his own church, there is a public sentiment in this community that would put him down and shut him up.

The pastors most beloved and honored in Richmond have always been those who have cultivated and manifested most largely the grace of charity. The most really prosperous churches have been those whose motto has been, "Let brotherly love continue."

We have a delightful illustration of the unity of feeling which pervades our churches before our eyes at this moment, in the sympathy and interest manifested in the exercises of this very hour. This is neither a Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, nor Presbyterian audience.

What is it?

It is a fraternal gathering of Christian brethren, met to honor, encourage, and love each other; met to be reminded that the truths common to all the churches are the most important and precious of all the truths; met that we may in union kindle our hopes afresh as we together look to the same dear cross shining above us in its immeasurable glory, and that with united hands and hearts we may together press on to the land we love and are looking for, assured that it is not a cold assent to an article in the creed, but the warm expression of a thrilling experience which constrains us with one voice and heart to exclaim, "I BELIEVE IN THE COMMUNION OF THE SAINTS."

To you, my dear and honored brethren, whose addresses have contributed so much to the pleasure and profit of this commemoration service, I beg leave to tender the united thanks of the officers and members of the church I represent. Your coming has been hailed with joy; your departure will cause us grief; but those who love the Lord never part for the last time. They may so part on earth, but they will meet again in the world of recognition and communion in the glory everlasting; and these sweet

Christian friendships formed on earth and cemented by the blood of Christ will not perish by the stroke of death, but will have a resurrection beyond the grave, and will spring up and flourish beautiful and immortal in the paradise of God!

To you, my friends of all denominations, who have shown such an interest in this commemoration from the time it was first proposed, whose presence here to-night and whose evident sympathy in these exercises have added so much to the happiness of the occasion, to you I shall ever be grateful, and to the God who has put it into your hearts to show me kindness in so many ways and for so many years.

Were the house I live in as large as my desire to entertain the friends to whom I speak to-night, I would gladly invite you there.

But there will be room enough in the Second Presbyterian Church, where, at the conclusion of these services, you will find a warm welcome, and a banquet prepared by the ladies, to which all are most cordially invited.

When the exercises at the Academy were over, the great crowd which rapidly filled and refilled the church—several blocks away—was entertained by a sacred concert, while they waited their opportunity of going into the lecture-room to greet Dr. Hoge with personal congratulations.

The press of the city headed their accounts of this anniversary, "A Life Crowned." But it was not a life completed. The lustrum between this celebration and that of his semi-centennial jubilee was as full as any similar period of his life. He was president of the Richmond Home for Old Ladies, chairman of the Committee of Publication, president of the Trustees of the Hoge Academy, named in his honor; a trustee of Hampden-Sidney College, a manager of the Virginia Bible Society, a member of the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee, one of the Executive Committee of the Arbitration Alliance, chaplain of the First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, a member of R. E. Lee Camp, U.C.V., of the Virginia Historical Society, and of the

Executive Committee of the Confederate Publication Society; a vice-president of the Presbyterian Historical Society, and of several other Northern societies; legatee of a bequest for establishing a foundling hospital, and member of the Prison Association; and, of course a member of the Presbyterian Pastors' Association, and the Evangelical Alliance of Richmond. To all he gave time, thought and labor. There was no public occasion in Richmond, secular or ecclesiastical, in which some service was not demanded from him; while the private demands upon his time and patience and benevolence were without number.

He avoided, when possible, the routine work of ecclesiastical courts—work that others were always glad to do—but gave the most patient attention to all their proceedings; never obtruding himself, but by his wisdom and tact and experience, seeking to prevent mistakes and to maintain the high standard which he felt such bodies ought to maintain. Once, when he felt that the Synod of Virginia had forgotten its proper dignity, he wished to recall it to its proper place without assuming to himself the office of a censor. Just then he had to make a little speech about the *Central Presbyterian,* which he turned into the occasion he sought. Speaking of his own connection with it, and his five years' association with Dr. T. V. Moore, as his colleague, he paused to pay a tribute to Dr. Moore's ability as preacher, pastor, and ecclesiastic; to his familiarity with all precedents and rules of order of deliberative bodies; to his reverential regard for an ecclesiastical court, legislating by the authority of Jesus Christ in the interests of his kingdom, and never losing sight of the dignity and decorum, the reverence and serious devotion that became a court of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many thanked him for the kindly way in which his rebuke was given.

One of his favorite ideas was that the meetings of our church courts did not make the proper impression on the public because of the way in which they were reported—

giving merely the dry bones of what was done, without the flesh and blood and heart of the proceedings. To his cousin, Dr. W. S. Lacy, he wrote:

> Another way of reporting would be to put the reader, in imagination, in the place where the synod meets, to sketch in a few lines the appearance of the body, to make brief mention of prominent delegates, to say something about the audience, the adaptation of the building for speeches made on the floor; and then, having by a few graphic touches made the reader see what was in the eye of the writer, proceed to *select* among the topics discussed only such as are interesting to the public at large, by reason of their intrinsic importance, or by the ability with which they were discussed, taking care to give the cream of the speeches themselves, the manner of their delivery, and the impression made on the audience. At every synod, there are, say, half a dozen speeches made, so full of information, so full of great truths, impressively urged, containing just the things which would interest the public that it is unfortunate indeed that they are unheard and unknown beyond the walls within which they are delivered. These discussions, of which the people know nothing, guide the synod to the conclusions to which it comes. They are the real forces which determine results. They are to ecclesiastical questions what the speeches of senators are to political questions. What would be said if the public could only read the laws enacted by Congress without having the opportunity of reading the speeches of those who framed them? We may learn something here from what is done by the great political bodies into which the country is divided. A few thousands hear the arguments of the speakers—millions read them. The principles of government are thus popularized; the intelligence of the people is cultivated, information is diffused, voters are enabled to come to clear convictions with regard to the wisest and best platform of principles on which the patriotic should plant themselves, and by which the prosperity of the country may be best secured, and the result is determined by the ballots which decide the issue.
>
> Again, such a reporter will introduce to his readers many things of interest not noticed in the reports of those who

tell only what is done and not what is said. These episodes often interest the audiences present—as they would the outside public, if informed of them—quite as much as the regular business of the synod; but as they are to have no place in the *minutes*, they find no place in the reports which are given to the secular newspapers.

Of his own occupations about this time he wrote to Dr. Lacy (November 5, 1891):

MY DEAR COUSIN: I have frequent occasion to admire your considerate regard for my time and convenience when you confer with me about any work I am requested to undertake.

You probably understand better than others the exacting nature of my duties and the pressure under which I live. I think it was La Place who said if he had been consulted he would have made a better world than this; and he suggested certain improvements in the arrangements of things. Without any sympathy with such presumption I often find myself wishing I could lengthen the day by an hour or two. I do not shrink from work—I revel in it—but I often long for more time in which to do it. While trying to keep even with my engagements, and finding myself drifting behind, I say, this week is one of unusual *extras*, but next week I will have nothing more than my regular routine to go through, when, presto! I find it fuller of the unexpected than the preceding week.

Take this week for a sample. Beginning with last Sunday morning and ending with next Saturday night, I find I have fourteen engagements in the way of committee meetings, sermons, addresses, etc., in addition to visits to be made and received, letters to write, and the daily horseback rides which keep me fresh and young.

Since I came home from my summer vacation, I have been trying to find time to do several things. Our Committee of Publication has requested me to allow them to publish my Old Market Hall sermons; Professor Henneman, of Hampden-Sidney, has asked me to prepare for him a sketch of my grandfather Hoge, and I have watched for an opportunity to begin my sermon or address on the Claims of the Presbyterian Church, to say nothing of other calls of a similar nature, such as a history of my running

the blockade and my mission to England during the war. All these undertakings are hindered solely for want of time, every hour being absorbed by daily demands. It is a very unsatisfactory life, but I see no help for it. Under the circumstances, you see, it is impossible to set any time for compliance with the request of the Norfolk League. I can only execute my intention when an opportunity for it occurs, if it ever should. I regret, more than you can, my inability to be more definite.

A year or so later he wrote his nephew:

MY DEAR PEYTON: As the months wear on, so far from bringing any respite from my toils, they add to the number of engagements which render life a chronic scuffle to keep from drifting far behind what I undertake to accomplish. It is a work, too, that seems only to consume time without producing any adequate results. It is only the incidental good that I may do for the immediate present in the innumerable channels of public service that gives me any consolation. My influence may be providentially limited to my contemporaries, and I must be content and thankful that I can sometimes see how far-reaching it is, though it be only like the widening circles on the surface of the lake into which a stone has been cast. I have just had a striking illustration of this in the death of Major ——, our eminent lawyer, who was suddenly stricken down during his visit to Chicago. He was so much impressed by the prayer I offered at the interment of Mr. Davis that he took the paper containing it to Chicago, and during the forenoon of the day on which he died he read it to a company of relations and friends with such emphasis and expression, that when he finished the reading, the company was in tears. To-night I have been to see his bereaved widow, and the greatest consolation she now has is in the fact that one of his last acts was the impressive reading of a prayer.

How little did I think when I composed it that it would be read and commented on all over the country.

Probably nothing that Dr. Hoge ever did received more universal commendation than this prayer.[1] Just after its

[1] See Appendix, page 496.

delivery a gentleman who was personally interested in Dr. Hoge heard some one remark, "It was worth the whole journey here just to hear that prayer." He was so struck with the remark that he inquired who the speaker was. It was General Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi. His earlier address,[1] on the death of Mr. Davis, was also the subject of much congratulation. On such occasions, as in all his personal influence, his aim was to allay the bitterness of past strife, and direct the mind and heart to the responsibilities of the great future and to the needs of this broad land. In fact, while he had been one of the most ardent of Confederates, it is doubtful if any one did more after the war to reunite the sections by his own influence and personal associations. After a visit to Cornell University, Dr. Adams wrote him:

> Your coming to us was peculiarly gratifying, in many ways. It seems to me there is every reason why the people of the North and South should be drawn closely together by every possible tie. Such acquaintances as it is possible to make on errands of this kind cannot but tend to soften the sectional asperity, and bind our people more sympathetically and warmly together. Aside from this consideration, your visit gave great pleasure, not only to my mother and myself, but also to all the people of the university, and I wish very heartily to thank you for what you did for us.
>
> I was very much pleased by your address on Stonewall Jackson. It is not strange that the remembrance of him is one of the sacred possessions of your people, and they are fortunate in having his life and character set forth with such remarkable power and eloquence at the time his monument was unveiled.[2]
>
> The address given at Boston gave me a new impulse on the subject of Christian unity and coöperation.
>
> I sincerely hope that the acquaintance we have so pleasantly begun, may not end with this single visit.

[1] Appendix, p. 463.

[2] Dr. Hoge had sent Dr. Adams copies of his Stonewall Jackson oration and of his Boston address on his return from this visit, which was one of the most interesting he ever made anywhere.

Meanwhile, the demands for service at distant points had grown so numerous that he meditated some more practical method of meeting them than a readjustment of the solar system. He was greatly impressed with the importance of these things. The proper representation of the Presbyterian Church on public occasions; the needs of his brethren for help in special emergencies, and on extraordinary occasions; the vast good to be accomplished if one could respond to all the appeals for college addresses, lectures, dedication services and the like; and the lack in the Presbyterian system of any one to do such work except busy pastors like himself.

In view of this need, it had been for some time his earnest hope that he would be able to give up in whole or in part the responsibilities of the pastorate, that he might give his remaining days to the help of his brethren and to putting in permanent form some of the accumulations of a life-time; but these hopes were doomed to disappointment. He had lost a competent fortune in the collapse of the Confederacy. His hopes of a competency in his old age, which would enable him to carry out this wish, were frustrated by the failure of investments in the Northwest through the depreciation of values following the panic of 1893. What was left he had to conserve for the sake of those dependent upon him, especially as the ample life insurance he had taken in his young manhood was based upon a stupid principle, by which its value continually shrank the longer he lived and the more he paid.[1]

[1] This may seem incredible in this age, but the policy dated from the early days of insurance. Policy-holders paid only fifty per cent. of the premium, giving their note for the other fifty per cent. It was *expected* that the profits would cancel these notes. Instead, they accumulated at compound interest. Governor Randolph once put insurance experts to work upon the case, with the result that the company cancelled all outstanding notes and gave a $12,000 policy instead of the original policy for $20,000. But the notes began again, and at his death his estate received $7,400. He had paid in over $18,000. It would have been supposed that one of the old line standard companies would have given its earliest patrons the benefit of the more liberal principles of modern policies.

Disappointed in this direction, he sought to accomplish the same result—at least in part—by getting an assistant or associate in his pastorate. His congregation were ready to aid him in this, and he sought long and anxiously for the suitable man. He only found him the last year of his life.

And so the toil went on, as he endeavored without assistance to fulfil the obligations of his large church, and to respond as far as possible to outside demands.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this time was the way in which he spent his summer vacations. With all his love of foreign travel, with all the opportunities open to him of visiting charming homes, and the attractive resorts of Virginia—at almost any one of which he was cordially welcomed as the guest of the proprietors—he spent his vacations year after year supplying pulpits in cities as hot as his own. The week he spent as he pleased, and on Sunday preached to overflowing congregations at the time when "everybody is out of town."

Three summers he spent this way in Baltimore at the Brown Memorial and Associate Reformed Churches, and one in Milwaukee; and why did a man over seventy thus spend himself? That he might add two or three hundred dollars to the four or five hundred that he contributed out of his income to the benevolent causes of the church! Shame upon the Christians with their hundred thousands and millions of the Lord's money, that the causes of the kingdom should be in such need as to require such sacrifices!

Of this summer work he wrote to Dr. Sample, of New York (November 1, 1892):

> I was never more thoroughly well than I am this autumn, although I worked steadily through the entire summer without a day's rest. It was the hottest summer, too, known for many years.
>
> I had to go to Bridgeton, N. J., on the 20th of July to deliver a centennial oration. It was a day of the most

> intense heat, so statisticians assure us, for twenty-one years. I spoke in a grove to two or three thousand people in the afternoon, the mercury marking one hundred and one degrees, and made my oration at night in the church, but do not know what record the thermometer made of the temperature. It exceeded anything I ever experienced, and when I returned to my room at the hotel, I sat most of the night in the window, sucking lemons and drinking ice-water. I passed the ordeal, however, so well that I am converted to the theory of evolution from the lower animals, and think that one of my great ancestors was a salamander.

While Dr. Hoge was so busy serving others he was equally anxious to secure from others, for the benefit of his own people, the results of special studies out of his own line of work. He became much interested in Dr. W. W. Moore's popular discussions of the ancient monuments and the light recent investigations threw upon the biblical record, and urged Dr. Moore to deliver several of these lectures in his church—which he did, with the delightful effect that always follows his work. The same studies were afterwards embodied in his lectures on the Stone foundation at Princeton.

Somewhat earlier he had been interested in Dr. Sample's lectures on "Beacon Lights of the Reformation." Early in 1891 they exchanged pulpits, and Dr. Hoge wrote of the great interest of his people in the sermons of his friend. Dr. Sample published a letter, giving his impressions of Richmond and of Dr. Hoge's church. Referring to a remark in this letter, Dr. Hoge wrote:

> I noticed that in your published letter you touched on a peculiarity I could never explain, and which, I am told, our physicians sometimes comment on—my ability to sustain long protracted labor without fatigue. Well, a few Sundays ago, I had preached in the morning, had a funeral in my church at two P. M., and another funeral at three P. M., after which I went to Hollywood to the burial, and as I could not get back by four o'clock, Dr. Fair preached for me at that hour, and I preached for him in return for the

favor, at eight P. M. I never felt fresher than I did that night after I came home. I read until twelve o'clock, and got up the next morning at seven o'clock, without the slightest physical reminder that I had done any work the previous day. The following Friday, I had three funeral services to conduct, one at ten A. M., the second at twelve M. and the third at four P. M., and on Saturday composed both of my sermons (such as they were) for Sunday, having been so occupied all the week with executive work that I had no possible chance for study until Saturday. Whenever I have a special pressure of work on hand I do not hesitate to sit up until three or four o'clock in the morning, and then I always rise at seven. I note what you say about the bow suddenly snapping at last. I have no objections to its coming that way.

At length the five busy years had rolled around. The bow had not snapped, and Dr. Hoge was as vigorously at work as ever. The congregation was now face to face with its fiftieth anniversary. Had his friends known that he would be spared to them, they would probably have deferred until now the celebration of five years ago; but now this jubilee must be celebrated and that demonstration surpassed. In its own line it could not be excelled, so this must be made different. There is no need for formal speeches now—the eulogies of the former celebration are fresh in people's minds, and have been put on permanent record. This time let the people speak. Throw the doors wide, that all may have a chance to greet him! But *he* must be heard. Some of the wealth of reminiscence stored in his heart and memory must be given out and placed on record.

For the first—the public reception—the most spacious and suitable place was the Masonic Temple; but there was a hitch. The constitution did not permit its free use for any but Masons, and yet its officers felt unwilling to charge rent for such a use; but the difficulty was soon gotten over. The Masons themselves paid the rent and tendered the use of the

building to the church. All the arrangements were made by the ladies of the church, who extended a universal invitation, besides special invitations to persons at a distance. After a banquet, to which Dr. Hoge sat down with his family, the clergy and some invited guests, came the public reception. The hours announced were from eight to ten, but it was found impracticable to restrict it, and it lasted until twelve, in which time Dr. Hoge had shaken hands with ten thousand people. It was a testimonial such as is paid to few persons not holding high civil or military office. "It was," as was said at the time, "a grand civic and military demonstration that would be unique in the history of any city and State—a concentering of all creeds, all classes, all professions," proclaiming Dr. Hoge, as many said, to be the "first citizen of Virginia."

Some of the special incidents of the evening were thus described at the time:

The first impressive formal function of the reception was the passing in review before Dr. Hoge of a delegation of the veterans of Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, headed by the commandant, Captain Charles P. Bigger. As the veterans marched past, each gave the Doctor a hearty handshake, and one of them presented him, on behalf of the Board of the Home, with a handsome bouquet, while another handed him, as a testimonial from the inmates, a large silk handkerchief, bearing in embroidery the State and the Confederate colors.

A few minutes later, the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association entered the hall in a body, and after they had been grouped in a semi-circle in front of the canopy, Mr. Joseph Bryan, speaking for them, presented Dr. Hoge with a superb gold-lined silver berry bowl. The bowl is a unique and artistic example of the silversmith's art. The sides are fluted, and rise to a rim of repoussé open work, and on the bottom of the testimonial is this inscription:

REVEREND MOSES D. HOGE, D. D.,

FROM

THE LADIES OF THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

In loving remembrance of his devotion to the Confederate cause, and in grateful appreciation of his valuable assistance to them in perpetuating the memory of the Confederate dead.

February 26, 1895.

Judge E. C. Minor held the bowl, and, in performing the office of presentation, Mr. Bryan said:

DR. HOGE: No exercises in commemoration of your labors in behalf of the cause of Christ, and for the good of your fellow-men, could be complete if a recognition of your services to the Confederate soldiers were omitted.

I shall not attempt to recite them, but I doubt, sir, if in the retrospect of your life, your memory will recall any events with sweeter or sadder satisfaction than those in which it was your mission to look in the pale, wan face of the dying soldier, and commend his soul to the God who gave it; and afterwards piously, and with sacred service, to lay his body, cold in death, within the bosom of our mother earth. While this, sir, has been no uncommon experience with you, I vouchsafe to say that it was a service you never rendered without a renewed sense of its sacredness, and a fresh glow of patriotic devotion to your State and her noble defendants kindling in your heart.

To the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association was committed the holy trust of keeping green, to the living eye, the turf that wraps the clay of those, our never-to-be-forgotten heroes.

The members of this association, sir, since its first organization, nearly thirty years ago, have always felt that in you they had a true and tried, and strong friend. They have never felt that they were imposing anything but a duty gladly done when they have asked your counsel or your aid, and freely has it been asked, and as freely has it been given.

On this occasion, sir, they desire to unite with others of your friends to congratulate you on this anniversary of the commencement of your notable life in this city, but they desire especially to pay a tribute of love and gratitude to

you for your services to the Confederate soldiers, and to the guardians of their graves, the Hollywood Memorial Association.

As individuals they have united to procure, and they now desire me to present to you, this silver bowl as a mark of their esteem and gratitude.

You have, sir, been spared the labor and sorrow which is the usual lot of those who have passed three score years and ten, but "underneath you were the everlasting arms." May you, like the great prophet of Israel, live on with your eye undimmed and your natural strength unabated, until there comes

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for thee,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When you put out to sea.

. . . . . .

"And though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear thee far,
You'll see your pilot face to face
When you have crossed the bar."

In accepting the bowl and responding to Mr. Bryan, Dr. Hoge said:

MY DEAR MR. BRYAN: This is one of the most delightful surprises of this memorable evening. Had I anticipated such an honor as the gathering of these ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, and the presentation of their beautiful gift in words as kind as those you have addressed to me, I surely would have tried, at least, to frame some response worthy of the occasion; but you must take what springs spontaneously from my heart, deeply moved as I am by this token of regard from an association which we have all learned to appreciate as one of the noblest ever formed, both in its character and purposes.

There are many renowned cemeteries in the world, which attract travellers from all lands, because of the immortal dead who have found their last resting places within their enclosures, but there is one cemetery, the very mention of which awakens our tenderest memories, and which is endeared to us by the most sacred associations.

In Hollywood are to be found the stately monuments of

some of the great leaders of our Confederate struggle; upon the shafts which rise above them are engraved the inscriptions which tell us of their courage, their patriotism, and sublime devotion to duty; but what shall I say of the wind-swept hill, where we find what we call the "Soldiers' Section," where lie whole battalions of the men who sleep in lowly graves, unmarked by stately shafts covered with memorial epitaphs? I will say this: but for the heroic and self-sacrificing spirit of the patriotic privates who fought in the ranks, there never would have risen over the dust of the great leaders to whom I have referred, the sculptured monuments which celebrate their deeds and perpetuate their fame.

It has been owing to the untiring efforts of the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, that the remains of the fallen Confederate soldiers have been gathered from all the battle-fields, from Manassas to Gettysburg, that they might have their final resting places side by side, even as during life, they marched together, fought together, and together fell on the field of their fame and glory.

My honored friend, you have not exaggerated my admiration for the Confederate soldier. When I meet one of the old battle-scarred veterans on the street, as I extend my hand to grasp his, sometimes the expected hand is not placed in mine. His good right arm was shattered in the fight. He now wears an empty sleeve. The empty sleeve! The sight of that empty sleeve makes my heart full. I salute that sure credential, bearing its mute testimony to the fact that he, at least, has done his duty.

I have not made a response worthy of your congratulation, or of the splendid testimonial of the Ladies' Memorial Association, which I will ever value for its intrinsic beauty, and still more because of the inscription it bears, for which I shall be forever grateful.

When the members of the association had withdrawn, R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which Dr. Hoge is an honorary member, paid their respects to him in a body, and immediately after that organization came the Board of Managers of the congregation of Beth Ahaba, which is constituted of Messrs. Moses Millhiser, president; N. W.

Nelson, vice-president; William Lovenstein, secretary; Julius Straus, treasurer; Isaac Held, financial secretary; Jacob May, E. Gunst, Isaac Thalhimer, E. Bottigheimer, Jacob Edel, and Israel Stern.

These gentlemen were present to perform one of the most interesting ceremonies of the evening, which was opened by Senator Lovenstein stepping forward and saying:

> DR. HOGE: We are here as the Board of Managers of the Congregation Beth Ahaba of this city to present to you the resolutions adopted by the board, and which are not only expressive of their sentiments, but of those of every member of our congregation. We can assure you, my dear sir, that while we are representatives of another faith, there are no citizens of this city who more heartily join in congratulations to you on having reached the fiftieth year of the pastorate of your church, and are proud of being residents of the same city which you have graced so long with your many acts of kindness, love, and affection. I cannot at this time detain this vast concourse who desire to pay their respects to you, but as we have expressed in those resolutions, we wish you many more years of usefulness and honor in this community.

The resolutions are exquisitely engrossed on parchment and inclosed in a massive natural wood hand-carved frame overlaid with gold leaf. They read:

> RICHMOND, VA., *February* 26, 1895.
>
> The Board of Managers of Congregation Beth Ahaba deem it a pleasure and a duty alike to give expression to the sentiments of its members on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Moses Drury Hoge.
>
> It is by the infinite grace of God that Dr. Hoge has been permitted to fill out fifty years of pastorate, and with one congregation, the Second Presbyterian congregation of the city of Richmond. Though connected with one congregation, Dr. Hoge belongs to all men. The half century of his ministry has been filled with earnest and fruitful work, done in the service of God and for the happiness of man,

through all which time the distinguished jubilate, while never for a moment untrue to his own convictions, yet has so served the community at large, that the followers of all faiths have enjoyed the fruits of his scholarship, his eloquence, his broad and generous sympathy; and it is hereby

Resolved, That Congregation Beth Ahaba most heartily joins in the jubilee celebration given in honor of Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, through its Board of Managers gives voice to its appreciation of the noble and unceasing labor which Dr. Hoge has performed, not only for his own congregation, but for the city of Richmond.

Resolved, That it tenders to Dr. Hoge this expression of these sentiments, with the heartfelt wishes for his continued health and strength, and the deep and earnest prayer that he may be spared for many, many years to prosecute the noble work in which he is engaged.

SEAL.

EDWARD N. CALISCH, *Rabbi,*
MOSES MILLHISER, *President,*
WILLIAM LOVENSTEIN, *Secretary,*
ISAAC HELD,
JACOB EDEL,
Committee.

Dr. Hoge was visibly touched by this tribute from his Jewish friends and fellow-citizens, and responded to Senator Lovenstein's address as follows:

MY HONORED FRIENDS: It is not only personally gratifying to me that one with whom I have so long had such pleasant relations, should be the organ of the Congregation of Beth Ahaba in presenting their congratulations and kind wishes, but I regard it as a high compliment that they should be tendered to me by one who has himself been honored for so many years by our fellow-citizens with positions of high trust and responsibility, and who has so faithfully discharged the duties entrusted to him as to merit the confidence and appreciation of our whole people.

I assure you that these testimonials of the esteem of the congregation you represent have deeply touched my heart, and will be a memory to be cherished by me to the end of life.

You have been pleased to state that the resolutions of respect and affection adopted by your board come from the representatives of a faith different from my own, but allow me to assure you that this makes the compliment all the greater, and gives me a stronger reason for appreciating it.

In my travels over the world, I have visited many of the great libraries, which contain the accumulated treasure of the world's best thought, but in each library I have found one book which is filled from beginning to end with the histories, the prophecies, the psalms, and the epistles composed by Jewish authors. These are the writers who have made the most ineffaceable mark on the mind and heart of the world, and who have been the sources of those divine influences which have contributed most largely to the world's true progress.

In accepting the testimonial you have so kindly presented, be assured that it will have a conspicuous place in my house, and will form one of the most valued of my family treasures.

Ere this ceremony was over, the military, consisting of the First Regiment, the Howitzers, the Stuart Horse Guard and the Blues, had arrived, and were endeavoring to make their way into the building, and through the dense crowd.

Dr. Hoge stood the ordeal of hand-shaking wonderfully, and had a word for each one presented.

Gradually an avenue was opened through the great throng, and the military review which followed was one of the most attractive features of the reception. The color guard of the First Regiment, of which regiment Dr. Hoge was chaplain, formed around him, their flags drooping over him, and to the roll of the drums the march past began. First came Brigadier-General Phillips and staff, and the field officers of the cavalry and artillery in irregular order; next Colonel Jones and staff, and then the line officers and men. This scene, as witnessed from the gallery of the Grand Lodge room, was indeed inspiring.

The Governor, accompanied by the resident members of his staff in full uniform, Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, chief of

staff; Colonel John S. Harwood, Colonel Fred Pleasants, General Charles J. Anderson, Colonel Jo. Lane Stern, and Colonel C. E. Wingo, formally paid his respects to Dr. Hoge. In speaking of the reception after it was over, Governor O'Ferrall said it was the grandest affair of its character he had ever witnessed.

As soon as both the individual visitors and organizations had greeted Dr. Hoge, they moved up-stairs to the Grand Banquet Hall, where the refreshments for the general public were served from tables arranged around the walls. Here also the white and the gold predominated in the matter of decorations. The tables were six in number, and, though the banquet hall was at all times densely crowded, all comers received careful attention and a plenteous repast.

The music was furnished by the Howitzers' Band, and all the details of the affair were managed with consummate judgment. There is no question that the occasion was made one of the most remarkable demonstrations that have ever occurred in any city. It has been well said that it rises to the plane of an event in the history of the commonwealth. It has also been well said that it would have been futile to attempt a list even of the most prominent persons present.

The reception took place on February 26th, the day before the anniversary. The next morning early, delegations began to call with special gifts or addresses—purses of gold from the gentlemen of the church and from the Ladies' Benevolent Society; an engrossed address from the Hoge Memorial Church, a marvel of elegance and taste; a gold travelling clock from the Church of the Covenant; besides many personal gifts on this his "golden anniversary."

For the memorial service that evening there was no place but his church. A larger audience could have been accommodated in the Academy, where the former celebration was held, but one would have missed the atmosphere of hallowed memory with which the church was redolent. The only

setting for that discourse was the church and pulpit where for fifty years he had proclaimed the everlasting gospel.

One felt, as they heard Dr. Hoge that night, that the five years since he had stood before the audience in the Academy had left their impress. Something of the fire was gone; something of the ringing trumpet tone in the voice; something of the vigor of form and of gesture. Instead, there had come something not less beautiful; a chastened mellowness, like the soft beauty of Indian Summer; a beauty only less than that of spring-time, because we know that so soon "Death and Winter" must "close the Autumn scene."

The address is given in full in the Appendix,[1] but we must close our chapter with its closing words:

> And now, my friends, this memorial service is ended. How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to the thousands who have come to celebrate this golden wedding, with such unanimity and cordiality. I call it my golden wedding because fifty years ago I was united in holy bonds with this church. I was then in the springtime of life, hopeful and expectant. It was a spring followed by a glowing summer. The summer has been succeeded by a golden autumn, enriched by the fruits of the Divine favor, all the more precious because all unmerited. Since the first year of my betrothal to this church I have seen many and great changes—changes in the church, changes in the city, changes in the country, and in the world; but there is one change which I never saw; I have seen no change in the abounding love and care of One who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." I stand here to testify, as I never could so gratefully before, that amidst all the vicissitudes of mortal life, "His loving kindness changes not!"
>
> And, now, in the possession of a common faith in one Lord, and in the hope of one heaven of harmony and love, let us ascribe to Him, as is most due, all honor and blessing and glory, evermore. Amen.

[1] Page 471.

CHAPTER XIV.

Closing Years.

1895 — 1899.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

—Wordsworth.

THE five years between Dr. Hoge's two great anniversaries had been filled with reminders that the shadows were lengthening towards the evening. Dr. William Brown, for seventeen years a member of his household, had come to the grave in a full age. Colonel B. S. Ewell, a friend from his youth; Colonel Ewell's brother, Dr. William Stoddert, a man of rare genius and of almost unparalleled self-sacrifice; Dr. Leyburn, who had preached his ordination sermon, and whose funeral he conducted; Dr. Henry C. Alexander, his hereditary friend, who had made the opening prayer at his forty-fifth anniversary; Dr. John A. Broadus, with whom he had been for years associated on the International Lesson Committee; had one by one passed from earth and been commemorated by his sympathetic pen. In 1893 he visited his sister, Mrs. Marquess, at the home of her son-in-law, the Rev. A. A. Wallace, in Mexico, Mo. Mr. Wallace was the successor of Dr. Stoddert, and while there Dr. Hoge took a mournful pleasure in visiting the grave of a man whom he deeply loved. During the same visit he met a son of the Rev. Thomas Watson, of Dardenne, the friend of his boyhood. A visit was at once arranged to the father, with whom he spent a delightful day. In a short time he, too, was gone. Mrs. Marquess, who was run in the same heroic mould as himself, was showing plainly the marks of declining years. She lived to pay him one more visit in Richmond, and sur-

vived him a little over six weeks, retaining her fortitude and strength of character to the last.[1]

But Dr. Hoge, notwithstanding these reminders, could not feel that he was growing old. There was, perhaps, less of bodily vigor, but there were none of the infirmities of age. His step was as elastic, his figure in the pulpit or on horseback as erect, his capacity for work, and readiness to undertake it, apparently as inexhaustible as ever. Youth and hope were in his heart, and he looked upon the dates that made him old with a kind of resentment, as accusing him of that of which he was not guilty. His only ailment continued to be the occasional attacks of lumbago or sciatica, to which he had long been subject. In answer to a letter of solicitude after one of these attacks, he wrote:

ALEXANDRIA, *January* 10, 1896.

MY DEAR PEYTON: Your kind letter of the 8th instant was received just as I was leaving home for this place, and I brought it with me to answer it here.

I am much obliged for your solicitude about me and your suggested provision for my relief.

It would be ungrateful in me to complain because about once in three years I am seized with lumbago—my *only* ailment—and *that* at such intervals. I never had a cold or a headache in my life, and no serious illness of any kind since I lived in Richmond.

I had not quite sufficiently recovered from my lameness to come here, but I had promised, more than two months ago, to address the Ladies' Missionary Society at its anniversary, and so made the experiment of the little journey. I left Richmond at twelve M., and was to speak at three-thirty (early enough to allow the country members of the society to get home before dark), and so was driven directly to the church from the station and reached it exactly on time.

It was the largest audience of ladies that I ever addressed. At night I spoke to a general audience, and am to

[1] She died February 22, 1899, and in the interval after her brother's death, in spite of great physical suffering, furnished important material for this biography.

preach to-night and twice on Sunday. Mr. Rice will supply my pulpit on that day.

I hope you all keep well. I know you keep busy. You would not be a member of our family if you did not.

I noticed in a paper that Cousin James Brookes had resigned his pastoral charge, but no reason was assigned. I fear it was because of impaired health.

Suppose you and I (!) agree never to get old, and never to become infirm. Affectionately yours,

MOSES D. HOGE.

Not long afterwards Dr. Brookes went to meet his Lord.

It was with some misgivings that Dr. Hoge's family and friends saw him go abroad that summer to attend the Glasgow Council of the Presbyterian Alliance. He was now nearly seventy-eight years old, and though his natural force was not abated, and his bow still abode in strength, the sudden snapping of the bow, which Dr. Sample had feared, and for which he had expressed himself ready, might come at any time.

But it proved to be in every respect the most delightful and successful of his voyages. Arrived in Glasgow he found Lord Kelvin's jubilee in progress. In 1863 he had been in the same city at the time of Lord Palmerston's address as Lord Rector of the University. He had just arrived, and it seemed impossible to get a ticket, when opening his mail he found one enclosed in a note from a friend, saying that he was just leaving town and could not use it. Would he have the same experience now? It seemed not. The demand for tickets was too great; but he had just called a cab to drive out to the university to try his chances, when he saw a professional looking man passing by. He accosted him and asked him if he could tell him how he could secure a ticket. "Why, yes," he said, "I have one at home, which I am unable to use on account of a professional engagement. If you will go with me to my house, I will give it to you with pleasure." "Well, just get with me into my cab," said Dr. Hoge,

"and direct the driver where to go." So with his usual good fortune he witnessed this function of surpassing interest.

In the council itself he was one of the most marked figures, as he had been nineteen years before in Edinburgh. His principal address was at an evening session devoted to the Educative Influence of Presbyterianism. Dr. McEwan spoke of its Influence on the Individual, Dr. Robertson on the Family, Dr. Stalker on Social Life, and Dr. Hoge on National Life. He began by saying:

> A nation is but a congeries of families, and what the family is, the nation will be. Among the ancient classic republics there was much that was admirable in law, much that was entrancing in song, much that was profound in philosophy, but the fatal defect was their amazing unconsciousness of the value of childhood. The fairest land of the Muse, "the Mother of arts and of eloquence," had no conception of the capacity of childhood for moral development. She could take the Parian marble and chisel it into such forms of life and beauty that, when we look at it, it seems to breathe and love and weep. She could make the marble melt and seem to dissolve into tears, but her own heart never melted with such tenderness as the humblest mother of the Scotch Kirk feels for the child that she knows belongs more to God than to herself. Under the great dome of the sky I do not believe there are any surpassing our Presbyterian mothers in the faithful training of their children to walk in the right ways of the Lord, nor do I believe that there are any who have influences transcending those of Presbyterian households in preparing children to become good citizens both of the country and of the kingdom of Christ.
>
> Under such parental training the illustrious men were reared whose names received such honorable mention by the speaker who preceded me; and, I may add, the men of generations before them, who stood like lights and landmarks on the shores of time; men whose achievements remind us of the illustrious worthies mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, every verse of which is a hero's monument.

He closed his address as follows:

> In conclusion, allow me to say that I know of nothing more astounding than the statement often made by flippant writers and unscrupulous speakers that Calvinism is losing its hold on the moral convictions of mankind. . . . The allegation appears in magazines, in popular novels and in the comic journals which are read by thousands. The comic journal is the best place for these misrepresentations, for none of the jokes or pictures contained in them are half so comic as the charge that Calvinism is well-nigh extinct. It would be laughable, only one does not like to laugh at what you call in Scotland—a "lee." The calumny continues, however, to be repeated, although the churches holding the Calvinistic faith constitute, at this very time, the largest body of orthodox believers in the world, and although Calvinism is steadily gaining adherents in denominations hitherto of Arminian tendency.
>
> The death of our old Calvinistic mother has been frequently announced, and her funeral oration pronounced. Well, the death of a mother is a great event in the lives of her children. A minister in my own country says, "When we came to lay our mother in the grave, one of us said to a friend at his side, 'We will remember the works that will follow her.' 'What works?' asked the friend to whom he spoke. He replied, 'She bore ten sons and trained them all for Christ. We are all standing around her grave to bless God that she ever lived.'"
>
> Mr. President, fathers and brethren, we, too, bless God for our dear old Presbyterian mother, who has borne ten thousand times ten thousand children and trained them all for Christ; but we are not standing around her grave! We rejoice that she is still a living mother—her eye not dim, nor her spiritual force abated, and when our descendants are as near the close of the twentieth century as we are to the end of the nineteenth, another council will meet to celebrate her virtues and her works in strains of adoring gratitude compared with which our utterances tonight are cold and poor.

Dr. W. W. Moore, who was present, speaks of the subject as calling forth Dr. Hoge's best gifts, and handled "with his customary ease and vigor:"

He was warmly received by the council whenever he appeared. He spoke several times, once in presenting a handsome gavel to President Roberts at the close of the sessions, and once at Lord Overtoun's garden party, where he told the story of the American who said his country was "bounded on the north by the north pole, on the east by sunrise, on the west by sunset, and on the south by the equator, and as much further as you want to;" and then proceeded felicitously to contrast the smallness of Great Britain and the greatness of the men she produced.

Dr. Hoge preached for Dr. Drummond during the council, and in London for Dr. Donald McLeod, at St. Columba's Church—the church attended by the Duke of Argyle and other Scotch noblemen during their residence in London.

Socially this visit to Great Britain was of the greatest interest to Dr. Hoge. He was always more interested in people than in things. He had long been under promise to visit Mr. Bayard, and Mr. and Mrs. Bayard did everything to make his visit delightful and memorable. In a letter to his nephew he wrote:

RICHMOND, *October* 28, 1896.

MY DEAR PEYTON: I was very glad to receive your greeting and welcome home.

No matter how pleasant a visit abroad may have been, the return always brings joy and thankfulness with it.

My last was my ninth visit to Europe, and although I did not go beyond the British Isles, it was the flower and crown of all my trips.

The outward and the return voyages were both so pleasant that for the first time in my life I was sorry to see land, and would have preferred a week longer on water.

During my stay in London, for ten days I was the guest of Mr. Bayard. Several months ago he wrote asking me to make him a visit while he was in office, and my appointment as a delegate to the Glasgow Council enabled me to accept his invitation, well knowing what advantages it would give me in the way of introduction to a sphere usually unapproachable to visitors from this country.

When I was on my way to London, I determined not to ask Mr. Bayard to take me to a single place or introduce me to a single person, lest in some way it might embarrass him, but to leave all that to the friendship he had shown me for so many years. I was sure his purpose was to make my stay with him memorable, and I can truly say he surpassed all my expectations. Every day he devised something for my entertainment and benefit.

During one of Mrs. Bayard's receptions, I had my first contact with the people with whom her social position as wife of the ambassador places her on an equality. She could not have a higher position, for the Queen frequently invites Mr. Bayard and herself to dine at Windsor Castle, not to meet company, but because she likes them and enjoys their society. One day they took me to visit Lady Burdett-Coutts at her wonderful home on Highgate Hill—in a vast park, full of trees, in the seclusion so perfectly secured that not a glimpse of the city can be seen. We took our tea in an arbor on the lawn. She was one of the most interesting ladies with whom I met in England; very old now, but a society woman still, with all her faculties brisk and bright, with exquisite courtesy of manners, and as philanthropic as ever.

At a banquet I sat by Mr. Bayard with the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General of England, on one side, and the Hon. James Bryce, M. P., the distinguished historian, on the other. When Sir Richard learned that I spent a week with Mr. Benjamin as my room-mate during the last days of the Confederacy, he invited me to lunch with him at the House of Commons, a privilege I did not enjoy owing to some misunderstanding of the time. When Mr. Benjamin made his escape and went to London, Mr. Webster became quite intimate with him, and wanted to know what I could tell him of his old friend, and I will always be sorry that I missed the interview.

The greatest favor Mr. Bayard did me was to take me with him to a great military review at Aldershot, given in honor of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. The English took advantage of the opportunity to pay the company the most marked attention, no doubt to show that, should there ever be any alienation between their country and ours, it would not be provoked by them.

It was an occasion when many of the great commanders of the British army were together. I might have gone to London a hundred times without having such an opportunity. We went to Aldershot by a special train and arrived early, before the troops began to move and before the ceremonies of the day began, so that the commanders had ample time to receive their invited guests.

The very first person Mr. Bayard introduced me to was the Duke of Connaught, Arthur, the third son of the Queen. He began a conversation with me at once in the most natural and pleasant way imaginable. He said, "You are the guest of Mr. Bayard, and we hold him in the highest regard in England." After talking awhile, he said, "You have had a dusty ride from London; I want to take you and Mr. Bayard to another building on the grounds, where you can be refreshed a little." We went a hundred yards or so, and when we reached the place, he took us into a room, telling us we could find water, towels, etc., and that he would send a man to brush our clothes. While walking across the field with him, he behaved precisely as any Virginia gentleman would have done, intent on kindly hospitality. There was not a particle of assumption or reserve in his manner; and here I may say I fancy that one reason men of high rank in England pay respect to those who come from the South is that *we* are not in the least embarrassed, and have nothing fawning or obsequious in our manner or address, trained as we have been to value men according to their intellectual and moral worth, in accordance with the fine couplet of Burns—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that."

No one would have quicker contempt for a toady than a nobleman, and no one would more readily place on an equality with himself a gentleman, who with all his respect and deference showed that he had respect for himself.

My next introductions were to Adjutant-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, and to Quartermaster-General Sir Evelyn Wood; but what interested me still more was meeting with Field-Marshal General Wolseley. You are aware of the deep interest he took in our Confederate struggle, and of his intense admiration of Generals Lee and Jackson.

Aldershot, July 9, 1896 England

A. Haig

Genl. Comm. thro Aldershot

Wolseley F. M.

T. F. Bayard

Moses D Hoge

Duke of Connt H.A.C

Redvers Buller Cap.

Charles a Court

Major R B.

John Redesdale Barker

He commenced the conversation by speaking of these illustrious commanders whom he declared to be the first in military genius of all who had figured in the war between the States. He sent a message by me of kind regards to Mrs. Jackson, which I have taken pleasure in delivering. What gratified me especially was General Wolseley's invitation to ride back with him from Aldershot to London, which gave me the best opportunity I could have had for conversing with him.

Another of the officers with whom I became acquainted was Lieutenant-General Havelock, son of the distinguished General Havelock, eminent for piety as for courage. I asked him if it was true, as had been reported, that his father had declared in the closing hours of his life that "for forty years he had tried so to live as to meet death without dismay," and he assured me that while holding his father in his arms he had uttered these memorable words.[1]

Some one sent me a ticket of admission to the Chapel Royal of St. James Palace on the Sunday when the son of the King of Denmark, who married the Queen's granddaughter, was expected with his bride to be present at the services.

As I approached the palace, I found the streets in the vicinity filled with people expecting to see the Prince and Princess pass on their way to the chapel. In common with the expectant crowd, I was disappointed, for I found that they had attended the early morning service and had taken the communion; but who should have been the preacher on the occasion but the Rev. Harry Jones, with whom I travelled in Palestine! When the service was over, I followed him into the vestry-room, where he was disrobing. He gave me a joyous greeting and begged me to go home with him. An engagement prevented me from accepting

[1] A little incident of Mr. Bayard's thoughtful consideration occurred during the banquet at Aldershot. Taking the blank back of a menu card, he got a number of the most distinguished persons present to write their names upon it, and handed it to Dr. Hoge, requesting him to take it to Miss Bessie Hoge. Dr. Hoge was conversing with General Havelock at the time, and his signature was not secured. He was ordered to India immediately after the review at Aldershot, and was killed a few minutes after arriving on the field of action. Dr. Hoge's name was written afterwards at his daughter's request.

his invitation, but it was one of the strange coincidences, so often happening to me, that on the only day I ever entered that chapel I should have met my old friend who made such kindly mention of me in the volume he published about his tour in Palestine.

After I left Mr. Bayard's hospitable home, I wrote him a letter, in which I tried to express my sense of his courtesy. The letter required no answer, but he wrote me in reply eight pages in which he assured me of his gratification of my appreciation of what he had done for me, and he ended his letter by saying that he would be "more content" if I would always make his house my home when I visited London, and that in case he should be absent, the servants would always be there to welcome me. The force of hospitality could no farther go. In no other instance was I ever equally assured of a welcome whether my host was at home or absent from it.

Affectionately yours, MOSES D. HOGE.

Another of Dr. Hoge's most pleasant visits was to the Rt. Hon. Thomas Sinclair, P. C., at Belfast, in response to the following cordial note:

HOPEFIELD HOUSE, BELFAST, 23 *June*, 1896.

DEAR DR. HOGE: I got home the end of last week, and I see by the papers you are in full vigor at the council.

I now write to remind you of your promise to visit me here before your return. My family are now at the seaside, but we shall be home in July and August, and any time in either of those months would suit us for your visit. It will be a great pleasure for us to see you here.

You will find our weather a good deal cooler than it was the Sunday we met at Richmond.

I hope you have enjoyed the meetings of the council. They seem to have been very successful.

Dr. Hall said he would consult with you about helping him out with a preaching engagement in Belfast. I am sure you will get splendid audiences here.

With kind regards, and hoping to hear when you can come, I am ever,

Very truly, THOMAS SINCLAIR.

There was no city where Dr. Hoge was greeted with larger congregations than Belfast, or where the papers, especially the staunch *Belfast Witness,* spoke more warmly of his preaching.

This visit was especially delightful. He regarded it as one of the blessings of his life to have "gained the friendship of a man so sincere, so spiritually minded, so disinterested, so affectionate," as Mr. Sinclair. While with Mr. Sinclair he attended a garden party at the magnificently situated castle of the Countess of Shaftesbury, daughter-in-law of the good old Earl, now gone.

When Dr. Hoge met with the accident that ended his life, one of the most cordial letters of sympathy he received was from Mr. Sinclair. Another was from Mrs. Bayard, written in the freshness of her own great loss, in which Dr. Hoge, with thousands upon both sides of the Atlantic, most deeply sympathized. Just before returning to this country, Mr. Bayard had sent Dr. Hoge this graceful New Year's greeting:

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, *January* 1, 1897.

MY DEAR DR. HOGE: The New Year has opened, and the procession of humanity moves on. In a very few weeks I embark home, and I hope to take your friendly hand in mine during the year 1897.

I put in this envelope a little diary for your vest pocket, and one for your good daughter.

Mrs. Bayard and I join in affectionate salutations.

I hope that my day of the calendar will be inscribed with an added happiness, and I am sure that every day you will add to the happiness of some other—or many others.

Believe me, dear Doctor, with affection and respect,
Sincerely yours, T. F. BAYARD.

During this visit, Dr. Hoge was constantly pressed to write his reminiscences. Mr. Lawley was most urgent. Mr. Sinclair wrote him just after he left his house, "You must

perpetuate your reminiscences. Engage that type-writer at once when you go back."

Mr. William Van Vleck Lidgerwood, an old friend of Governor Randolph's, with whom Dr. Hoge spent several days at his residence opposite the Albert Memorial, in London, wrote, "Now, dear Doctor, 'would you, could you, will you' write your reminiscences? Please enter my name for ten copies, one for each member of our family." Friends at home were equally solicitous, and a publisher stood ready to pay twenty thousand dollars for the manuscript; but it was never done; it was not even begun. Each day he did that which had to be done immediately, and to accomplish that he had to borrow time from rest. He was always in bondage to the present.

Doubtless he was too yielding in suffering so many demands to be made upon his time. There was the Assembly's Home and School, for example, the presidency of which he accepted after his fiftieth anniversary; a noble and beautiful charity, in which his heart was profoundly interested; but it absorbed much of his valuable time, and when trouble came to it, he threw his whole soul into the work of saving it.

International arbitration was another subject to which he gave increasing attention. He was in constant communication with the leaders of the movement, who depended largely on him for the cultivation of sentiment in the South, and he was always ready to labor for the cause with tongue or pen.

In October, 1896, Princeton University, on the occasion of its sesqui-centennial, formally assumed the name and style of a university, to which its great equipment had long entitled it. The occasion was made memorable by the conferring of academic honors upon men of this and other countries representative of what was best in university, religious and public life. Dr. Hoge was one of those who received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He had recently

returned from the council in Glasgow, and pressing engagements prevented his attending the impressive function at which the degrees were conferred, but in his case, as in a few others, the degree was given in his absence.

The last General Assembly attended by Dr. Hoge was in Charlotte, N. C., in 1897. He was a commissioner to the Assembly, and one of the speakers at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Westminster Confession. For this address, which was on the relation of Presbyterianism to Missions, he made his usual original and elaborate preparation, writing to specialists for the best books upon the subjects, and gathering from every source the facts upon which to base his argument.[1] His work in the Assembly was most laborious. He had thrown his whole soul into the work of the Assembly's Home and School, and had pledged his personal credit to sustain it when it became involved in debt. The trustees regarded the School as essential to the Home. They held that it must be a high grade institution to give the proper educational advantages to the children of our missionaries and to the orphans of deceased ministers. In normal times the School had been a source of revenue, helping to support the Home. In the financial prostration of the preceding years it had brought the trustees into debt. The Assembly's Standing Committee maintained that the two should be separated, as it was no part of the Assembly's business to support a local educational institution. Dr. Hoge spent laborious nights with the committee, and in the Assembly plead for the institution with all the eloquence and pathos of a father pleading for his child. Had he been supported by any one equipped with the facts and figures to explain the financial status of the two branches of the work, his efforts might have been successful. As it was, the Assembly decreed the separation, to Dr. Hoge's intense mortification. It is too soon to pronounce finally upon the

[1] The address is published in *Westminster Addresses*, Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, 1897.

wisdom of the Assembly's action. The board was able to make better arrangements than could have been anticipated for the education of the children committed to its care, but the enterprise has languished, the number of children cared for reduced, and the Training School for Women discontinued. The Home may yet have a useful and prosperous career, but the dream of its founders, in which the Home and School was to be a centre of missionary influences; to which returned missionaries could retire and be usefully employed; where the children of missionaries could be still kept in association with the tongues and lands in which they were born, while receiving the best educational advantages of the home land; where young women could receive training in missionary work at the hands of those who had toiled in the foreign field, and where the orphan children of ministers might be brought into contact with all these influences; this dream seems now impossible of realization.

In all other respects this Assembly was a source of great happiness to Dr. Hoge. The Westminster celebration brought together many of the fathers of the church. Notable among them was Dr. Dabney, whose eyes had lost the light of this world, but whose intellect was as vigorous and whose heart was as warm as in all the years of their life-long friendship. In less than a year Dr. Hoge stood beside his open grave, and said, with intense emotion, "It seems incredible that all the life and power of that man have gone out of the world."

In all his addresses at the Assembly, Dr. Hoge was listened to with that fascinated attention which is given to those whom we fear we may not hear again. To some his eloquence was a memory of childhood or youth; to others it was a tradition received from fathers or mothers who had heard him in their youth; to others it was only known by reputation. He was now standing close to the Psalmist's utmost limit, but the golden bowl was not broken nor the silver cord loosed. At the unveiling of the window in mem-

ory of the gifted and beloved Preston, the late pastor of the church; in his speeches on the Home and School; in his Westminster address, and in a great sermon at the Second Church, where he held a vast congregation spell-bound for over an hour, he spoke with a pathos and power hardly excelled in his palmiest days.

In the social circle he shone, as he always did. His home was with Mr. and Mrs. Chambers. Mrs. Chambers was a granddaughter of his uncle, Drury Lacy, and her mother, Mrs. Dewey, lived with her, carrying him back to his early associations. Mrs. Dewey's brother, Dr. W. S. Lacy, was with them a part of the time, as was his nephew from Wilmington. Dr. S. S. Laws[1] and Mrs. Laws, old friends of Dr. Hoge's, were also guests in the house. When the late return was made from Assembly or committee and Mrs. Chambers brought out some refreshment, Dr. Hoge would lead the conversation into such happy and inviting fields that we would forget that a morrow must come, with its exacting round of duties, and would linger in the delightful circle far into the night. They were happy days, on which some of us, looking back, can only say, *Et ego in Arcadia.*

The Southern celebration of the Westminster anniversary attracted much attention throughout the Presbyterian brotherhood. A minister in the North wrote Dr. Hoge:

> Your address gave me an additional pleasure, by recalling a day with Dean Stanley in the immortal abbey. I have his autograph written in the Jerusalem Chamber on the Revision Committee's table, which he assured me "looked as the Assembly's sessions might have left it." He was the most sympathetic eulogist of the Assembly I met in all England.
>
> The memorial is a splendid exhibit of scholarship, eloquence, literary finish and religious force. You have set our part of the church an example hard to match.

[1] When Dr. Hoge was in Fulton, Mo., to dedicate the church of his nephew, Dr. Marquess, Dr. Laws, who was then president of the State University, drove over from Columbia and took Dr. Hoge back with him to address the students.

The following winter, Dr. Hoge's long-cherished desire for an assistant or associate in his pastoral charge was realized in the most unexpected way. The Rev. Donald Guthrie, a young Canadian minister, passing through Richmond in search of a Southern climate for his wife, brought letters of introduction to Dr. Hoge; among others, one from his uncle, the Rev. Principal MacVicar, of Montreal. Dr. Hoge invited him to preach for him, with the result described in his reply to Dr. MacVicar's letter:

RICHMOND, *January* 20, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. MACVICAR: I was greatly obliged to you for your letter regarding Mr. Guthrie. He has been with us two weeks and has preached twice for me on the Sabbath and lectured on Wednesday night, making a very favorable impression on our people each time. I have seen a good deal of him socially and like him more and more.

For more than a year I have been looking for some young man of good scholarship, good address, and endowed with what, for want of a better phrase, we call the magnetic gift. If, in addition to these qualities, I can find a man of earnest piety and consecrated life, he will be the treasure I have sought. It may be that I have already found him in Mr. Guthrie. I have proposed to him to become my assistant for three months, with the privilege of withdrawing from the position at the end of either month, if he wishes to do so, and he has accepted the position.

In this way our people will have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him as a minister and as a man, and by the expiration of the time of this engagement he can judge whether he would probably be happy and useful among our people.

If both parties should be pleased, I know of nothing to prevent the engagement from being a permanent one, and thus a desire I have long felt will be satisfied. Virginia being my native State and Richmond my home for more than fifty years, I have unwillingly become associated with so many enterprises, and am constrained to take part in so many public affairs, that as the years wear on, instead of finding repose with advancing time, my work becomes more arduous and exacting. I have been urged to write a

volume of reminiscences of men and events at home and abroad, and two or three other books, of one kind and another, but I can never accomplish these tasks until my labors are lightened, and in fact I could not have stood the strain to which I have been subjected but for the superb health with which I have been blessed. Now, if a good providence has sent Mr. Guthrie to my relief, I will be very grateful. At all events, I hope to have the refreshment of his help for three months.

You have recalled to mind our pleasant meeting at the council in Glasgow, and the debate which followed your able address on "The Relations Between Theology and Philosophy." One sentence I particularly remember, when you said evolution could not account for the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the marvels of Pentecost.

With great respect and regard, I remain,

Yours most sincerely, MOSES D. HOGE.

So pleased were pastor and people with Mr. Guthrie's ministrations that on May 8th a congregational meeting was held, at which he was unanimously called to be co-pastor with Dr. Hoge.

This consummation, so devoutly wished by Dr. Hoge, while bringing him the needed relief, brought a new test to his character. The relation is a notoriously trying one. The more successful the experiment in one point of view, the severer the test; for old age is proverbially suspicious of being supplanted. A dying king rouses from the stupor of death to rebuke the heir-apparent for trying on the crown; but such an indiscretion is not needed to evoke the complaints of the querulous, or to awaken the jealousy of the suspicious.

The happy relations that were maintained between Dr. Hoge and Mr. Guthrie were in great part due to Mr. Guthrie's own modesty, tact and good sense; in great part also to the unswerving devotion of the congregation and people of Richmond to Dr. Hoge, and their continued and unbounded delight in his ministrations.

But of Dr. Hoge's own part in the formation and main-

tenance of these relations, Mr. Guthrie can speak best. In his sermon after Dr. Hoge's death, he said—what he had already said at the ministers' association:

> These relations were marked by absolute harmony. I cannot recall one difference of opinion upon the smallest detail of church work. Youth and age, inexperience and experience, sometimes find it hard to see eye to eye. Youth is inclined to be superficial and rash; and inexperience leads to many errors of judgment, and to utterances which, when not positively injurious, are often ludicrous. Sometimes age is intolerant, and experience speaks in harsh tones. Your pastor in the fulness of the accumulated experience of many years was neither harsh nor intolerant, but kindly and considerate. He neither commanded nor dictated; but sought to lead me. It may sound strange to you to hear me say that never, in the whole course of our relations, did he ever tender me advice *unasked*. I sought his advice upon many matters, and upon such occasions it was given, cheerfully, sympathetically, fully and wisely. His attitude was not one of coldness or indifference, but one of gentle considerateness. Is not this the method of God himself towards his children, whereby he seeks to develop them? Like a mother teaching her child to walk—ready to help it to its feet should it stumble, ready to guide its footsteps when, in its uncertain efforts, it totters near dangerous places, always behind it with strong arms outstretched; such was your pastor's attitude to me in my work in this congregation.
>
> Nor can I refrain from mentioning this fact, viz., he sought to improve my work by constant encouragement rather than by severe criticism. I have spoken personally with him about my labors, and he has spoken to others on the same topic, but never have I heard personally or through others, one word of discouraging criticism coming from his lips. I am humbly conscious that his trained eye saw many crudities and imperfections in my service; but, noting them, he saw fit in his kindness to withhold mention of them. It was my custom on Sunday afternoons to call, before coming to the pulpit, at his house where he joined me; and together we came to God's house. Many times I went into his parlor to wait for him, with an oppressive

> consciousness that my sermon was far short of what it ought to and might have been; and at such times I was nervous and fearful at the thought of having to deliver it before him; but he always had a stimulating word for me: that we could never tell before delivering it, how a sermon would prove; that he had been remembering me in prayer at the throne of grace; that he trusted that the Lord would grant me special "liberty" in the delivery of my message. When I succeeded, he rejoiced in my success; when I failed, he had no word of censure for my failure.

It is remarkable how closely this testimony conforms to that which Dr. Hoge often gave of Dr. Plumer's relations to himself; and what Mr. Guthrie testifies others can confirm. In his own family, in his going in and out among his people, and in his intercourse with the outside world, Dr. Hoge never lost an opportunity of speaking a kind word of his young associate, and never uttered a word of unkindness, or damned with faint praise.

The relief came just in time; too late, indeed, for the accomplishment of Dr. Hoge's purpose of authorship; but just in time to lift the burden from his shoulders before he fell beneath it. In May he preached several times to the Virginia troops at "Camp Lee"—strangely renewing at the last the experiences of nearly forty years before. In June he went as usual to the commencement at Hampden-Sidney, as referred to earlier in this history.[1] But a slow fever set in from a complication of maladies; or, as many feared, from a giving way of the vital forces. Early in July he went to the White Sulphur Springs, where he was attended by his devoted friend, Dr. Hunter McGuire, by his son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, and by his own son, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Jr. He was tenderly nursed by his two daughters, and by his nephew, Professor Addison Hogue.[2] His sufferings were

[1] Page 39.

[2] During one of Dr. Hoge's trips to the old world he was so annoyed by the constant mispronunciation of his name that he suggested a family convention for changing the spelling. Professor Addison Hoge had been so much vexed from the same cause that he adopted the spelling Hogue.

at times intense, his weakness and emaciation extreme, but so great was his force of will that he would shave and dress himself almost every day. Some nights the spark would almost go out, but in the morning it would flame up again. The fever at last burned itself out, and with his wonderful power of recuperation he recovered sufficiently to be brought to Richmond early in August. On the 24th of that month he went with his son, Hampden Hoge, to Atlantic City, where, in spacious rooms facing the ocean, he drank in new health and vigor from the salt breeze. Hopes began to be entertained of his recovery, and he himself fixed the end of September for his return home; but he was far from well. To his nephew, who had missed him at Atlantic City, he wrote from the home of Mr. Wallace King, near Baltimore:

ELDERSLIE, *September* 15, 1898.

MY DEAR PEYTON: I am truly sorry that you had your trip to Atlantic City without finding what you went for. Knowing that you were to preach in New York last Sunday, I would have written and informed you of my movements if I had only known to whose care to direct my letter. Had you been aware of my locality you could have come to Baltimore instead of Atlantic City, and by the electric cars reached me here in twenty minutes and spent the night under the roof of people who would have given you a glad welcome. . . . I am sorry to tell you my improvement in health is far from being what I anticipated. I have had every advantage, but am still weak and tremulous. You can see it in my penmanship; but I am as strong as ever in the bonds that make me

Your affectionate uncle, MOSES D. HOGE.

In spite, however, of his feeble physical condition, Dr. Hoge persisted in going to Elkins, W. Va., to fulfil an engagement to perform the marriage ceremony of Mr. Arthur Lee, of Richmond, to Miss Grace Davis, the daughter of ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia. The journey was comfortably made in a private car, and the ceremony duly performed in the beautiful Davis Memorial Church, which

Dr. Hoge had dedicated several years before. In the palatial home of Mr. Davis, among the beautiful West Virginia mountains, and with the solicitous attention of the family and their many distinguished guests, Dr. Hoge made marked improvement, and, true to his purpose, returned to Richmond in time to preach on the first Sunday in October.

It was an occasion of intensest interest. A great congregation had assembled to hear the voice they had never expected to hear from the pulpit again. He entered as one risen from the dead. His step was trembling and slow. There was a manifest effort at self-control in his voice and movements, as he began the opening services; but before he reached the sermon, he seemed to be himself again. He became "erect and animated, and spoke with all his distinctness and beauty of diction." The sermon was on "The Causes and Cure of Despondency," from Psalm xlii. 11, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." An impressive part of the sermon referred to the sorrow occasioned by the death of men eminently endowed with gifts which qualified them for useful service. He said:

> In this sorrow I share to-day, when I remember the privation we have suffered in the loss of my honored brother, the Rev. Dr. Barnett, of Atlanta, whose church it was my privilege to dedicate, and whose career as pastor and presbyter, and whose unswerving devotion to all the duties of his holy calling won for him an ever-deepening respect and affection on the part of those who knew him best as the years have gone by.
>
> And what a blank, greatly to be deplored, has been made in the roll of the faithful preachers of the word, whose duty and delight it is to bear up the banner of the pure gospel in the eyes of the unnumbered multitude by the removal of Dr. John Hall from the wide field of his earthly labors!
>
> And what shall I say of the sorrow of all who revere the patriot sage, and the incorruptible statesman, in contem-

plating the death of the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, a man who gave new dignity to the highest positions of trust which his country could bestow upon him? Descended from a noble ancestry, he not only maintained the family honor, but added new lustre to it. Like his great progenitor,[1] he was without fear and without reproach. No reflection could be made on his integrity, and never by the sacrifice of principle did he seek emolument or office. For more than thirty years I was honored by his friendship and by many tokens of his regard.

In conclusion, Dr. Hoge said:

It is not my habit to introduce personal matters into my sermons, but after so many weeks of enforced silence, through so severe and serious an illness, I cannot restrain the wish to express my gratitude to God for permitting me to stand again in this pulpit and speak once more to the people of my first and only love as a pastor! For what I have recently suffered I have had so many compensations that I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not express my thankfulness for numberless telegrams and letters during my absence, assuring me of the sympathy and affection of those to whom I have so long ministered; grateful that I have been the subject of so many prayers, at family altars, and in the congregations of my brethren, who remembered me in leading the devotions of their people. Some pastor must be the happiest pastor in the world, and sometimes I think I may be the one. I can say what, perhaps, few can say, that I am satisfied with my lot. For more than fifty years there has been no church in the world that I would be willing to take in exchange for this.

During my recent separation from you, I have been free from all anxiety on your behalf, because of my entire confidence in the discretion, the wisdom and the fidelity of my dear friend and colleague, Donald Guthrie. God has blessed his labors of love to some who united by public profession with this church at your last communion.

How it would rejoice my heart if this, my first sermon on my return, should be the means of leading some soul to

[1] Dr. Hoge does not use this word in the strictest sense, as the Chevalier Bayard died unmarried.

> Christ, or of strengthening and comforting one of God's dear children. I have nothing more to wish for as a pastor, except the abundant outpouring of the Spirit of all grace, and the happy conversion of some in whom I feel a deep interest, and who will, as I trust, soon be able to say, "I hope in God, and I will yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

The sermon was printed, and, coming as it did out of the heart of the experiences of a sick chamber, it reached the hearts of many denied the enjoyment of the services of God's house.

That week the buildings of Union Seminary were to be dedicated at its beautiful new home in the suburbs of Richmond. He was personally deeply interested in the removal, but, on account of his official relations to Hampden-Sidney College, had taken no public part in the movement. On Wednesday he was still too fatigued from the effort of Sunday to attend the dedication services, but Thursday morning he came out to hear the opening address of Professor Johnson. By a spontaneous impulse, the whole audience rose as he entered. That afternoon he drove out again to witness the raising of the Covenanters' flag, and to make the prayer at the ceremonies in connection with it.

The Rev. Dr. James P. Smith, now editor of the *Central Presbyterian,* a brother of his dear friend Mrs. Brown, who had married the daughter of his first cousin, Major J. Horace Lacy, had built a beautiful home near the seminary, which was completed shortly before the seminary was opened. From his sick chamber, Dr. Hoge had written him that when he returned to Richmond he wished to dedicate his home. So one bright October evening he drove out and took dinner with the family, and in a service of great beauty dedicated the home to God, and sought his blessing on all its inmates for all time. Why should not this beautiful thought become a custom?

Dr. Hoge preached every Sunday morning in October in

his own church, and several Sunday evenings in other churches. During that month he took the Wednesday evening service, lecturing three successive Wednesdays on the Visions of Zechariah. His morning texts, after the first Sunday, were:

October 9th.—Psalm xvi. 11, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

October 16th.—Hebrews v. 1, 2, "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins: who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way."

October 23d.—John x. 17, 18, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."

October 30th.—John xvi. 6, 7, "But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."

The sermon on these strangely prophetic words—the last that he was to preach from that sacred pulpit—was pronounced at the time a sermon of wonderful pathos and power.

He had also conducted several funerals, and had taken part in various public meetings. With Mr. Guthrie he had planned for an active winter's work. His health had become, not strong, but much firmer. He remarked to his daughter that he had never taken a fresher interest in the beauties of nature or the delights of literature.

On Friday, November 4th, as he was returning home from a visit of consolation to a bereaved family in his congregation, he was driving along in a quiet reverie of thankful emotions that at last he had taken up every part of his work

again, when suddenly he heard the clang of a gong in his ears, felt the crash of a car against his buggy, and found himself hurled through the air. He landed on his right side on the hard paving stones, sustaining severe injuries, external and internal. He was tenderly borne to his home, bruised and bleeding from head to foot. As the external injuries began to heal, hopes were entertained of his recovery. The day set for Mr. Guthrie's installation was postponed from Sunday to Sunday, at his wish, in the hope that he might be present; but graver symptoms began to appear, indicating lesion of the ligaments of the heart. Everything was done to cheer and brighten his chamber. The flowers that were daily showered upon him, after a few hours were replaced by others, and went forth to brighten other chambers of sickness. Letters, notes, telegrams from all parts of our own and other lands surrounded him with an atmosphere of love and sympathy. Now and then some favored one was received into his room, or some pastor offered prayer at his side.

Before his accident there had been a plan under discussion among some of his Masonic friends to make him a Mason without the usual steps and formalities. He had never associated himself either with the Masonic order or any other secret society, believing that the ministry served the church best by making it the one brotherhood or association to which all their energies were devoted; but this came to him, not as a new demand upon his time, but as an unsought honor, and he accepted it as a token of the regard of a great fraternity. After his accident, it was arranged that the initiation should take place quietly in his room, and with a brief ceremony he was "made a Mason at sight," as the city papers expressed it. He was immediately elected chaplain, and closed the ceremony with a beautiful and touching prayer.

When the regular communion service of the church was at hand, he dictated this letter to his congregation. It was

his last word to the people he had served so long and loved so well:

> *My Beloved Friends, Members of the Second Presbyterian Church:*
>
> For the first time in fifty-three years I am separated from you during communion season, while I am in the city during its commemoration. I have been separated from you on other occasions, sometimes by intervening seas and continents, but to-day, although my chamber almost touches the place in which you are gathered, the very nearness makes me feel the privation to be all the greater. Perhaps no church has had such a record of happy communions extending over half a century; the attendance has always been large, the interest of the people in the service intense, and almost uniformly additions have been made to the membership from your own families or from those of your friends; but whoever else may be absent, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls will be with you. Nothing can separate you from His presence and His love, and while you are partaking of His consecrated emblems, my prayer shall be that Christ may be precious to every trusting heart, and the season be made memorable by foretastes of heavenly rest and peace.

The writer saw him once, early in December, when his case had entered its most serious stage. His mind was then perfectly clear. He was full of all affectionate interest, and said things to be remembered always; but not to be recorded here. Led to speak of himself he described his symptoms with perfect accuracy, and understood their meaning, although his physicians had not told him of these things. He spoke of the mystery of the providence that restored him in answer to so many prayers only to lay him aside again. He could not understand it, but he was submissive beneath the rod. He was content to be made perfect in the school of physical suffering, and took delight in the promises of God and the consolations of his word. The seventy-first Psalm, especially, he said, was his Psalm.

But darker days were to come. The delicate fibres of the

brain had received a shock the full effect of which became more manifest as the brain became less nourished. Clouds settled down upon his mind, and his mental sufferings were great. All through these weary weeks his devoted friend, Dr. McGuire, spent an hour with him in the heart of every day. As a physician, there was little that he could do; but as a friend he strove to cheer him and to turn his mind into channels of pleasant association. And it was not all darkness. While the princely mind was overthrown, there would be intervals, not, indeed, of restored reason, but of light and sweetness and love. For the last three weeks of his life his oldest daughter was ill with pneumonia, and Mrs. Gilliam was the only woman at his side, his faithful, tender, tireless nurse. She resembled her mother, and to his mind the years were turned backward to the days of his early married life. He called her "Mamma," and would ask her, as evening came on, "Are all the children in?"—with many other words of endearment and solicitude. Sometimes he would speak as if to an audience, at times incoherently, then again with sentences of as perfect finish and beauty as ever fell from his lips. Then visions of light and beauty would seem to break upon him. It was of the experiences of one such night that his nephew, Addison, wrote:

> I was once helping to take care of one of God's servants who was sick. He had opened his heart to me when I was a motherless baby and had taken me into his home. In after years he had once more opened heart and home to me when I was a fatherless boy; and so it was a great privilege to be a comfort to him in his time of need. For a while it was my part to stay with him at night. His restlessness made him talk in his sleep a great deal. Usually this talk was incoherent. All the lines of association in his mind seemed to be inextricably tangled, and his thoughts crossed and re-crossed as the telephone messages might do in a city where a storm had caused confusion along all the wires.
>
> But one night it was different. The day before, we had

thought the end might be drawing near. That night he had glorious visions. I had fallen asleep and was awakened by the sound of his voice. He was asleep, but that voice was full and deep, and might have swelled through a large cathedral, so great was its volume. The tones were not only rich and resonant, but there was in them a majesty that I had never known before. The utterance was solemn and deliberate, a slight pause between the syllables, a longer pause between the words; and there was one constant refrain that began his sentences—"End-less—beauty! End-less—beauty!" Scores and scores of times did the words ring forth. "Daz-zling—ra-diant—un-fading!" also fell from his lips. As I lay there in the small hours of the night, it seemed to me that I was in the presence of a soul that was hovering on the borders of the other world and overwhelmed by the glory of what it saw. Over and over again the large and silent house resounded with the words, "End-less—beauty! End-less beauty!" Did he see the King in His beauty? Did he behold Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely? Sometimes the words "her" and "she" mingled with the others, and then I wondered whether he saw the smile on the angel-face of one whom he had

"Loved long since and lost awhile."

On the afternoon of January 5th he had been very restless, but towards evening sunk into a quiet sleep. After nightfall a change appeared quite suddenly. He was perfectly conscious, but evidently dying. His daughter assured him that she was by his side, for he seemed to see no one, but, she added, "Jesus is with you, which is far better." He pressed her hand, but did not speak. At intervals she repeated to him the first verse of Bonar's hymn—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,"

and the twenty-third Psalm, which he had so often called "that singing angel among the Psalms." Each time he warmly pressed her hand. These words of affection and encouragement were continued whenever he roused from the short dozes into which he fell. About ten o'clock he called her name distinctly, "Mary," and never spoke again.

From that time on his breath came slower and fainter. There was no snapping of the cord; only a sinking of the flame until, a little after two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the vital spark was gone. His hands were folded peacefully across his breast as he had lain for hours, and soon the calm majesty of death came to his face and smoothed away all the marks of pain. As one looked upon the still countenance, and thought of the wealth of thought and fancy and reminiscence that had lain behind that noble brow, and that had found expression upon those once mobile lips, one could only recall the Psalmist's words, "In that very hour his thoughts perish." So it seems, indeed. How many times in the writing of these pages have we needed just the one word that he alone could speak. There are treasures that a man gathers in life that he takes from the world when he leaves it; but do they perish? That which is gathered in righteousness and used for God is laid up in heaven; and the man who is freighted with such treasures cannot perish, but enters on a nobler work in a higher sphere. It would seem that even the materialist is under obligations to account for the disappearance from the earth of so much force and power; but One who needed not to speculate, because he knew, has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And Dr. Hoge's motto gives the answer of faith, "RESURGAM."

By Dr. Hoge's explicit directions the funeral services were marked with the utmost simplicity. He stipulated that there should be no flowers, and no funeral address. The casket of cedar wood was covered with plain black cloth, upon which were laid two palm branches. There were no mourning emblems in the church. "The crepe is worn on our hearts," said an old gentleman, who had been impressed in his youth by Dr. Hoge's university sermons, and late in life came from an adjoining county to unite with his church. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, but not more than it had often been to hear the voice that was now still. Mr. Guthrie and Dr. James P. Smith made the

prayers; Dr. Witherspoon and Dr. Kerr read the scriptures, and Messrs. Stewart and Cook, pastors of the churches founded by him, announced the hymns. Hymns, prayers and scriptures were full of all that could give uplift and hope; but when the slow procession began to move through the aisle, bearing forever from his church the pastor of nearly fifty-four years, the long pent-up emotions of the great throng broke forth in half-stifled sobs all over the building. When the procession passed into the street, though there was no pageant to attract the crowd, the multitude without was found to be vastly greater than the assembly within; and thousands lined the long way by which the procession was to pass.

Before the Sabbath sun had set on the short winter's day, the spot in Hollywood where his loved ones lay was reached, and with a few words of prayer and benediction his mortal part was committed to the ground. And there he sleeps; by the wife who walked beside him in loving helpfulness; with the little ones who brightened his home for a season; with the brother with whom he held sweet converse, and with whom he had lain on this very spot in the fulness of life and communed of all that was in their hearts; with the uncounted hundreds at whose graves he had spoken of "Jesus and the resurrection;" with the great and heroic dead of Virginia and the Confederacy, to whom he had so often paid eloquent tribute; in the soil of that Virginia he so loyally served and so devotedly loved; by the noble river that sings the requiem of the dead who sleep beside its banks.

And like the river, the stream of humanity flows on. As one drove home in the solemn evening and looked upon the living throngs moving in the scenes that had known him, and treading the streets that should know him no more, one thought, What becomes of a life spent in the service of humanity? What remains of the toil and tears of these many seasons? This one will return to his farm, and that one to his merchandise, and that to his pleasure. The stone falls

into the river and makes a few ripples for a moment, and then the river closes over it and flows on as before.

But happier thoughts come after. The sun floods the earth by day and leaves no ray to illumine the night. The rain of yesterday is dried from the face of the earth to-day. The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. But in the verdure of the fields, the beauty of the flowers, in the harvests of golden grain, and the rich fruitage of the earth, wind and rain and sunshine are stored to fill our hearts with food and gladness. So a man's name may perish from the earth; the memory of what he was and of what he did may fade away; but the influence and power and life of the man live on in other hearts, and reproduce themselves in other lives, until all are garnered at last in the eternal "harvest home."

"I never date a letter at the beginning of a year," he wrote his sister one New Year's day, "without some emotion. When I write you a letter and date it January 1, 1900, that will look stranger still." In the year preceding that date they both passed from time into eternity; but, marking well the years as they passed, and filling them with work for God and man, they have learned that—

"Life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year."

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTER AND WORK.

"Why does the Mohammedan put a man on the top of the minaret? He thought of the trumpet that once summoned the congregation of Israel to worship; he thought of the bells that still summon Christian people to worship; but at last he thought of the human voice. . . . There is nothing like the human voice for impressing human hearts. So it will be to the end of time."—MOSES DRURY HOGE.

HERE we would fain lay down our pen and feel that our task is done, with thankfulness that so much of the man survives; with a sigh that so much is irrevocably gone. The orator's influence is necessarily limited in great part to his contemporaries. The eloquence of Demosthenes is more than a tradition only because of his written masterpieces; but who that has read them has not longed to sit in the Pnyx under the blue arch of that incomparable sky, with the white-templed Acropolis above him, and the blue bay of Salamis before him, and all around the "violet crown" of Athens' hills, and to come under the spell of voice and action and man, as the great thoughts surged through his soul, while he plead for honor and for liberty, and hurled forth those invectives against their ambitious adversary that have ever since given name to denunciatory eloquence? Who has not longed to stand in the Forum amid the monuments of Rome's storied greatness and hear the voice that poured forth the rotund periods that we call Ciceronian? Or to gather with the awed and silent throngs that filled the great church where the "Grand Monarch" lay in solemn state amid the pageantry of France, and await with expectant hush the magic of Massillon's voice, and feel the thrill of those first words, "There is nothing great but God," while his voice seemed the only voice, and those words the only words

worthy to break such silence? But there is no magic that can renew that spell, or give back

—"the sound of a voice that is still."

Dr. Hoge was a voice; and when a voice is silent, it is gone. He himself recognized this and spoke of it; but he had chosen deliberately, and he chose wisely. Those to whom God has given the divine power of eloquence dare not choose otherwise; for, as he himself said in the words at the head of the chapter, "There is nothing like the human voice for impressing human hearts. So it will be to the end of time."

But to be a voice—a human voice—one must be a man. The voice can only give out what lies behind it. The nightingale breathes out sweetness, and the dove sounds its mournful plaint; the lamb bleats its helplessness, and the lion roars its savage strength; but to speak to men of what concerns men, one must be a man. To speak to men of the things of God, one must be born of God.

What shall we say, then, concerning this man—this man of God? While one lives whom we love and honor, we are content to love and honor him. We rejoice in what he is and in what he does. We sit down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to our taste. But when he is dead, we seek to *place* him. He belongs to the great company of the past who have blessed the world with their lives, and on the walls of the great temple of their fame we seek to find his niche.

But such a work is not for us. With loving and reverent pen we have sought to tell some things that he did and some things that he said, that—so far as might be—he might speak and act in these pages as he spoke and acted in life. If this has failed, no characterization we could now give would redeem the failure. If it has succeeded, no characterization is necessary.

Nevertheless, at the risk of a seeming inconsistency, there

are some things that must be gathered up and given in more orderly statement than was possible in the course of our narrative, before we can feel that our task is done; and we are fortunate in this: that in what is most necessary of all, the analysis of his pulpit power, another has already said just what we would like to have said, but which we could not have said so well.

Dr. Hoge's appearance would have commanded attention in any assembly, under any circumstances. His brow was high and noble; his nose strongly and keenly aquiline; his mouth large, firm and flexible; the chin broad and strong, but not heavy. His cheek was furrowed with deep lines that met beneath his chin. His neck was long and capable of remarkable elongation—one of his most expressive gestures. His complexion was swarthy, but clearer in later life than in his younger years; and his fine brown hair, brushed back from his brow, was never decidedly gray. For many years he wore no beard except a closely clipped moustache.

But the eyes were the expressive feature of the face. He had his mother's eyes; and, like hers, they were called black, brown, hazel—everything but blue, which they were not, and gray, which they were. The uncertainty was due to the wonderful expansive power of the pupil; but the changes of expression were still more remarkable; now melting into the most winsome tenderness, now burning with the intensity of an eagle's, now dancing in merriment, now grave or sad.

His fine head was finely poised, though set on shoulders too sloping for the ideal of manly strength. But strong he was. He was too spare to be considered muscular, but his muscles were like finely tempered steel. His hands were slender and delicate, but he had a grip like a vise. He stood just six feet in height, but was so slender as to appear even taller. He was always in motion, like a high-bred horse, and could never endure to be still; but he could endure exertion with tireless tenacity. He was good at such manly sports as were in vogue in his youth—except fishing, which did not

accord with his temperament—but was at his best on horseback. He rode superbly, always maintaining the Virginia seat, in which man and beast are as one. He rode to the last. When so ill at the White Sulphur Springs the summer before he died, that Dr. McGuire seemed discouraged about his case, he said, "Never mind, Doctor, I'll ride by your house on Lucile, some morning in October, before you are out of bed." And so he did.

No one ever called Dr. Hoge a handsome man; but no one ever failed to recognize him as a brilliant and distinguished-looking man. Just what he was, however, strangers could not always make out. When going to deliver an address in Charleston, the other three seats in a Pullman section were taken up by three gentlemen from that city. They did their best to be polite. One of them brought out a bottle and passed it to him with the others. He politely declined. Nothing daunted, they proposed that he join them in a game of cards. Again a polite refusal; but, after playing a while without him, they proposed poker for a small stake, saying, "This is a game that will just suit you." When that failed, they gave him up for a time, until the Charleston papers were brought on the train. Having purchased one, a member of the party, looking over it, came to the account of the expected address before the Bible Society. A light seemed to dawn, and, pointing to the heading, he said to Dr. Hoge, "Is that your name?" The mystery being solved, they dropped other forms of amusement, and fell into conversation, in which he so charmed them that they showed him marked attentions when they reached the city, and afterwards declared he was the most interesting man they had ever met. One would be in doubt, perhaps, as to whether he was a military or a professional man; but, while there was nothing unclerical about his appearance, there was nothing to suggest the ecclesiastic.

Dr. Hoge's portrait was several times painted by the late William Garl Brown. A bust portrait is in possession of his

daughter, Mrs. Gilliam, and a three-quarter length portrait, with extended hand and open palm, a favorite attitude in preaching, hangs in the lecture-room of his church; a similar one was presented by Mr. O. F. Bresee, of Baltimore, to the Philanthropic Society of Hampden-Sidney College. A successful bust of him was modelled by Moynihan.

It is, perhaps, unusual that the physical man so correctly represents the intellectual man as in Dr. Hoge's case. His intellect was conspicuous for fineness of quality and vigor of action, rather than for massiveness. His fancy was light of wing and wide of range. His logical processes were quick and keen. His judgment had the swiftness and soundness almost of intuition. His perceptions were immediate, and his memory marvellously retentive and exact. All that he had read, and all that he had seen, seemed to be his for all time, and, better still, was always at his command, coming to his mind, seemingly unbidden, just when needed.

This quality of readiness, indeed, was probably his most unique excellence, pervading the whole man, and manifesting itself in every position in which he was placed. He never seemed embarrassed—never at a loss. Once when the General Assembly was meeting in a city at the time of the closing exercises of a large school for young ladies, one of the greatest divines and orators in the country was to make the address to the graduates, and Dr. Hoge was to deliver the medals. The orator of the occasion saw before he began that his ammunition was too heavy for the occasion. He confided his difficulty to Dr. Hoge, who tried to persuade him to throw his manuscript aside and make an extempore address; but he was unwilling to trust himself. His address was learned and deep and long, and the girls, wearied with their labors and preparations for the occasion, nearly fell over each other in their fatigue before it was over. When the time came for the delivery of the medals, Dr. Hoge fairly bubbled over with gaiety. He glanced from one thing to another with such a light touch and such humorous fancy

that the girls were revived as with sparkling wine. Suddenly there was a hitch. At the moment when a medal should have been delivered and the modest maiden was standing before him to receive it, it could not be found. An embarrassing pause was about to follow, when he tore a piece of ivy from the decorations of a pillar, deftly twined it into a chaplet, and, amid a storm of applause, placed it upon her head, with some happy word. Just then the medal was produced and duly presented amid fresh applause, and the girl, who was on the point of mortification, was sent to her seat the happiest of them all.

In more serious matters this readiness was more than the happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. It was the divine spark that distinguishes genius from mere talent. It may be difficult to define genius, but in nothing is its presence more marked than in this: that under the glow of excitement, and in the emergency of a crisis, all the faculties of the soul are keyed to their highest pitch, and the mind works with a facility, a brilliancy and a power that surprises itself. This is the exaltation that a great general feels in the crisis and strain of battle; this is the "divine afflatus" that produces the poetry that lives and sings itself in the heart; and this is the inspiration of the orator, that bears him aloft on flights that could never be wrought out in the study.

At a Hampden-Sidney commencement, Dr. Hoge's dear friend and class-mate, Dr. Dabney, had delivered an address on the "New South." He had given sound advice and wise counsel—urging the young men before him to accept present conditions and throw their whole energies into the work of building up the New South until it should be the equal of the old; but it was evident that his heart was with the old, and that his hope for the future was not bright. Twice in the course of his address had all the power of his mind shone out in a brilliant figure—each time descriptive of the old South. Once, in her prosperity, he compared her to the bronze

Athena, standing in massive strength upon the living rock of the Acropolis, crowned with the insignia of victory and empire, armed *cap-à-pie* to defy every foe, the gilded tip of her burnished spear catching every ray of the sun, and guiding the sailor from afar as he brought the products of every clime, to lay them at her feet.

Again he had brought tears to every eye as he pictured, amid all the pageantry of military display that rendered brilliant the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Stonewall Jackson, the tattered remnant of the old Stonewall Brigade, as they marched amid the gay throngs to do honor to their old chief. Then, he said, it was that the enthusiasm was wildest, that such cheers and huzzas rent the air as the young soldiers, in all their brilliant array, were unable to evoke. The hearts of the people turned to the Old South in its poverty and defeat, rather than to the New in its bravest show.

Dr. Hoge had to speak the next day. He wished to give a more hopeful turn to the subject without seeming to criticise or antagonize his old friend. He was handling the matter as delicately as he could, but as Dr. Dabney sat before him, he could see that his face was unresponsive. He determined to win him, and in an instant the whole thought flashed before him. It was complicated and hazardous. A false touch would ruin it all, and Mrs. Jackson and Julia were in the audience, making delicate handling more necessary; but as these things passed through his mind, he had already begun: "When my honored friend said yesterday that it was the appearance of the old Stonewall Brigade that evoked the greatest outburst of enthusiasm on the ever-to-be-remembered day to which he referred, he surely forgot one circumstance. When the Governor of the commonwealth lifted the little daughter of General Jackson upon the railing of the platform and presented her to the assembled multitudes, then it was that the greatest shouts shook the air, that hats were tossed highest, and flags and handkerchiefs were waved in

the wildest enthusiasm, and the old veterans themselves almost tore the earth in the exuberance of their joy. For why? General Jackson was dead, but his daughter still lived. The Old South was dead, but the New South was alive; and though now like that slender girl standing on the frail railing of a temporary platform, yet through the loyal devotion and loving service of these young men, she shall yet stand forth before the world like the bronze Athena"—and continued, almost word for word, Dr. Dabney's magnificent description of the day before. He had taken Dr. Dabney's two finest passages—of course, we have only hinted the thought in barest outline—and, by the skilful introduction of a new and tender incident, had turned them both into the channel he desired. The interest was enhanced by the relations of both to General Jackson; Dr. Dabney, his chief of staff and his biographer, Dr. Hoge his eulogist on the very day referred to; and by the presence of Mrs. Jackson and her daughter in the audience. Dr. Hoge was hardly able to complete the passage for the storm of applause that swept over the audience, and when he looked down at Dr. Dabney he was in tears. He had touched the deepest springs of his heart.

Probably Dr. Hoge's highest flights were reached under circumstances like these, and it was always true that language came to him best under the inspiration of an audience. In his study, with a pen in his hand, he often sought painfully for the best word. Before an audience he never hesitated for a moment, and it was not often that the word could be improved upon; but he never suffered his readiness to become a snare to him. He never came under the curse of his own facility. He knew that the ultimate standard by which a man was judged was not readiness, but excellence; not how the fountain flowed, but the character of the waters. Hence his life was a life of study. The discourse that he delivered at Copenhagen on five minutes' notice had been preparing for fifty years; you can find the germ of it in his

record of his mother's death in his college diary. This general preparation was going on all the time. He kept in communion with the great masters of thought. He stored his mind with the best that they had said in prose and poetry. He read the freshest and brightest of contemporary literature. He kept himself informed of all that was going on in the world. He studied not only books, but events and things, and, most of all, men. He studied these things for their own sake; but he studied them in a higher relation—as they illustrated or confirmed the word of God, and as the word of God could be brought to bear upon them; and that was, after all, his most inexhaustible field of study. The word of Christ dwelt in him richly. The richness and variety of the Bible was a favorite theme of talk with him. He could speak on this theme as one having authority, for from that Bible he preached with infinite variety for over fifty years.

But he did not depend on general preparation. We have all known those who did; who, with five minutes' preparation, would preach or speak on any theme. They necessarily fell into monotony and vapidity; no matter how extensive their reading or how general their scholarship, unless new channels were *cut,* thought would flow in the old. On the other hand, we have all seen those who made only special preparation. They select a subject, read up on it, and conscientiously prepare a discourse, each man according to his several ability; but, confining themselves to such preparation, they become narrow in their range of subjects and didactic in their style of treatment. Both methods are necessary. The general preparation to give freshness of thought and variety of theme, the special to give definiteness of aim and exactness of thought to the individual discourse.

To make this special preparation the more easily, Dr. Hoge sought to record whatever impressed him in his general reading or study. An earlier mention has been made of the "Index Rerum," in which this record was kept. It was a stout volume, small quarto, made of fine, thin, unruled

paper, and divided into sections by the letters of the alphabet. When a subject entered his mind, he noted it under its letter, with any thoughts then occurring to him, and as he read, in books, magazines, or newspapers, anything that bore upon it was noted down. Or, if he read an article that impressed him, or was struck by a passage in a book, he would note its subject in his Index, referring to the article or book, and as he came to other things upon the same subject, they were duly noted also. Of course, magazines and newspapers that were referred to had to be preserved, and—what was more difficult—found when needed; but this part of the work he generally turned over to members of his family. It was the special work of his invalid daughter to preserve these fleeting treasures, and her wide reading constantly enriched his own, by directing him to that which she knew would interest and prove useful to him.

This was the fundamental secret of his work and method. The wealth of incident and allusion that enriched his discourse was not the driftage of his current reading, nor the flotsam and jetsam cast up by the tides of memory, but was brought forth from carefully freighted cargoes laden in far distant ports, and stored for future use; and when these stores did not afford the merchandise he needed, he did just what the enterprising merchant would do—he sought everywhere until he found it. When he had to treat a special subject, he sought from specialists the best literature extant and available. And—if we may be pardoned for pressing the figure a little farther—he was very solicitous as to the genuineness of his wares. In this respect his habits were more those of the writer than of the speaker. No pains were too great for the verification of a quotation, and nothing less than exactness and certainty satisfied him.

His "Index" was a thesaurus, not only of subjects and treatment, but, to some extent, also of expression. Happily turned phrases, graceful combinations of words, striking expressions of thought, were noted, and passed into

his vocabulary; but, as a rule, his preparation for the pulpit was the preparation not of language, but of thought.

Not so, however, with his prayers. Prayer he did not consider the place for "eloquence," but for the reverent and devout expression of the needs of the human heart. For this he felt that the most careful preparation of language, as well as thought, was necessary. Personally, he believed that a moderate and flexible liturgy, embodying the devotional product of all the ages, with ample freedom for the addition of such original prayers as occasion demanded, would be the most satisfactory vehicle of the church's prayer and praise. The strongest argument for a liturgy, he felt, was furnished by the careless, shipshod and undignified prayers of some of those who most vehemently opposed all forms. This argument he did much to remove by his own careful preparation for the solemn work of leading the people's devotion, so that few who attended his own ministry ever felt the need of anything different; but the elaborate and laborious preparation that he made for this service, as evinced by his papers, surely raises anew the question of the propriety of laying such an additional burden upon the ministry of a church in which so much is expected in the preparation of sermons. If a Moses Hoge could only attain excellence in this service by such laborious means, and if the stock of Moses Hoges is so small, could not the church profitably draw more largely upon the devotional literature of the past? This literature is the heritage of no one branch of the church. Much of it comes down from the primitive church, and some of the most important contributions to it have been made by the great reformers whose work is the special heritage of the Presbyterian family of churches. Be that as it may, Dr. Hoge's peculiar power in prayer was not merely the result of what is called the "gift of prayer." Not only his celebrated prayers on great public occasions were carefully written out, but from his early ministry he wrote prayers for

every variety of occasion and service, and formulated petitions on every variety of topic.[1]

Into the make-up of the orator, and especially of the preacher, there are other qualities than those of the intellect. The heart is as important as the head. We confess that we hardly know in which category to place the sense of humor, which the ever-delightful Mrs. McFadyen—"Our Sermon Taster"—found so necessary for the preacher, and for which no examination was provided at "the college." Wit is, of course, of the intellect, and humor that is not illuminated by wit is apt to become a dull affair; but humor in itself seems to be a part of human sympathy, showing one open-hearted to human fellowship, as well as open-eyed to human fun—and folly. Dr. Hoge's sense of the ridiculous was keen, and its keenness saved him from those offences against the proprieties that so often lead to the proverbial step out of the sublime. For that which was amusing without being painful he had great relish. His laugh was soft, but genuine, and often punctuated his own telling of that which amused him. Sometimes he would revel in the various aspects of a subject that touched his sense of humor, bringing out one delightful point in the picture after another with gentle merriment. He was never more charming than when in this vein. It gave a genial glow to his conversation, interspersed with the flash and sparkle of now and then a witty thrust. He and his brother especially delighted in drollery with each other. How rich was his description of the parting salutation of three maiden sisters in his congregation—he was not fond of kissing at its best—

"Thrice flew the darts, and thrice my peace was slain."

How delightful his reply to his brother, who, when he had received his first semi-annual salary in Baltimore, wrote him to know "how a man should look when he presented a check for a thousand dollars," to take it "with a jaded air"—

[1] A few of his prayers are published in the Appendix.

as one to which such things had become a weariness! How easy his brother's suggestion that the monument of a certain editor should be "a huge typographical error." Once the two were in the same church without knowledge of each other's presence when a good brother was to preach whose fondness for the word "stupendous" had often amused them. The sermon was so far on before the word came out that Dr. Hoge feared—as he afterwards said—that "he and stupendous had fallen out," but when at last it came, *ore rotundo*, the eyes of the brothers met across the church. But in all this "excellent fooling" there was never any sting. Dr. Hoge's earlier letters were often illustrated with caricature, but it would rarely have caused anything but amusement if it had come under the eye of its subject. On the platform Dr. Hoge freely indulged his humor, but in the pulpit, even when preaching to children, his standard was very severe. It was a constant wonder to him that ministers should think there was no way to preach to children except to make them laugh. In ecclesiastical assemblies, while he did not object to a little mingling of gay with grave in debate, he felt that too free merriment lowered the dignity and marred the decorum of such bodies. On solemn and sacred occasions, when others are most easily moved to laughter by what is ludicrous or amusing, he seemed to have lost even the power to be amused.

This contrast between ready sympathy and strong repression ran through all his emotions. If his sympathies had not been quick and warm and deep, he could never have had the power over the human heart that he so conspicuously possessed. He could throw himself readily into the mind of a child, and see with his eyes, leading him on through tales of wonder and endless delight. Or he would join the little ones in their play with apparently as much happiness to himself as he gave to them. A lady from her window saw him stop one morning in his walk and hold his cane nearly to the ground for two tiny men to jump over. As they gained con-

fidence, he raised it a little until their limit was reached, when he went on gaily with his walk, leaving them with much higher opinions both of themselves and of him.

During a visit from his niece, Mrs. Wardlaw, whose home was in Brazil, he would take her little child on his shoulder and prance and leap about the room like a colt. Asking of his niece the Portuguese word for horse, he told the child that he was her *cavallo*. Some time after, when she heard some allusion to "Uncle Moses," she said, "Oh! yes, he was my *cavallo*." That was her little conception of the man.

And as he rejoiced with those that rejoiced, so he wept with those that wept—not "idle tears," but, if tears at all, tears of genuine helpfulness and sympathy. Of practical help he gave entirely too much. Theoretically, he approved of organized charity and knew the dangers of indiscriminate giving, which melancholy experience running through many years abundantly confirmed; but he was born too soon to learn the practice of this creed, and he rarely refused help to any one. His house, too, was on a prominent corner, immediately next to his church, and an incessant stream of applicants found him without difficulty; and, as he always valued his time more than his money, often to save the precious moments, he would cut short the interruption by doing what was asked, even when against his judgment. To his brother ministers in less favored circumstances he was a constant friend, and many were the checks that went from his little study to relieve burdened hearts and make them preach with freer spirit the gospel of love.

And in all sorrow his tender heart was a fellow-sufferer. He had known sorrow; the deepest sorrows of life; and with a deeper significance he could echo the words of the heathen queen—

"Non ignara mali, miseris sucurrere disco,"

for he served One of whom it could be said, "We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was tempted in all points like as we are."

No one ever saw Dr. Hoge in the chamber of sickness or the house of mourning, no one ever heard the inexpressible pathos of his voice in prayer for those who were in sorrow, or in sin; in recounting a touching incident, or in making a moving appeal, who did not feel that inexhaustible fountains of tenderness lay behind his words. People used to say there were "tears in his voice."

They were not often in his eyes. His power of repression and self-command was manifest here as in the play of his humor. He mastered his emotion, and thereby the emotions of others. He was seldom mastered by it. Sometimes the strong man was bowed, as when a beloved daughter told him that she must undergo a severe and dangerous operation, he sank on the floor, buried his face in her lap, and sobbed like a child, saying, "I never expect to be happy again." But this was never in public, and is only told now that men may know the strength of those emotions that he kept under such strong control.

The same was true of those more strenuous passions of our nature. Without such passions he could not have been a leader and a master of strong men. In his youth and early manhood he was of violent temper; but he learned that temperance, which Ruskin says is "the power that controls the most intense energy, and prevents its acting in any way except as it ought." Such a nature is like steam—very dangerous in a defective boiler, but controlled in a mighty engine, what a power for good! In the pulpit his indignation would sometimes blaze forth against some wrong with the very white heat of passion, or a torrent of denunciation would burst forth and threaten to sweep all before it; but in private he never stormed. If he was displeased, it was manifested, not by what he said, but by what he did not say, unless he felt it incumbent to administer a rebuke; which he did gently, or scathingly, as the case seemed to require; but never with passion. This constant self-mastery was the secret of his mastery of others.

It was also the secret—or one secret—of his mastery of an audience. The deliberation with which he surveyed an audience before he began to speak was sometimes embarrassing to those who did not know him. A minister in another city for whom he was preaching says that when Dr. Hoge arose and stood in silence, he said to himself, "Jones, you will have to preach to-day; that man's sick." A few minutes after he began, he thought, "Jones, you will not have to preach to-day," and after fifteen minutes, "Jones, you never did preach in your life." What strangers sometimes—not often—mistook for hesitation was only deliberation. He was gauging the audience and riveting their attention. The same deliberation kept him from being thrown off his feet by embarrassing situations. Once, at the height of his powers, he had to deliver an address at the University of Virginia. Driven by other work, he had left most of his preparation to the night before leaving home. He sat up late, and he worked hard, but "the chariot wheels drave heavily." The next morning was full of work, and in the afternoon he took the train, studying his notes on the way. On leaving the train he forgot his notes and left them in the car. He went straight to his room and spent the time before the lecture straightening out his thoughts, taking only a cup of tea in his room. He went to the hall and found himself, of course, before a brilliant audience. For a while all went well, but suddenly his train of thought left him. He betook himself to the college boy's expedient of a glass of water, but in his case it excited no suspicion. He recalled the thought as he was drinking, but, wishing to fix it all clearly before he spoke again, he stood purposely feeling for his handkerchief in every pocket but the right one. At last he "found" it, deliberately wiped his mouth, and proceeded with his address, not only without a hitch, but with growing interest and power to the end. He found afterwards that no one had even suspected his embarrassment.

The mingled strength and sympathy of Dr. Hoge's char-

acter, was just the strength and sympathy of his creed. The God of the Calvinist is a God of inexorable justice, and yet of infinite compassion. The gospel of the Calvinist satisfies inexorable law by a sacrifice of infinite love. The faith of the Calvinist is willing to leave all things to God's eternal decree, because it trusts his unerring wisdom and his unfathomable love. The conscience of the Calvinist requires implicit obedience, because the heart has answered unmerited love by absolute devotion. Calvinism, in the sympathy and self-sacrifice with which it seeks to save men, is a constant repetition of Samson's riddle, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Dr. Hoge inherited this creed, with the martyr blood of those who had held it, and for the sake of it loved not their lives unto death. Under its forming influence his youthful mind grew into a knowledge of God and his universe. In his maturity he embraced it with the approval of his intellect and the devotion of his heart. He loved the history of its heroic past; the homes it had blessed, the men it had produced, the martyrs who had died for it. He rejoiced in the progress and achievements of its living present; its institutions of learning, its missionary enterprises, and its great representative councils. The inconsistencies of his creed were just the inconsistencies of his character. Strong, yet tender; unyielding, but gentle; principles like flint and sympathies like wax; intense devotion to his own church and creed, sincere fellowship with all others. Such is the faith, such was the man. Read the riddle of the one, and you have solved the problem of the other.

This faith he kept freshly flowing and glowing bright by the active work he did for God, of which we have seen much; and by the hours he spent alone with God and His word, of which we have said little. What passed behind the closed door of that little study we know no more than we do of those nights in the desert and on the mountain which his Lord passed in prayer. He kept no diary to register his

spiritual temperature, like the old divines; and he had none of the modern cant that boasts of spiritual experiences. Men only knew this: that when he came forth he was transfigured before them; that when he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, they trembled; that the powers of the world to come became very real and present to their lives, and Christ and heaven very precious to their souls.

And were there no faults in this character? Oh, yes! Some of them, faults of nature, we have spoken of as overcome by grace. Some, perhaps, continued, at least as foibles, to the end; but what of these? Would their recital make the picture truer? Does the artist paint by the microscope? There are spots in the sun—

> "The very source and fount of day
> Is dashed with wandering isles of night."

But the eye does not see them; we only rejoice in the light and life and heat. There is fault and folly enough in the world that we do not have to seek for. When God gives us one who is "a burning and a shining light," we should be "willing for a season to rejoice in his light," and through it to look more lovingly and longingly for "the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Such—at least in part—was the man as we have known him, who for over half a century preached in one city to ever-thronging multitudes the everlasting gospel of the grace of God, and who in midsummer kept churches in strange cities filled with crowds eager to hear the same gospel; who presented Christ and the better life to thousands of young college men and women all over our land; who preached to over a hundred thousand soldiers and twice jeoparded his life in running the blockade to secure for them the word of God; who was known and loved on four continents, and was heard with honor in the highest councils of the church; who was welcomed in the homes of the great, the friend of nobles and statesmen, and ministered with love and sympathy in the

cottages of the poor, and in the crowded tenements of the slums; who, in all circumstances and under all conditions, adorned and dignified the title of man, of gentleman, and of minister; to whom Christians of every name gave precedence as an uncrowned prince of the church, and whom all citizens delighted to honor as the first citizen of the commonwealth; who toiled with unflagging devotion from youth to old age in the service of God and his fellow-men, and fell at his post in the midst of his labors; who left three churches as his monument in the city of his labor and his love, and who left as the inscription for his simple tomb only this:

MOSES DRURY HOGE.

BORN SEPTEMBER 17, 1818. DIED JANUARY 6, 1899.

For fifty-four years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va.

At the memorial service held in his honor a few weeks after his death (February 5, 1899), the prayers were offered by the Rev. J. C. Stewart and the Rev. Donald Guthrie; the Old Testament lesson was read by Rabbi Calisch, and the New Testament lesson by the Rev. Paul Menzel, of the Lutheran Church. The speakers were introduced by Governor J. Hoge Tyler, and addresses were made by Dr. Tudor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. W. W. Moore, on behalf of the Second Presbyterian Church; Bishop Penick, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the Rev. Mr. Garrison, of the Disciples' Church; Dr. Hatcher, of the Baptist Church, and Dr. Kerr on behalf of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association. The anthem was—

"Now the laborer's task is done,"

and the hymns—

"Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,"
"For all the saints, who from their labors rest,"
"Give me the wings of faith to rise,"

and—

"Jerusalem the golden."

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. James P. Smith.

With the masterly address of Dr. Moore we close; with only this prayer: that if those of us who survive cannot be as great, we may be as faithful; and if our light shine not so far, it may at least shine as true.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. W. W. MOORE.

Few men in any walk of life have ever so deeply impressed an entire community with the power of a noble personality as the lamented servant of God whose virtues and labors we commemorate to-day. Certainly no minister of the gospel in all the history of this ancient commonwealth was ever accorded a position so eminent by the public at large. This popular estimate was deliberate and exact. The people knew him. For more than fifty years, through storm and sunshine, in war and peace, they had studied his character and watched his work, and they have rendered their verdict: that Moses D. Hoge was a man; a strong, wise, high-minded, great-hearted, heroic man; that through all these years of stress and toil and publicity he wore the white flower of a blameless life; and that he preached the gospel of the grace of God with a dignity and authority and tenderness, with a beauty and pathos and power which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of the American pulpit.

Long before the close of his consecrated career he had taken his place in public interest even by the side of those stately memorials of this historic city which men have come from the ends of the earth to see—the bronze and marble reminders of the men who have forever associated the name of Virginia with eloquence and virtue and valor. No visitor who had come from a distant State or a land beyond the seas, to look upon these memorials of the great Virginians of former days, felt that his visit to Richmond was complete till he had seen and heard the man who, though an humble minister of the Cross, was by common consent the most eminent living citizen of a commonwealth which has always

been peculiarly rich in gifted sons. It was his privilege to preach to a larger number of the men whose commanding influence in public life, in the learned professions, or in the business world, had conferred prosperity and honor upon the State, than any other spiritual teacher of the time. He was more frequently the spokesman of the people on great public occasions than any other man whom Richmond has delighted to honor. He was more frequently the subject of conversation in the social circle than any other member of this cosmopolitan community. In every community where he once appeared his name was thenceforth a household word. It is not my province at present to speak of these things. I allude to them only in order to emphasize the fact that the explanation of this preëminence in public esteem lay largely in the character of his work in the pulpit. That was his throne. There he was king.

In attempting to comply with the request of the session of his church to say something to-day in regard to this outstanding feature of Dr. Hoge's work, a feeling of peculiar sadness comes over my heart. It will be many a long day before any man who knew him can stand in this pulpit without a sense of wistful loneliness at thought of that venerated figure, with its resolute attitudes and ringing tones, which for fifty-four fruitful years stood in this place as God's ambassador, laying the multitude under the enchantment of his eloquence, diffusing through this sanctuary the aroma of his piety, and lifting sad and weary hearts to heaven on the wings of his wonderful prayers. As some one has said of the death of another illustrious preacher, we feel like children who had long sheltered under a mighty oak; and now the old oak has gone down and we are out in the open sun. We hardly knew, till he fell, how much we had sheltered under him. His presence was a protection. His voice was a power. His long-established leadership was a rallying centre for the disheartened soldiers of the cross.

We do not murmur at the dispensation which has taken him from us—

> "But oh for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

There were certain *physical* features of his preaching which are perfectly familiar to all who have heard him even once, and which will be remembered by them forever, but which cannot be made known by description to those who have not. When he rose in the pulpit, tall, straight, slender, sinewy, commanding, with something vital and electric in his very movements, yet singularly deliberate, and, lifting his chin from his collar with a peculiar movement, surveyed the people before him and on either side, with his grave, intellectual face and almost melancholy eyes, no one needed to be told that there stood a master of assemblies. The attention was riveted by his appearance and manner before he had uttered a word.

As soon as he began to speak, the clear, rich and resonant tones, reaching without effort to the limits of the largest assembly, revealed to every hearer another element of his power to move and mould the hearts of men. To few of the world's masters of discourse has it been given to demonstrate as he did the music and spell of the human voice. It was a voice in a million—flexible, magnetic, thrilling, clear as a clarion, by turns tranquil and soothing, strenuous and stirring, as the speaker willed, now mellow as a cathedral bell heard in the twilight, now ringing like a trumpet or rolling through the building like melodious thunder, with an occasional impassioned crash like artillery, accompanied by a resounding stamp of his foot on the floor; but never unpleasant or uncontrolled or overstrained; no one ever heard him scream or tear his throat. Some of his cadences in the utterance of particular words or sentiments lingered on the ear and haunted the memory for years like a strain of exquisite music. As you listened to his voice in prayer, "there ran through its pathetic fall a vibration as though the min-

ister's heart was singing like an Eolian harp as the breath of the Spirit of God blew through its strings." It was a voice that adapted itself with equal felicity to all occasions. When he preached to the whole of General D. H. Hill's division in the open air, it rang like a bugle to the outermost verge of his vast congregation. When he stood on the slope of Mt. Ebal in Palestine and recited the twenty-third Psalm, it was heard distinctly by the English clergyman on the other side of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away. When the body of an eminent statesman and ruling elder in his church was borne into this building and laid before the pulpit, and the preacher rose and said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," the sympathetic intonations fell like healing balm on wounded hearts. When he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington beside the mortal remains of the Carolinian, and said to the assembled representatives of the greatness of this nation and of the world, "There is nothing great but God;" the voice and the words alike impressed the insignificance of all human concerns as compared with religion. When he stood in the chancel of St. Paul's and stretched his hand over the casket containing the pallid form of "the daughter of the Confederacy," and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," it had the authority and tenderness of a prophet's benediction.

Of the *intellectual* qualities of his preaching, the first that impressed the hearer was the exquisite phrasing. He was a marvellous magician with words. He was the prince of pulpit rhetoricians. He had made himself a master of the art of verbal expression, because, to use his own words, he knew that "style was the crystallization of thought," and he believed that "royal thoughts ought to wear royal robes." The splendid powers with which he was endowed by nature had been at once enriched and chastened by the strenuous study of the world's best books. Every cultivated person recognized the flavor of ripe scholarship in his diction and

even those devoid of culture felt its charm without being able to define it. The mellow splendor of his rhetoric captivated all classes of hearers. This rare beauty of his language, this exquisite drapery of his thoughts, sometimes tempted superficial hearers to regard him as merely a skilful phrase-maker. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was a superb rhetorician because he was a true scholar and a profound theologian. His rhetoric drew deep. The ocean greyhound, which seems to skim the billows, does in fact plow deep beneath their surface, and hence the *safety* of her cargo of human lives and precious wares. This masterful preacher *was* easy and swift—he distanced all his brethren—but he was always safe, and his ministry had the momentum which only *weight* can give. All his life long he was a student—a student of books, a student of men, a student of the deep things of God. When men beheld the external splendor of the temple of Jerusalem, with its walls and roofs of white marble, surmounted with plates and spikes of glittering gold, they sometimes forgot the immense substructions built deep into the ground and resting upon the everlasting rock; but without that cyclopean masonry hidden from view, those snowy walls of marble and those sky-piercing pinnacles of gold could not have been. Dr. Hoge's surpassing beauty of statement was bottomed on eternal truth.

He was, therefore, not only an orator, but a teacher. His sermons were not only brilliant in form, but rich in truth. So that not only in point of finish, but also in point of force he ranks with the masters of the contemporary pulpit. It is true that many of his later discourses were somewhat discursive in treatment, necessarily so because of the innumerable demands upon his time, but he never failed to bring beaten oil to the sanctuary when it was possible, and he never for a moment relinquished or lowered his conception of the teaching function of the ministry. His people were not only interested and entertained, but they were fed and nourished

with truth. The lecture which he delivered at the University of Virginia forty-nine years ago on "The Success of Christianity, an Evidence of its Divine Origin," and known to some of you from its publication in the portly volume entitled *Evidences of Christianity,* is a noble specimen of the kind of work he was capable of when he was at his best. I venture the assertion, though it seems a sweeping one, that in the whole realm of apologetic literature there is not a more polished or more powerful demonstration of the truth of Christianity. I have often wished that it might be published separately and thus given a wider circulation.

His substantial attainments, then, were no less remarkable than his graces of speech; but here we have sighted a subject too large for the limits of this address. To use Dr. Breed's figure, a small island can be explored in a few hours, but not a wide continent. The one may be characterized in a word, but not the other. This island is a bank of sand, that one a smiling pasture, a third a mass of cliffs, a fourth a mountain peak; but the continent is a vast combination of all these features, indefinitely multiplied. So the gifts of some men are insular and may be summed up in a few words, but the gifts of the man in whose memory we are assembled to-day were continental. Every one that had heard him even once saw that there were here peaceful valleys where the grass grew green, and the sweet flowers bloomed, and streams ran rippling; but those who sailed farther along shore found that there were also mighty cliffs where his convictions defied the waves of passing opinion; and when they pushed their explorations into the interior, they came upon great uplands of philosophy, where the granite of a strong theology protruded, and where the snows of doctrine lay deep; but the thoughtful explorer knew well that the granite was essential to the solidity of those towering heights and that without those snows upon the peaks there would have been no streams in the valleys, no broad reaches of meadow, no blooming flowers. He was indeed a superb rhetorician, with

a marvellous wealth of diction, a phenomenal power of description, and a rare felicity of illustration; but rhetoric in the pulpit has no abiding charm apart from truth. Strong men and thoughtful women do not sit for fifty-four years in ever-increasing numbers under a ministry which has not in it the strength of Divine truth, deeply studied, sincerely believed, and earnestly proclaimed.

We have now seen something of what he was in his preaching as a man, and something of what he was as a scholar, but after all the hiding of his power lay in what he was as a saint. Nature had done much for him. Cultivation had done much; but grace had done most of all. He preached from a true and profound experience of the mercy and power of God. He knew the deadly evil of sin. He knew the saving grace of Christ. He knew the brooding sorrows of the human heart. He knew the comfort of communion with God. He knew that the gospel was God's supreme answer to man's supreme need; and the crowning glory of this pulpit is that, from the first day of its occupancy to the last, it rang true to that evangel: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." There was never a day in all these fifty-four years when men could not have pointed to him as to the original of Cowper's immortal portrait—

> "There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
> The legate of the skies!—his theme divine,
> His office sacred, his credentials clear.
> By him the violated law speaks out
> Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
> As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
> He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
> Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart.
> And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
> Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
> Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
> Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
> The sacramental host of God's elect!"

APPENDIX.

I.

ORATION

At the Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, in the Capitol Square, Richmond, Va., October 26, 1876.

Were I permitted at this moment to consult my own wishes, I would bid the thunder of the cannon and the acclamations of the people announce the unveiling of the statue; and then, when with hearts beating with commingled emotions of love and grief and admiration, we had contemplated this last and noblest creation of the great sculptor, the ceremonies of this august hour should end.

In attempting to commence my oration, I am forcibly reminded of the faltering words with which Bossuet began his splendid eulogy on the Prince of Condé. Said he: "At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of the Prince of Condé I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable world has not heard of his victories and the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger. And although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them."

How true is all this to-day! Not only is every important event in the life of our illustrious chieftain familiar to you all, but what lesson to be derived from his example has not already been impressively enforced by those whose genius, patriotism and piety have qualified them to speak in terms worthy of their noble theme? And now that the statesman and soldier, who well represents the honor of Virginia as its chief magistrate, has given his warm and earnest welcome to our distin-

guished guests from other States and from other lands who grace this occasion by their presence, I would not venture to proceed, had not the Commonwealth laid on me its command to utter some words of greeting to my fellow-countrymen, who this day do honor to themselves in rendering homage to the memory of Virginia's illustrious son.

I cannot repress an emotion of awe as I vainly attempt to overlook the mighty throng, extending as it does beyond the limits of these Capitol grounds, and covering spaces which cannot even be reached by the eye of the speaker. More impressive is this assemblage of citizens and representatives from all parts of our own and of foreign lands, than ever gathered on the banks of the ancient Alpheus at one of the solemnities which united the men of all the Grecian States and attracted strangers from the most distant countries. There was indeed one pleasing feature in the old Hellenic festivals. The entire territory around Olympia was consecrated to peace during their celebration, and there even enemies might meet as friends and brothers, and in harmony rejoice in their ancestral glories and national renown. It is so with us to-day. But how deficient in moral interest was the old Olympiad, and how wanting in one feature which gives grace to our solemnity. No citizen, no stranger, however honored, was permitted to bring with him either mother, wife, or daughter; but here to-day how many of the noble women of the land, of whom the fabled Alcestis, Antigone, and Iphigenia were but the imperfect types, lend the charm of their presence to the scene—Christian women of a nobler civilization than Pagan antiquity ever knew.

We have come from the seashore, the mountains and the valleys of our South-land, not only to inaugurate a statue, but a new era in our history. Here on this Capitoline Hill, on this 26th day of October, 1875, and in the one hundredth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in sight of that historic river that more than two centuries and a half ago bore on its bosom the bark freighted with the civilization of the North American Continent, on whose banks Powhatan wielded his sceptre and Pocahontas launched her skiff, under the shadow of that Capitol whose foundations were laid before the present Federal Constitution was framed, and from which the edicts of Virginia went forth over her realm that stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—edicts framed by some of the patriots whose manly forms on yonder monument still gather around him whose name is the purest in human history—we have met to

inaugurate a new Pantheon to the glory of our common mother.

In the story of the empires of the earth some crisis often occurs which develops the genius of the era, and impresses an imperishable stamp on the character of a whole people.

Such a crisis was the Revolution of 1776, when thirteen thinly-settled and widely-separated colonies dared to offer the gage of battle to the greatest military and naval power on the globe.

The story of that struggle is the most familiar in American annals. After innumerable reverses, and incredible sufferings and sacrifices, our fathers came forth from the ordeal victorious. And though during the progress of the strife, before calm reflection had quieted the violence of inflamed passion, they were branded by opprobrious names and their revolt denounced as rebellion and treason, the justice of their cause, and the wisdom, the valor and the determination with which they vindicated it, were quickly recognized and generously acknowledged by the bravest and purest of British soldiers and statesmen; so that now, when we seek the noblest eulogies of the founders of American republicanism, we find them in the writings of the essayists and historians of the mother-country. We honor ourselves and do homage to virtue, when we hallow the names of those who in the council and in the field achieved such victories. We bequeath an influence which will bless coming generations, when with the brush and the chisel we perpetuate the images of our fathers and the founders of the State. Already has the noble office been begun. Here on this hill the forms of Washington, and Henry, and Lewis, and Mason, and Nelson, and Jefferson, and Marshall, arrest our eyes and make their silent but salutary and stirring appeals to our hearts. Nor are these all who merit eternal commemoration. As I look on that monument, I miss James Madison and others of venerable and illustrious name. Let us not cease our patriotic work until we have reared a Pantheon worthy of the undying glory of the past.

But this day we inaugurate a new era. We lay the corner-stone of a new Pantheon in commemoration of our country's fame. We come to honor the memory of one who was the impersonation of our Confederate cause, and whose genius illuminated the great contest which has recently ended, and which made an epoch not only in our own history, but in that of the age.

We assert no monopoly in the glory of this leader. It was his happy lot to command, even while he lived, the respect and admiration of right-minded and right-hearted men in every part of this land and in all lands. It is now his rare distinction to receive the homage of those who most differed with him on the questions which lately rent this republic in twain from ocean to ocean. From the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, men have gathered on these grounds to-day, widely divergent in their views on social, political and religious topics: and yet they find in the attraction which concentrates their regard upon one name, a place where their hearts unexpectedly touch each other and beat in strange unison.

It was this attractive moral excellence which, winning the love and admiration of the brave and pure on the other side of the sea, prompted them to enlist the genius of one of the greatest of modern sculptors in fashioning the statue we have met to inaugurate this day.

It is a singular and striking illustration of the world-wide appreciation of his character that the first statue of Jackson comes from abroad, and that while the monument to our own Washington, and the effigies of those who surround him, were erected by order of the Commonwealth, this memorial is the tribute of the admiration and love of those who never saw his face, and who were bound to him by no ties save those which a common sympathy for exalted worth establishes between the souls of magnanimous and heroic men. We accept this noble gift all the more gratefully because it comes from men of kindred race and kindred heart, as the expression of their good-will and sympathy for our people as well as of their admiration for the genius and character of our illustrious hero.

We accept it as the visible symbol of the ancient friendship which existed in colonial times between Virginia and the mother-country. We accept it as a prophecy of the incoming of British settlers to our sparsely-populated territory, and hail it as a pleasing omen for the future that the rebuilding of our shattered fortunes should be aided by the descendants of the men who laid the foundations of this Commonwealth. We accept it as a pledge of the peaceful relations which we trust will ever exist between Great Britain and the confederated empire formed by the United States of America.

In the first memorial discourse that was delivered after his lamented death, the question was asked, "How did it happen that a man who so recently was known to but a small circle,

and to them only as a laborious, punctilious, humble-minded Professor in a Military Institute, in so brief a space of time gathered around his name so much of the glory which encircles the name of Napoleon, and so much of the love that enshrines the memory of Washington?" And soon after, in the memoir which will go down to coming generations as the most faithful portraiture of its subject and an enduring monument of the genius of its author, the inquiry was resumed, "How is it that this man, of all others least accustomed to exercise his own fancy or address that of others, has stimulated the imagination not only of his own countrymen, but that of the civilized world? How has he, the most unromantic of great men, become the hero of a living romance, the ideal of an inflamed fancy, even before his life has been invested with the mystery of distance?" From that day to this these inquiries have been propounded in every variety of form, and with an ever-increasing interest.

To answer these questions will be one object of this discourse; and yet the public will not expect me, in so doing, to furnish a new delineation of the life of Jackson, or a rehearsal of the story of his campaigns. Time does not permit this, neither does the occasion demand it. By a brief series of ascending propositions do I seek to furnish the solution. I find an explanation of the regard in which the memory of Jackson is cherished—

1st. In the fact that he was the incarnation of those heroic qualities which fit their possessor to lead and command men, and which, therefore, always attract the admiration, kindle the imagination and arouse the enthusiasm of the people.

There is a natural element in humanity which constrains it to honor that which is strong, and adventurous and indomitable. Decision, fortitude, inflexibility, intrepidity, determination, when consecrated to noble ends, and especially when associated with a gentleness which throws a softened charm over these sterner attributes, ever win and lead captive the popular heart.

The masses who compose the commonalty, consciously weak and irresolute, instinctively gather around the men of loftier stature in whom they find the great forces wanting in themselves, and spontaneously follow the call of those whom they think competent to redress their wrongs and vindicate their rights.

These are the leaders who are welcomed by the people with open arms, and elevated to the high places of the earth, to become the regents of society—to develop the history of the

age in which they live, and to impress upon it the noble image of their own personality.

As discoverers love to trace great rivers to their sources, so in our studies of the characters of those who have filled large spaces in the public eye, it interests us to go backward in search of the rudimentary germs which afterwards developed into the great qualities which commanded the admiration of the world.

Never was the adage, "the child is the father of the man," more strikingly illustrated than in the early history of the orphan boy whose name subsequently became a tower of strength to the armies he commanded, and to the eleven sovereign States banded and battling together for a separate national life.

There is no more graphic picture in the pages of Macaulay than that of Warren Hastings, at the age of seven lying on the bank of a rivulet which flowed through the broad lands which were once the property of his ancestors, and there forming the resolve that all that domain should one day be his, and never abandoning his purpose through all the vicissitudes of his stormy life, until, as the "Hastings of Daylesford," he tasted a joy which his heart never knew in the command of the millions over whom he ruled in the Indian empire.

But stranger still was it to see a pensive, delicate orphan-child of the same age, the inheritor of a feeble constitution, yet with a will even more indomitable than that of Warren Hastings, renouncing his home with a relative, who, mistaking his disposition, had attempted to govern him by force, and alone and on foot performing a journey of eighteen miles to the house of another kinsman, where he suddenly presented himself, announcing his unalterable resolve never to return to his former home—a decision which no remonstrances or persuasions could induce him to revoke; and stranger still to see him, the year after, on a lonely island of the Mississippi river, in company with another child a few years his senior, maintaining himself by his own labor, until driven by malaria from the desolate spot where, beneath the dreary forests and beside the angry floods of the father of waters, he had displayed the self-reliance and hardihood of a man, at a period of life when children are ordinarily scarcely out of the nursery. This inflexibility of purpose and defiance of hardship and danger in the determination to succeed was displayed in all his subsequent career—whether we see him at West Point, overcoming the disadvantages of a deficient preliminary education by a severity of application

almost unparalleled, in accordance with the motto he inscribed in bold characters on a page in his common-place book, "You may be whatever you resolve to be"—or whether we follow him through the Mexican campaign, winning his first laurels at Cherubusco, and at Chepultepec, where he received his second promotion—or whether we accompany him to his quiet retreat in Lexington, where, after the termination of the Mexican war, he filled the post of Professor in the Military Institute, and there affording a new exhibition of his determination in overcoming obstacles more formidable than those encountered in the field, in the persistent discharge of every duty in spite of feeble health and threatened loss of sight.

I know of no picture in his life more impressive than that which presents him as he sat in his study during the still hours of the night, unable to use book or lamp—with only a mental view of diagrams and models, and the artificial signs required in abstruse calculations, holding long and intricate processes of mathematical reasoning with the steady grasp of thought, his face turned to the blank, dark wall, until he mastered every difficulty and made complete preparations for the instructions of the succeeding day.

These years of self-discipline and self-enforced severity of regimen, maintained with rigid austerity, through years of seclusion from public life, constituted the propitious season for the full maturing of those faculties whose energy was so soon to be displayed on a field which attracted the attention of the world.

When his native State, which had long stood in the attitude of magnanimous mediation between the hostile sections, in the hope of preserving the Union which she had assisted in forming, and to whose glory she had made such contributions, was menaced by the rod of coercion, and compelled to decide between submission or separation, then Jackson, who would have cheerfully laid down his life to avert the disruption, in accordance with the principles of the political school in which he had been trained, and which commanded his conscientious assent, hesitated no longer, but went straight to his decision as the beam of light goes from its God to the object it illumines. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock which announced the hour of his departure with his cadets for the Camp of Instruction in this city, the command to march was given. Never was there a home dearer than his own; but he left it, never again to cross its threshold. From that time, as we are

told, he never asked nor received a furlough—was never absent from duty for a day, whether sick or well, and never slept one night outside the lines of his own command. And passing over a thousand occasions which the war afforded for the exercise of his unconquerable will, there is something impressive in the fact that in the very last order which ever fell from his lips, was a revelation of its unabated force. After he had received his fatal wound, while pale with anguish, and faint with loss of blood, he was informed by one of his generals that the men under his command had been thrown into such confusion that he feared he could not hold his ground, the voice which was growing tremulous and low, thrilled the heart of that officer with the old authoritative tone, as he uttered his final order, "General, you *must* keep your men together and hold your ground."

These were the elements which shaped Jackson's distinctive characteristics as a soldier and commander which may be most concisely stated; a natural genius for the art of war, without which no professional training will ever develop the highest order of military talent; a power of abstraction and self-concentration which enabled him to determine every proper combination and disposition of his forces, without the slightest mental confusion—even in those supreme moments when his face and form underwent a sort of transfiguration amid the flame and thunder of battle; a conviction of the moral superiority of aggressive over defensive warfare in elevating the courage of his own men and in depressing that of the enemy; an almost intuitive insight into the plans of the enemy, and an immediate perception of the time to strike the most stunning blow, from the most unlooked-for quarter; a conviction of the necessity of following every such blow with another, and more terrible, so as to make every success a victory, and every victory so complete as to compel the speedy termination of the war.

In the county where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps, there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive arch, fashioned with grace by the hand of God, springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depth the beholder looks down bewildered and awe-struck. That bridge is among the cliffs what Niagara is among the waters—a visible expression of sublimity, a glimpse of God's great strength and power.

But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers, or because sweet-scented flow-

ers nestle in its crevices and warmly color its cold gray columns. Nor is the granite strength of our dead chieftain's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation so ineffably and exquisitely tender, as to liken him, even amidst the horrors of war, to the altar of pity which ancient mythology reared among the shrines of strong and avenging deities.

This admirable commingling of strength and tenderness in his nature is touchingly illustrated by a letter, now for the first time made public.

An officer under his command had obtained leave of absence to visit a stricken household. A beloved member of his family had just died, another was seriously ill, and he applied for an extension of his furlough. This is the reply:

> "MY DEAR MAJOR: I have received your sad letter, and wish I could relieve your sorrowing heart, but human aid cannot heal the wound.
>
> "From me you have a friend's sympathy, and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that, with God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed. What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. It is necessary that you should be at your post immediately. Join me to-morrow morning.
>
> "Your sympathizing friend, THOMAS J. JACKSON."

Not only was he sensitive to every touch of human sorrow, but no man was ever more susceptible to impressions from the physical world. The hum of bees, the fragrance of clover fields, the tender streaks of dawn, the dewy brightness of the early spring, the mellow glories of matured autumn, all by turns charmed and tranquillized him. The eye that so often sent its lightning through the smoke of battle grew soft in contemplating the beauty of a flower. The ear that thrilled with the thunder of the cannonade, drank in with innocent delight the song of birds and the prattle of children's voices. The hand which guided the rush of battle on the plains of Manassas and the Malvern hills, was equally ready to adjust the covering around the tender frame of a motherless babe, when at midnight he rose to see if it was comfortable and warm, though its own father was a guest under his roof. The voice whose sharp and ringing tones had so often uttered the command, "Give them the bayonet!" culled even from foreign tongues terms of en-

dearment for those he loved, which his own language did not adequately supply; and the man who filled two hemispheres with the story of his fame was never so happy as when he was telling the colored children of his Sabbath-school the story of the Cross.

2. Another explanation of the universal regard with which his memory is hallowed conducts to a higher plane, and enables us to contemplate a still nobler phase of his character. His was the greatness which comes without being sought for its own sake—the unconscious greatness which results from self-sacrifice and supreme devotion to duty. Duty is an altar from which a vestal flame is ever ascending to the skies, and he who stands nearest that flame catches most of its radiance, and in that light is himself made luminous forever.

The day after the first battle of Manassas, and before the history of that victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, rumor, preceding any accurate account of that event, had gathered a crowd around the post-office awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. In its distribution the first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. Recognizing at a glance the well-known superscription, the doctor exclaimed to those around him, "Now we shall know all the facts!"

This was the bulletin:

> "MY DEAR PASTOR: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige. Yours, faithfully,
>
> "THOS. J. JACKSON."

Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it; not a reference to himself beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name which is destined to supplant the name his parents gave him—STONEWALL JACKSON. When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest which broke upon it without causing a waver in its line, and when, on his right, the forces under the command of the gallant General Bee had been overwhelmed in the rush of resistless numbers, then was it that the event occurred which cannot be more

graphically described than in the burning words of his biographer:

"It was then that Bee rode up to Jackson, and, with despairing bitterness, exclaimed, 'General, they are beating us back.' 'Then,' said Jackson, calm and curt, 'we will give them the bayonet.' Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtaxed command, exclaimed, 'There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!' At this trumpet-call a few score of his men reformed their ranks. Placing himself at the head, he charged the dense mass of the enemy, and in a moment fell dead with his face to the foe. From that time Jackson's was known as the *Stonewall Brigade*—a name henceforth immortal, and belonging to all the ages; for the christening was baptized in the blood of its author; and that wall of brave hearts was on every battlefield a steadfast bulwark of their country."

The letter written to his pastor in Lexington on the day following that battle gives the key-note to his character. Nor on any occasion was he the herald of his own fame; never, save by the conscientious discharge of duty, did he aid in the dissemination of that fame. Never did he perform an act for the sake of what men might say of it; and while he felt all the respect for public opinion to which it is justly entitled, he was not thinking of what the public verdict might be, but of what it was right to do. The attainment of no personal ends could satisfy aspirations like his. To ascertain what was true, to do what was best, to fill up the narrow measure of life with the largest possible usefulness, was his single-hearted purpose. In such a career, if enjoyment should come, or well-earned fame, or augmented influence, or the power which accompanies promotion, they must all come as incidents by the way, as satellites which gather around a central orb, and not as the consummation toward which he ever tended. This singleness of aim was inseparable from a soul so sincere. A nature like his was incapable of employing the meretricious aids by which some men seek to heighten or advance their reputation.

Hence he never affected mystery. His reticence was not the assumption of impenetrability of purpose. His reserve was not the artifice of one who seeks to awe by making himself unapproachable. He hedged himself about with no barrier of exclusiveness. He assumed no airs of portentous dignity. He studied no dramatic effects. On the field, so far from conde-

scending to those histrionic displays of person, or theatrical arts of speech, by which some commanders have sought to excite the enthusiasm of their armies, when his troops caught the sight of his faded uniform and sun-burnt cap, and shook the air with their shouts as he rode along the lines, he quickened his gallop and escaped from view. When among the mountain pyramids, older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down on them. When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he had perilled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, one spirit animating the entire frame—that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such a place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States.

The true test of attachment to any cause is what one is willing to suffer for its advancement, and it is the spectacle of disinterested devotion to the right and true at the cost of toil, and travail, and blood, if need be, that captivates the popular heart and calls forth its admiration and sweetest affection. He who exhibits most of this spirit is the man who unconsciously wins for himself enduring fame. When he passes from earth to a higher and diviner sphere his influence does not perish. It is not the transient brilliance of the meteor, but the calm radiance of a star, whose light, undimmed and undiminished, comes down to kindle all true and brave souls through immeasurable time. Exalted by the disinterested works he has wrought, by his example he elevates others, and thus becomes the trellis, strong and high, on which other souls may stretch themselves in the pursuit of whatsoever is excellent in human character and achievement.

Such a man was Jackson. Such is the recognition of him beyond the sea, of which this statue is a token. Such is our appreciation of his claim upon our gratitude, upon our undying love, in testimony of which we gather around this statue to-day and crown it with the laurel, first moistened by our tears.

3. But this universal sentiment of regard for his memory rests upon foundations which lie still deeper in the human

heart. At the mention of his name another idea inseparably associated with it invariably asserts its place in the mental portraiture which all men acquainted with his history have formed of him; and so I announce as the third and last explanation of the homage awarded him, the sincerity, the purity, and the elevation of his character as a servant of the Most High God.

No one acquainted with the moral history of the world can for a moment doubt that religious veneration is at once the profoundest and most universal of human instincts; and however individual men may chafe at the restraints which piety imposes, or be indifferent to its obligations, yet there is a sentiment in the popular heart which compels its homage for those whose character and lives most faithfully reflect the beauty of the Divine Image.

When a man already eminent by great virtues and services attains great eminence in piety and wears the coronal of heaven on his brow, because the spirit of heaven has found its home in his heart, then the world, involuntarily, or with hearty readiness, places him on a higher pedestal, because, with their love and admiration for the attractive qualities of the man, there is mingled a veneration for the ennobling graces of the Christian.

I do not agree with those who ascribe all that was admirable in the character of Jackson, and all that was splendid in his career, to his religious faith. He was distinguished before faith became an element in his life; and even after his faith attained its fullest development, it did not secure the triumph of the cause to which his life was a sacrifice.

But this I say, that his piety heightened every virtue, gave direction and force to every blow it struck for that cause, and then consecration to the sacrifice when he laid down his life on the altar of his country's liberties. He was purer, stronger, more courageous, more efficient, because of his piety; purer, because penitence strains the soul of the corruptions which defile it; stronger, because faith nerves the arm that takes hold on omnipotence; more courageous, because hope gives exaltation to the heroism of one who fights with the crown of life ever in view; more efficient, because religion, which is but another name for the right use of one's own faculties, preserves them all in harmonious balance, develops all in symmetrical proportion, and by freeing them from the warping power of prejudice, the blinding power of passion, and the debasing slavery of evil

habits, gives them all wholesome exercise, trains them all to keep step to the music of duty, and inspires them with an energy which is both intense and rightly directed.

It was thus that he gave to the world an illustration of the power which results from the union of the loftiest human attributes and unfaltering faith in God.

To attempt, therefore, to portray the life of Jackson while leaving out the religious element, would be like undertaking "to describe Switzerland without making mention of the Alps," or to explain the fertility of the land of the Pharaohs without taking into account the enriching Nile.

If what comes from the speaker to-day on this subject loses aught of its force because it is regarded as professional, he will deeply regret it. The same testimony might have more weight from the lips of many a statesman or soldier on these grounds to-day, but it would not be a whit more true. Sturdy old Thomas Carlyle, at all events, was not speaking professionally when he said: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." "The thing a man does practically lay to heart concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, *that* is in all cases the primary thing for him, and determines all the rest."

It was surely the primary fact, the supreme fact in the history of General Jackson, and I cannot leave the subject without adding that those who confound his faith in Providence with fatalism, mistake both the spiritual history of the man and the meaning of the very words they employ.

Those who imagine that his faith savored of bigotry do not know that one characteristic of his religion was its generous catholicity, as might well be inferred from the fact that the first spiritual guides whose instructions he sought were members of communions widely different in doctrine and polity; that when he connected himself with the church of his choice, it was with doubts of the truth of some of its articles of doctrine—doubts ultimately and utterly removed, indeed, but openly avowed while they possessed him; that nothing so rejoiced his heart during the progress of the war as the harmony existing between the various denominations represented in the army; that in selecting his personal staff, and in recommending men for promotion, merit was the sole ground, and their ecclesiastical relations were never even considered; that with a charity which embraced all who held the cardinal truths of revelation, he ardently desired such a unity of feeling and concert of action

among all the followers of the same Divine Leader as would constitute one spiritual army glorious and invincible.

It is refreshing, too, to note, that at this day, when political economists abandon the weaker races to the law of natural selection, and contemplate with complacency the process by which the dominant races extirpate the less capable, he sought to place the gentle but strong and sustaining hand of Christianity beneath the African population of the South, and so arrest the operation of that law by developing them, if possible, into a self-sustaining people.

It is still more refreshing to note, that at this day, when scientific men assert such an unvarying uniformity in the operations of the laws of nature as to discredit prophecy, and deny miracle and silence prayer, that he whose studies had lain almost exclusively in the realm of the exact sciences was a firm believer in the supernatural. Well did this humble pupil in the school of the Great Teacher—this diligent student in the school of physical science—know that true progress was not mere advance in inventions and in arts, or in subsidizing the forces of nature to human uses, but that true progress was the progress of man himself—man, as distinct from anything external to himself. Well did he know that there is a celestial as well as a terrestrial side to man's nature, and that although the temple of the body has its foundation in the dust, it is a temple covered by a dome which opens upward to the air and the sunlight of heaven, through which the Creator discloses himself as the goal of the soul's aspirations, as the ultimate and imperishable good which satisfies its infinite desires. Those were true and brave words of the British Premier when he said, "Society has a soul as well as a body; the traditions of a nation are a part of its existence; its valor and its discipline, its religious faith, its venerable laws, its science and its erudition, its poetry, its art, its eloquence and its scholarship, are as much a portion of its existence as its agriculture, its commerce, and its engineering skill."

The death of every soldier who fell in our Confederate war is a protest against that base philosophy "which would make physical good man's highest good, and which would attempt to rear a noble commonwealth on mere material foundations." Every soldier who offers his life to his country demonstrates the superiority of the moral to the physical, and proclaims that truth, and right, and honor, and liberty are nobler than animal existence, and worth the sacrifice even when blood is the offering.

And now we recognize the Providence of God in giving to this faithful servant the illustrious name and fame as a leader of armies, which brought the very highest development of his character to the notice of the world. It was his renown as a soldier of the country which made him known to men as a soldier of the Cross. And since nothing so captivates the popular heart or so kindles its enthusiasm as military glory, Providence has made even that subservient to a higher purpose. Men cannot now think of Jackson without associating the prowess of the soldier with the piety of the man. Thus his great military renown is the golden candlestick holding high the celestial light which is seen from afar and cannot be hid.

Such was the man who was second in command in our Confederate armies, and whose success as a leader during the bright, brief career allotted to him was second to that of no one of his illustrious comrades-in-arms.

And yet the cause to which all this valor was consecrated, and for which all these sacrifices were made, was not destined to triumph. And here, perhaps, we learn one of the most salutary lessons of this wonderful history.

Doubtless all men who have ever given their labors and affection to any cause fervently hope to be the witnesses of its assured triumph. Nor do I deny that success makes the pulses of enterprise beat faster and fuller. Like the touch of the goddess, it transforms the still marble into breathing life. But yet all history, sacred and profane, is filled with illustrations of the truth, that success, and especially contemporary success, is not the test of merit. Our own observation in the world in which we move proves the same truth. Has not popular applause ascended like incense before tyrants who surrendered their lives to the basest and most degrading passions? Have not reproach and persecution, and poverty and defeat, been the companions of noble men in all ages, who have given their toil and blood to great causes? Are they less noble because they were the victims of arbitrary power, or because an untoward generation would not appreciate the grand problems which they solved, or because they lived in a generation which was not worthy of them?

If we now call the roll of the worthies who have given to the world its valued treasures of thought or faith, or who have subdued nature or developed art, it will be found that nearly all of them were in a life-long grapple with defeat and disaster. Some, and amongst them those whose names shine the bright-

est, would have welcomed neglect as a boon, but instead endured shame and martyrdom.

Other things being equal, the tribute of our admiration is more due to him who, in spite of disaster, pursues the cause which he has espoused, than to one who requires the stimulus of the applause of an admiring public. We are sure of a worthy object when we give our plaudits to the earnest soul who has followed his convictions in the midst of peril and disaster because of his faith in them.

It is well that even every honest effort in the cause of right and truth is not always crowned with success. Defeat is the discipline which trains the truly heroic soul to further and better endeavors. And if these last should fail, and he can do battle no more, he can lay down his armor with the assurance that others will put it on, and in God's good time vindicate the truth in whose behalf he had not vainly spent his life.

Our people, since the termination of the war, have illustrated the lessons learned in the school of adversity. Having vindicated their valor and endurance during the conflict, they have since exhibited their patience and self-control under the most trying circumstances. Their dignity in the midst of poverty and reverses, their heroic resignation to what they could not avert, have shown that subjugation itself could not conquer true greatness of soul. And by none have these virtues been illustrated more impressively than by the veterans of the long conflict, who laid down their arms at its close and mingled again with their fellow-citizens, distinguished from the rest only by their superior reverence for law, their patient industry, their avoidance of all that might cause needless irritation and provoke new humiliations, and their readiness to regard as friends in peace those whom they had so recently resisted as enemies in war.

The tree is known by its fruits. Your Excellency has reminded us that our civilization should be judged by the character of the men it has produced. If our recent revolution had been irradiated by the lustre of but the two names—LEE and JACKSON—it would still have illumined one of the brightest pages in history.

I have not spoken of the former to-day; not because my heart was not full of him, but because the occasion required me to speak of another, and because the day is not distant when one more competent to do justice to this great theme than I have been to mine will address another assembly of the men

of the South, and North, and West, upon these Capitol grounds, when our new Pantheon will be completed by the erection of another monument, and the inauguration of the statue of Lee, with his generals around him, amid the tears and gratulations of a countless multitude.

It was with matchless magnanimity that these two great chieftains delighted each to contribute to the glory of the other. Let us not dishonor ourselves by robbing either of one leaf in the chaplet which adorns their brows; but, catching the inspiration of their lofty example, let us thank God that he gave us two such names to shine as binary stars in the firmament above us.

It was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell; but what a pall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be found in the universal lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead—from the little girl at the Chandler House, who "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the country would cry"—from this humble child up to the Commander-in-chief, who wept as only the strong and brave can weep at the tidings of his fall; from the weather-beaten sea-captain, who had never seen his face, but who burst into loud uncontrollable grief, standing on the deck of his vessel, with his rugged sailors around him wondering what had happened to break that heart of oak, up to the English earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic, who exclaimed, when the sad news came to him, "Jackson was in some respects the greatest man America ever produced."

The impressive ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when, at the firing of a gun at the base of yonder monument, a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul—the hearse on which the dead hero lay preceded by a portion of the command of General Pickett, whose funeral obsequies you have just celebrated, and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens, until, having made a detour of the city, it paused at the door of the Capitol, when the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding-sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it a soft floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

And where, in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. "They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back; upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, 'By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more!' Such an appeal was irresistible, and, at the instance of the Governor of the Commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader."

Your Excellency did well to make the path broad which leads through these Capitol grounds to this statue, for it will be trodden by the feet of all who visit this city, whether they come from the banks of the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Sacramento; whether from the Tiber, the Rhine, or the Danube.

Tender though they be, cold and sad are the closing lines of Collins in his ode to the memory of the brave whose rest is hallowed by their country's benedictions, depicting as they do, Honor coming as "a pilgrim gray," and Freedom as a "weeping hermit" repairing to the graves of departed heroes.

Not so will Honor come to this shrine; not as a worn and weary pilgrim, but as a generous youth with burnished shield and stainless sword, and heart beating high in sympathy for the right and true, to lay his mail-clad hand on this altar and swear eternal fealty to duty and to God.

Nor will Freedom for a time only repair to this hallowed spot, but here she will linger long and hopefully, not as a weeping hermit, but as a radiant divinity conscious of immortality.

It is true that memories unutterably sad have at times swept through this mighty throng to-day, but we are not here to indulge in reminiscences only, much less in vain regrets. We have a future to face, and in that future lies not only duty, and trials perhaps, but also *hope*.

For when we ask what has become of the principles in the defence of which Jackson imperilled and lost his life, then I answer: A form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible, but its innate vitality is not affected thereby. The conditions of society may be so altered as to make it idle to contend for a principle which no longer has any practical force, but these changed conditions of society have not annihilated one original truth.

The application of these postulates to the present situation of our country is obvious. The people of the South maintained, as their fathers maintained before them, that certain principles were essential to the perpetuation of the Union according to its original constitution. Rather than surrender their conviction they took up arms to defend them. The appeal was vain. Defeat came, and they accepted it, with its consequences, just as they would have accepted victory with its fruits. They have sworn to maintain the government as it is now constituted. They will not attempt again to assert their views of State sovereignty by an appeal to the sword. None feel this obligation to be more binding than the soldiers of the late Confederate armies. A soldier's parole is a sacred thing, and the men who are willing to die for a principle in time of war are the men of all others most likely to maintain their personal honor in time of peace.

But it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that this consolidated empire of States is not the Union established by our fathers. No intelligent European student of American insti-

tutions is deceived by any such assumption. We gain nothing by deceiving ourselves.

And if history teaches any lesson, it is this, that a nation cannot long survive when the fundamental principles which gave it life originally are subverted. It is true republics have often degenerated into despotism. It is also true that after such transformation they have for a time been characterized by a force, a prosperity, and a glory never known in their earlier annals, but it has always been a force which absorbed and obliterated the rights of the citizen, a prosperity which was gained by the sacrifice of individual independence, a glory which was ever the precursor of inevitable anarchy, disintegration, and ultimate extinction.

If then it be asked how are we to escape the catastrophe, I answer by a voluntary return to the fundamental principles upon which our republic was originally founded. And if it be objected that we have already entered upon one of those political revolutions which never go backward, then I ask, who gave to any one the authority to say so? or whence comes the infallibility which entitles any one to pronounce a judgment so overwhelming? Why may there not be a comprehension of what is truly politic, and what is grandly right, slumbering in the hearts of our American people—a people at once so practical and emotional, so capable of great enterprise and greater magnanimity—a patriotism which is yet to awake and announce itself in a repudiation of all unconstitutional invasion of the liberties of the citizens of any portion of this broad Union? When we remember the awful strain to which the principles of other constitutional governments have been subjected in the excitement of revolutionary epochs, and how, when seemingly submerged by the tempest, they have risen again and reasserted themselves in their original integrity, why should we despair of seeing the ark of our liberties again resting on the summit of the mount, and hallowed by the benediction of Him who said, "Behold, I do set my bow in the cloud?"

And now standing before this statue, and, as in the living presence of the man it represents, cordially endorsing, as I do, the principles of the political school in which he was trained and in defence of which he died, and unable yet even to think of our dead Confederacy without memories unutterably tender, I speak not for myself, but for the South, when I say it is our interest, our duty and determination, to maintain the Union, and to make every possible contribution to its pros-

perity and glory, if all the States which compose it will unite in making it such a Union as our fathers framed, and in enthroning above it, not a Cæsar, but the Constitution in its old supremacy.

If ever these States are welded together in one great fraternal, enduring Union, with one heart pulsating through the entire frame as the tides throb through the bosom of the sea, it will be when they all stand on the same level, with such a jealous regard for each other's rights that when the interests or honor of one is assailed, all the rest, feeling the wound, even as the body feels the pain inflicted on one of its members, will kindle with just resentment at the outrage, because an injury done to a part is not only a wrong, but an indignity offered to the whole. But if that cannot be, then I trust the day will never dawn when the Southern people will add degradation to defeat, and hypocrisy to subjugation, by professing a love for the Union which denies to one of their States a single right accorded to Massachusetts or New York—to such a Union we will never be heartily loyal while that bronze hand grasps its sword—while yonder river chants the requiem of the sixteen thousand Confederate dead who, with Stuart among them, sleep on the hills of Hollywood.

But I will not end my oration with an anticipation so disheartening. I cannot so end it because I look forward to the future with more of hope than of despondency. I believe in the perpetuity of republican institutions, so far as any work of man may be said to possess that attribute. The complete emancipation of our constitutional liberty must come from other quarters, but we have our part to perform, one requiring patience, prudence, fortitude, faith.

A cloud of witnesses encompass us. The bronze figures on these monuments seem for the moment to be replaced by the spirits of the immortal men whose names they bear.

As if an angel spoke their tones thrill our hearts.

First, it is the calm voice of Washington that we hear: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Then, Henry's clarion notes arouse us: "Liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings: give us that precious jewel, and you may take all the rest!"

Then Jefferson speaks: "Fellow-citizens, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of government. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political. The support of State governments in all their rights, as the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; the supremacy of the civil over military authority; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith. And should we wander from these principles in moments of error and alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety."

And last it is Jackson's clear, ringing tone to which we listen: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessing we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."

Heaven, hear the prayer of our dead, immortal hero!

II.

ADDRESS

At the Mass-meeting in the Capitol Square, Richmond, Va., after the Assassination of President Garfield, July 5, 1881.

I was not aware until this afternoon that this meeting was to be held. I see great significance in such an assemblage. It shows that you, the people of Richmond, wish to speak for yourselves—not by proxy, but individually, to give expression to the feeling which now fills every mind and heart. My honored friend, the Governor of this commonwealth, has already in a brief, comprehensive telegram communicated to the President the feelings of the people of Virginia—detestation of the crime which has caused sorrow, and sympathy for the sorrow itself; and on last Sunday there was another significant indication of the feeling of our people. No pastor in this city knew what was in the mind and heart of any other pastor. It may be that each one thought he was alone in giving expression to the emotion which he knew to be swelling in the bosoms of the people of his charge; and yet every one gave utterance to that emotion, and either in his sermon or his prayers remembered the sufferer, and besought God's gracious help and consolation in his behalf.

And yet, my friends, though the Governor of the commonwealth had spoken for you, though reverend men of God had interpreted your emotions in all your solemn assemblies, this would not suffice; and you are here yourselves to-night, though hastily summoned, to speak directly for yourselves, and thus give relief to the pent-up feeling which demands the fullest expression which a people, at once indignant and sorrowing, can give.

Ah, yes, sadly do I remember the memorable day to which his honor Mayor Keiley has referred, when we met in this very place to commemorate what was called "the Capitol disaster." That was a day of gloom and anguish—a day of tears, of bleeding, broken hearts. But that calamity affected a community

only. The one which absorbs us to-night touches the heart of the world.

In my frequent visits to Europe, on my return voyage I naturally make comparisons between my own country and those I have just been studying. At each return I am filled with new admiration for the land of my nativity and love. These heavens do not bend over any land so favored by natural advantages, so enriched by material resources as ours. These quiet stars do not look down upon any continent with such possibilities as ours. And yet, with all my fond hopes and glowing anticipations of the splendid future in store for us, I am invariably depressed with one apprehension: that all these physical advantages, all these prospects of prosperity and glory may be illusive, because of the failure of the experiment of self-government, because republican institutions may be unable to bear the strain to which they are subjected by the fanaticism of factions, unrestrained by constitutional limits, and utterly contemptuous of the authority of law.

Parties may be essential to the healthful life of republican institutions, but blind, unreasoning factions, incapable of reason, animated only by prejudice and hate, these are the foes so full of menace to constitutional liberty which now confront us.

Insanity is an awful visitation, even when it maddens a single mind; but whole communities sometimes become insane. Fanaticisms have often become national epidemics, and when faction, at once malignant and insane, begins to work in the body politic, it is like one of the hateful maladies which sometimes infest the physical frame—it fevers and pollutes the whole structure until it at last breaks out in some incurable ulcer, premonitory of death.

Such is faction, whose motto never is "Principles not Men," nor "Principles and Men," but "Men without Principles;" loyal not to law or duty, but to money, to place, to ambition, to power. That was a noble sentiment of Edmund Burke when he declared that all just political principles were the principles of morality practically applied. Do not our hearts go with him when we hear him say, "Neither do I now, nor will I ever, admit anything else to be true?"

Behold that beautiful constellation of Ursa Major as it rolls unceasingly and unchanged in position around the polar star, to which it points us forever. So should our thoughts and aspirations be directed ever to the polar star of principle, and

never for a moment be diverted from their true course, to follow after the false and vicious teachings of fanaticism and faction, which, like yonder baleful comet, spring from one knows not where, nor for what evil purpose, and disappear one knows not whither.

Fellow-citizens, I would impress this truth upon you, "That which is morally wrong can never be politically right."

A Guiteau may say, "I slay a President to secure the unity of a party." A united party is necessary to factional triumph; but Guiteau had a predecessor. Milton, in his picture of Satan, tells us of a speech he made, and adds—

> "So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
> The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

Fellow-citizens, the great calamity which now hushes party clamor and rebukes sectional animosity, and which, by the fusion of a common sorrow, welds us together, reminds us of the way in which God, in his providence, compels us to recognize the dependence of man upon man, state upon state, and nation upon nation.

When a war breaks out between two great kingdoms, separated from us by the ocean, we may seem to have no interest in it; we may think so, but soon we are convinced of our mistake. It affects us, involves us, quite independent of our wishes. Commerce is interrupted, trade ceases, provisions become scarce and dear, and a poor widow on the banks of the Clyde, the Seine, the Mississippi, the James, or the Sacramento, loses her annuity, and presently suffers, because of a war waged on the other side of the sea.

Or a pestilential fever smites the cities of our Southern States, and from Canada, from New England, from the great States of the Northwest, contributions come, and nurses and medicines and provisions, and a thousand tender expressions of sympathy.

Or a famine, like one which has so often desolated Ireland, smites that land, and all Christendom becomes responsive to Ireland's sorrow, and even the pagan and Mohammedan world unite in the sacred ministry of relief to the suffering. Thus God makes the very wounds of humanity the fountains from which issue the tenderest sympathies and the sweetest charities, which bring comfort to the suffering and which make the whole world akin in the consciousness of common interest and interdependence.

Most impressively has this lesson been taught us by the sorrow which brings us here to-night. Our President has been assailed by a murderous assassin. North, South, East, and West are blended and fused by one common sorrow; magnetic wires through all seas convey messages of condolence and sympathy; Japan and China unite with European states; paganism and Mohammedanism are conjoined with Christendom in the expression of a united hope that the bereavement we apprehend may be averted, and that our President may be spared to us.

But the cloud still pends. The crisis is not yet over. Let us make that cloud a pavilion for prayer. Let us fringe its lurid edges with sympathy, with hope, and with rekindled fires of patriotism, shining all the brighter because relumed at the altar of our common country.

III.

FAMILY RELIGION.

An Address before the Evangelical Alliance, in Copenhagen.

I suppose it has seldom happened that one has been required to deliver an address in circumstances like these.

When I entered this place to-night, I did not know what subject was under discussion; and when my honored friend, Dr. Schaff, from New York, urged me to follow the reverend brother who has just concluded, I felt that it would be presumptuous to address this august assembly without premeditation or time even for arranging the line of thought appropriate to the theme under discussion; but I do not obtrude myself upon the audience, and I shall have your sympathy in obedience to the sudden call which has been made on me, as I attempt to give expression to such thoughts as the occasion suggests.

And now, fathers and brethren, as I stand here, I would not know how to begin, but for the happy remembrance of the sermon which I heard yesterday morning in the English church.

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Bath, in a discourse characterized by great fervor and unction, remarked that we were educated not so much by the books we studied as by the people with whom we have intercourse; that while much important technical information was derived from books, the potent influences which shaped our characters and guided our lives came from the opinions of the men with whom we held familiar intercourse, and from the example of those with whom we were in constant association. This is a great and solemn truth. We are all sculptors, not like your great Thorwaldsen in shaping blocks of marble into forms of beauty, but in moulding the characters of those with whom we come in contact into those forms which they will wear through this life, and possibly wear forever; but if such is the power of the influences which fashion us in our intercourse with society at large, how much more powerful must the influences be which are daily and hourly exerted in the narrow circle of home; how much more complete the education of both mind and heart which comes from the precepts and ex-

amples of parents in their intimate association with their children, who in the most impressible years of life are looking to these their natural teachers and guides for counsel and direction.

Religion is a power in the world wherever exhibited, but how much more in the household where its daily lessons may be taught under circumstances the most favorable for making the deepest and most enduring impression. I was but seven years old when my father died, and when the funeral services were over, and when the strange, sad silence filled the house which is so impressive after the burial of one beloved, and when the evening of the mournful day drew on, our mother gathered us, her little children, in her chamber, and told us that she meant hereafter to take our father's place, as God might help her, as the head of the household, and she would commence that night by conducting family prayers.

Were I to live beyond the age of the venerable president of this alliance[1] I could not forget that scene; could not forget the manner in which she read God's word, or the low and tremulous tones of the prayer in which she besought strength and comfort, and commended her children to the care and love of the covenant-keeping God. None of you, my English friends of this audience, are unacquainted with the tender lines of one of your own favorite poets, "written on the receipt of his mother's picture," commencing—

> "O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
> With me but roughly since I saw thee last."

Nor have you forgotten the stanza in which he gratefully embalms the memory of those to whom he owed a debt never to be paid—

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned or rulers of the earth,
> But higher far my proud intentions rise,
> The child of parents passed into the skies."

And as one quotation suggests another, you, my friends from another land, will allow me to remind you of a hallowed scene depicted by one of the greatest bards, not only of Scotland, but of the world—the picture of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," when the family, gathered for evening worship, formed a circle round the fireside, and when the old patriarch, having read a portion from "the big ha' Bible," and all together having sung a

[1] Dr. Kalkar.

Psalm, borne upward by "Dundee's Wild Warbling Notes," or "Plaintive Martyrs," or "Noble Elgin"—

> "Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
> The saint, the husband and the father prays;
> Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
> That thus they all shall meet in future days;
> No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
> Together hymning their Creator's praise,
> In such society, yet still more dear,
> While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

There is a picture of family worship whose outlines will never grow dim, and whose colors will not fade.

Well was it said, "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs," and as long as piety in the household continues to be the characteristic of the life of the people of any land, it will never be without the patriot soldier to defend its rights, or the patriot bard to sing its glories. Then let family worship open the gates of the morning with praise, and close the portals of the day with peace; let the children grow up under the hallowing influences of household piety, and these salutary impressions will never be effaced. They will sink down in the heart of the child as the dew sinks down in the heart of the flower, giving refreshment and gathering sweetness. The good seed, falling on the tender heart, softened by grace, will not perish, but will spring up to bear precious fruits in this life, and perchance to flourish beautiful and immortal in the paradise of God.

One of the most memorable voyages ever made was when the apostle, "having loosed from Troas, came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis, and thence to Philippi," where he preached the first gospel sermon ever heard in Europe, in the place of prayer by the riverside. The first convert was a woman and a mother, who was baptized with her household. The "man of Macedonia" who cried, "Come over and help us," did not inform Paul how the help was to be administered, or in what particular form it would immediately come; but *we* know that Europe was first helped by the conversion of a woman, and that woman a mother! This is a lesson for all the ages.

If there is to be but one pious person in the family, let that one be the mother. She has the earliest and best opportunity with the child—the father's influence comes afterwards. The

mother's teaching is remembered longest, and often is the last upon which the blessing of God rests. Were I now to make the appeal, would not hundreds of men rise up in this great assembly, gathered from all lands, and testify, if required, that, under God, they owed their conversion to a mother's tender importunity, or to the silent power of her example, and the ever-present influence of her sweet and saintly life? It may be that she no longer lives on earth, but when I pronounce the word mother, it matters not in what language, to some of you it is like a voice from heaven—it is as if an angel spoke—and you hear it with the listening ear of the heart. And never can you forget the hours of childhood, when each night before retiring to rest she made you kneel down at her feet, and taking your little hand in hers, or laying her soft hand upon your head—you can feel its gentle pressure now—she taught you to say, "Our Father which art in heaven," or that other prayer, so familiar to all English-speaking people, commencing, "Now I lay me down to sleep"—a good prayer for a child, for a man, for a patriarch.

The apostle sent his salutation to the "church in the house." So long as there are true, apostolic, evangelic churches in households, there will be the same kind of churches in kingdoms, in republics, in all the world. Should the church in the house exist no more, then the church in the city, in the state, in the world will become extinct; but this will never be while Christian life is cherished and perpetuated in the family.

God bless every good mother in Denmark, and every pious household represented here to-night in this great gathering of his people from so many nations of the earth.

IV.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

An Address before the Mass-meeting held in the interest of the Monument on Libby Hill, Richmond, Va., Nov. 30, 1892.

It is said that on each of the four sides of the monument to the memory of the Confederate dead in New Orleans is carved a calm and noble face. One is that of Albert Sidney Johnston, another is that of the warrior bishop, General Polk, a third is that of Stonewall Jackson, and the fourth is that of Robert E. Lee; but on the top of the monumental shaft, looking down on the heroic group below, is the figure, the typical figure, of the Confederate private soldier—type of the men worthy to follow such leaders as those whose faces are sculptured on the column, and without whose following even these great leaders would not have won the positions they occupy on the shaft and on the pages of immortal history. It is to the memory of such men that I come to-night, in obedience to your call, to pay this tribute.

In doing so I am only giving expression to your emotions. I recognize the fact that the greeting you have just given me is because I am the channel through which your own best feelings are flowing. I am but a voice; the spirit which animates it comes from this splendid audience, and you honor me in making me the medium of your own generous, grateful and loving tribute to the memory of the Confederate dead.

It is well that we give this expression of our regard for them —for what did they give us? What did they not give us? What was there dear in the homes they left behind, never to be revisited again; what was there precious in the ties of affection, sundered never to be renewed on earth again, which they did not sacrifice for us? What was there of privation or peril in the camp, on the march, on the bloody front of battle, or in the hospital where they languished when the battle was over, which they did not endure for us?

We can never pay the debt we owe them, but we can cherish

the recollection of all that made them worthy of our love; we can treasure their names and embalm their memories,

—"with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears."

The privates, who at the first tap of the drum sprang to arms when the conflict commenced, were not professional soldiers; they did not go to the field seeking the "bubble reputation" or the glory which is won by feats of valor; but they were men who came from the sanctities of home, from the peaceful avocations of business or professional life; many of them merchants or mechanics; most of them farmers; some of them students in schools, colleges, and theological seminaries; yet all of them, every man of them, every boy of them, at the sacred call of duty, perilled all, and for principle sacrificed all, committing their souls to God and their memories to us who might survive them.

And we will be faithful to the trust. I stand here to-night, in the name of this gallant regiment, in the name of this responsive audience, in the name of this historic city, in the name of this venerable commonwealth, in the name of the fair women and brave men of this whole Southland, to declare by all that is sacred in the obligation we owe to the memories of the men who laid down their lives for us, we will be faithful to the trust. We do not permit even time, which buries so much in oblivion, to diminish our sense of obligation, or our appreciation of what they were and of what they suffered. As at the battle of the First Manassas General Jackson declined to have the sentinels posted, saying, "Let the weary fellows sleep, I will guard the camp," so we who survive mean to stand guard over the honor and fame, not of the Confederate living—for they can protect themselves—but over the honor and fame of those who sleep their last sleep on the field of duty and glory. So will we keep their memories fresh and green where they can be best perpetuated; not by flowers strewn on their graves, for these soon wither and are scattered like leaves in wintry weather, but by the flowers of loving remembrance which grow in our hearts, and which are watered only by tears. These are immortal, and bloom in beauty and fragrance forever. And there is yet something more that we may do—we can give some visible expression of the sentiments we cherish in our hearts.

When two hundred feet above the summit of Libby Hill, on the top of the towering monumental shaft we are going to erect there, the noble image of the private Confederate soldier

shall be seen standing as if surveying the ramparts of Drewry's Bluff and the battlefields of the Chickahominy, we shall have that visible expression in granite and in bronze which all men may see and understand.

The question has been asked—I would not repeat it were it not so often asked—why erect such monuments at all? The Confederacy is dead and can never be revived. Why keep alive memories that had better be buried in oblivion? Why perpetuate the memory of a lost cause? Why, indeed? I respond. If that were the object in erecting such monuments—if that were the result of rearing them—then I, for one, would never lift a finger or utter a word in favor of such memorials; but I most emphatically deny that there is any such design or that there would be any such result. A soldier's monument in every city, town and village of the South would have no political or sectional significance now. The interests of the South now lie in the preservation of the Union. As it prospers so do we. To stir up sectional strife would be a blunder on the part of the South. It would be suicidal. It would be equally so on the part of the North which fought four years to maintain the Union; and were it to encourage sectional strife, the tendency of which is to weaken and disrupt the Union, it would be to confess judgment, for it would contradict the logic of the war, and if possible demonstrate its absurdity.

No true patriot, no gallant soldier, is ever found fanning the flames of sectional animosity. Only demagogues do that; only men who pander to the basest prejudices of the basest men in the mistaken hope that there are enough of such people to waft them into power on the wave of sectional passion. To foment sectional strife is not only to attack the unity of the States, it is a crime against Christian civilization—against the God of peace and the lover of concord. I gratefully recognize the fact that some of the truest friends of the South are to be found among Northern statesmen and among those who fought against us in the Northern army. You had a striking illustration of this, when, at the unveiling of the Jackson statue on the Capitol Square, a noble senator of a Northern State was one of the first to lay a wreath on the pedestal of the monument. You hear it in the words of a gallant citizen of Massachusetts, when he said, "The time may yet be when the Northern as well as the Southern heart will throb reverently to the proud words upon the Confederate monument at Charleston, "These died for their State."

What, then, is the use of erecting monuments to the Confederate dead? Of what use to us is the Lost Cause? It is lost—emphatically lost; but does it follow that what is lost should be forgotten? We say truly, "Let the dead past bury its dead." Yes, let us bury all that is really dead in the past; but there are some things in the past that cannot die, and we do not want to bury what is still living. The Confederacy is dead, but the memories of the men who died with and for it are not dead. Their valor, their endurance, their self-sacrifice, their sublime devotion to duty—these are not dead.

The pathetic line of the old Roman poet comes back to us—a line worthy to be inscribed over the gateway of every cemetery where the Confederate dead lie buried—

"Hi bene pro patria cum patriaque jacent."

The men are dead, but not the examples of the men who with the courage of their holiest convictions maintained, at the risk of fortune and life, what they believed to be their constitutional rights, with the world in arms against them. The men are dead, but the patriotism that defied danger and held life not dear in the defence of honor, home and State sovereignty, and which kindled in their souls the quenchless fires of devotion to liberty, cannot be wrapped in a shroud, or screwed down under a coffin lid, or committed to the grave.

The republics of ancient Greece are dead, but are Marathon and Salamis and Platæa to be forgotten because Greece is living Greece no more? On the contrary, have they not been the inspiration of all that have resisted despotism and fought for freedom from their day to ours?

Twenty-five years before the Christian era the Roman republic expired and was succeed by the Roman empire, but will the world forget the patriot sages and soldiers of Rome's noblest era?

The Commonwealth of England has perished, but is not patriotism yet kindled by the names of John Hampden and John Milton and Harry Vane and Admiral Blake?

What does England now care for the wars of the White and Red Roses? She cares this: she cherishes the memories of the men who illustrated British valor, fortitude and pluck, but she has forgotten whether they belonged to the house of York or Lancaster.

England and Scotland were once independent kingdoms.

Long and bitter were the wars they waged against each other. They are united now, but suppose Scotland had never reared monuments in honor of her fallen chieftains. Suppose England had been oblivious to the memories of her illustrious heroes. Suppose all the monuments of patriot soldiers had been reared on northern Scottish soil, and none across the southern border. Suppose all the monuments of ancient valor had been south of the Tweed—then what? Then this: the impression would have slowly, certainly gained ground that either England or Scotland had never produced men worthy of remembrance, and the result would have been the demoralization, the degradation of the parts of the United Kingdom which had failed to perpetuate the recollection of the men whose achievements constituted what ought to have been a common heritage, and what would have been the loss of each would have been the loss of both.

The day will come when the question will not be who wore the blue or the gray, but who was loyal to duty, who was dauntless in courage, who was unfaltering in adherence to principle, who was sublime in self-sacrifice, who illustrated most splendidly the magnanimity, the daring, the chivalry of the patriot soldier?

No nation is safe or strong which does not glory in the achievements of noble ancestors. If sons fail to cherish the inspiring memories of patriotic fathers they will have no patriotism to bequeath to their descendants. Without self-respect, without self-reliance, without a belief in its own prowess and ability to stand against all comers, no nation is fit to take the field. One Englishman once thought himself a match for three Frenchmen. He often found himself mistaken, but the fact that he thought so helped him to be so. In our Confederate war the fact that with inferior numbers our troops so often obtained the victory was itself an inspiration and an assurance of success.

But how shall a State become proud of its own record? How can it obtain this confidence in its own valor, which is half the battle? I answer, by preserving the memories of the past. But how shall this be done? By history? How few read history—how few have the time or the inclination. There is, however, a splendid substitute for written history. It is pictorial history. It is object teaching. It is the appeal of monuments. Armies are recruited chiefly from the young and from the workingmen too busy to read. How appeal to them except by monuments? These speak to all—learned and unlearned, old

and young, professional men and men of business, the merchant, the mechanic and the manufacturer.

Books are occasionally opened, monuments are seen every day, and the lesson of that lofty figure which is to tower over Libby Hill and be seen from afar by all who approach this city by river or rail, will be a lesson in stone and in metal which your school boys can read and understand, and the lesson will be this: "Live nobly; there is a reward for patriotic devotion to duty; republics are not ungrateful."

I am in favor of a monument to our great generals. We have a monument to Washington, to Jackson, to Stuart. We are going to have one for our Lee, but I want another for our Confederate private soldier. Who more worthy of it than the privates who followed these great leaders and who so won their admiration that they could not find words adequate to express it?

When Jackson had to bid farewell to the Stonewall Brigade, as he rode slowly toward the line, the men, who at the sight of his old faded cap with the rim resting on his nose and his chin in the air, and the old gray coat and the old sorrel horse, were accustomed to shatter the air with their cheers, were as silent as death. They knew what was coming. In the midst of the profound sadness and silence, Jackson, controlling his emotions as best he could, commenced a formal address; but presently he paused. He ran his eye down the line, as one of his biographers says, as if he wanted individually to bid them farewell man by man, but as the memories of what they had suffered and achieved together came crowding on him, the suppressed emotion surged up beyond control. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, he rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse, with an electric gesture which sent a thrill through every heart, and, extending his arms, added in tones of deepest feeling, "In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First brigade. In the Army of the Potomac you were the First brigade. In the Second Corps of the army you were the First brigade. You are the First brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First brigade in this second war of independence."

The private soldier! The men who were described by the English correspondent of the London *Times* as lean from fasting, with matted hair and mendicant's rags, yet who followed

the battle-flag with a triumphant joy never surpassed, and won victories never transcended; the men of whom Lee said, "There is one attitude in which I could never be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting."

The private soldier! The men of whom a Northern officer wrote, "Their artillery train looks like a congregation of all the crippled California emigrant trains that ever escaped the Comanche Indians. Their men are ill-dressed, ill equipped—a lot of ragamuffins that a man is ashamed to be seen among, even when he is a prisoner and can't help it; and yet they have beaten us fairly—beaten us so easily that we are objects of contempt to their private soldiers, with no shirt showing through the holes of their pantaloons, and cartridge boxes tied round their waists with strands of rope."

When at the battle of Cold Harbor Lee met Jackson and, listening for a moment to the roar of the guns growing louder and louder, said to him, "General, that fire is very heavy. Do you think your men can stand it?" Jackson answered in brief tones, "They can stand almost anything. They can stand that."

Yes, we will give them a monument. The scheme is in good hands. No better committee could be selected than the one to whom we have entrusted its management. No more ardent or efficient friend of this enterprise can be found than the honored Governor of this commonwealth, who is giving to it his fullest sympathy and his untiring coöperation.

The place for the monument is a good one—the very best of all the historic hills of Richmond. We will make its foundation firm, its column high, and over the city defended four years by the bravest men who ever shouldered arms or charged bayonets we will set up the statue; and as the sun rises over the Chesapeake bay and darts his beams across the York river and the James, the first object to catch its beams will be the burnished helmet on the head of the private soldier, shining like the morning star over the city of the living; and as the same sun sinks to its bed below Hollywood, the city of the dead, its light will still linger like a halo around the soldier's statue aloft in the air, to remind us that glory survives the grave, and that when the sun of life goes down its radiance will linger, with a soft celestial splendor, after all the rest of the world is wrapped in darkness.

V.

ADDRESS

In the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., December 11, 1889, *the day appointed by the Governor for the Commemoration of the Death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis.*

Somewhat wearied, as I am, with the number of special services which have devolved on me of late, it was my desire and effort to be relieved of the one now assigned to me; but the constraint laid on me to perform it was one I could not properly resist. I have probably been called to undertake this office because I am one of the few pastors in this city who resided here during the civil war, and because circumstances brought me into personal association with the President of the conquered Confederacy. I heard his first address to the Richmond people from the balcony of Spotswood Hotel, after the removal of the capital from Montgomery. I stood beneath the ominous clouds, in the dismal rain of that memorable day, the 22d of February, 1862, when, from the platform erected near the Washington monument in the Capitol Square, after prayer by Bishop Johns, he delivered his inaugural address, in clear, but gravely modulated tones. I have ridden with him on horseback along the lines of fortification which guarded the city. I have had experiences of his courtesy in his house and in his office. I was with him in Danville after the evacuation, until the surrender at Appomattox Court-house; and while I never aspired to intimacy with him, my opportunities were such as enabled me to learn the personal traits which characterized him as a man, as well as the official and public acts which marked his administration and which now form a part of the history of the country.

For reasons like these I account for the invitation with which I am honored by my brethren and by my comrades of Lee Camp to address this great assembly to-day.

And now permit me to say a word with regard to the kind of service which I deem appropriate to the hour and to the place where we meet.

This is a *memorial* service, and not an occasion for the discussion of topics which would be appropriate elsewhere and at another time.

Every congregation assembled in our churches in these Southern States to-day forms a part of the vast multitude which unites in mind and heart with the solemn assembly in New Orleans, where, in the presence of the dead, the funeral services are in progress at this hour. There, all that is most tender and most impressive centres, and it becomes all who compose those outlying congregations to feel and act in sympathy with what is now passing in the sad, but queenly city which guards the gates of the Mississippi, in the church draped in sable, and where the bereaved sit beside the pall with hearts fillled with a sorrow which no outward emblems of mourning can express.

If we place ourselves in sympathy with the emotions which concentre there, and which radiate to the wide circumference of the most distant congregations uniting in these obsequies, then how evident it is that political harangues and discussions calculated to excite sectional animosities are utterly inappropriate to the hour. It is not the office of the minister of religion to deal controversially with the irritating subjects which awaken party strife. It is his duty and privilege to soften asperities, to reconcile antagonistic elements, to plead for mutual forbearance, to urge such devotion to the common weal as to bring all the people, North, South, East, and West, into harmonious relations with each other, so as to combine all the resources of the entire country into unity of effort for the welfare of the whole. I trust this will be the tone and spirit of all the addresses made in the churches to-day throughout the South; and may I not hope that *as there are no geographical boundaries to the qualities which constitute noble manhood,* such as courage, generosity, fortitude, and personal honor, there will be many in the Northern and Western States who will be in sympathy with the eulogies which will be pronounced to-day by the speakers who hold up to view those characteristics of their dead chieftain which have always commanded the admiration of right-minded and right-hearted men in all lands and in all centuries.

The day is coming when the question will not relate so much to the color of the uniform, blue or gray, as to the character of the men who wore it; when the question will be, who were most loyal to what they believed to be duty, who were most dauntless

in danger, who most sublime in self-sacrifice, who illustrated most splendidly the ideal of the patriot soldier?

Before the commencement of the strife which ended in the dismemberment of the Union, all men familiar with the life of Mr. Davis, whether as a cadet at West Point, as a soldier in the Mexican war, as the Governor of his adopted State, or as a member of the Senate of the United States, agree in regarding him as entitled to the reputation he won as a gallant officer and a patriotic statesman. After the organization of the Southern Confederacy, whatever conflicting views men may entertain with regard to the righteousness of the part he took in its formation, or as to the wisdom of his course as its Chief Magistrate, all alike admit the sincerity and the courage of his convictions, and the indomitable resolution with which he carried out his plans, with a decision that nothing could shake, and with a devotion that sought nothing for self, but everything for the success of the cause to which he had consecrated his life.

This leads to the inquiry as to the qualities and attributes which constitute the patriot statesman, the statesman needed for all time, but more especially for our own day and country. The opinion has been recently expressed by men whose words have great weight, that our legislative bodies should be composed for the most part of practical business men, thoroughly acquainted with the trade, the commerce, and the financial interests of the country. With a single qualification, no one will controvert the truth of that statement, but taken alone it is an imperfect enunciation of the requirements of legislation. Associated with men no matter how conversant with the commercial interests of the country, we need legislators who are profound students of *history, philosophy and ethics;* men who have had time and opportunities for thought and for the thorough investigation of the principles of government. I heard Lord Palmerston say in the speech he delivered at his inauguration as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, that the difference between the statesmen of Great Britain and France was owing to the fact that the latter had been trained only in the exact sciences, while the former had been drilled in metaphysics and moral philosophy, and the result was, that while French legislative assemblies had been filled with brilliant politicians, the British Parliament had been graced and dignified by men of the stamp of Burke and Chatham and Fox and Peel and Canning.

Who were the men who framed the government under which we live? Who wrote the masterly state papers which excited the wonder and admiration of the best thinkers of the old world? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, which brought into union the independent colonial sovereignties? Who built up our system of jurisprudence, combining the merits of Roman civil law and English common law? *All of them students;* men who, under the shade of their ancestral trees, in the retirement of their Southern country homes, had spent their lives in profound researches into the principles upon which just government is founded, and then were capable of elaborating and bringing into successful operation the wisest form of government the world ever knew. Never were statesmen of this type so much needed in our national councils as now.

Then I add, the statesman required for the times is one who has the courage and the ability to *lead* public opinion in ways that are right, instead of waiting to ascertain the popular drift, no matter how base, that he may servilely follow it. Unlike the popularity hunter, who never asks what is just, but what is politic, and then trims his sails so as to catch every breeze of public favor, the upright statesman, with the deep conviction that nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right, steers directly for the port of duty along a line in which no deflection can be traced, and holds his course in the very teeth of the gale. While the demagogue dare attempt nothing, no matter how noble, which might endanger his popularity, the patriot statesman, when assailed by obloquy, is not greatly troubled thereby, but calmly waits for the verdict of time, the great vindicator.

When the path of duty becomes the path of danger, the upright statesman is not intimidated, but remains firm as the rock in mid-ocean, against which the invading waves beat only to be shivered into spray. While the tricky demagogue spends all his energies in directing the tactics of a party, the broad-minded statesman aspires to build up a noble commonwealth, and rises above all that is selfish and mean, because the ends he aims at are those of country, God and truth. Men of great gifts often fail in public life because they lack the moral basis on which character alone can stand. After all, *integrity* is one of the strongest of living forces; and what the people seek when their rights are imperilled is not so much for men of brilliant talents

as for leaders whose chief characteristics are untarnished honor, incorruptible honesty, and the courage to do right at any hazard.

It is admitted that even such men sometimes fail to secure the triumph of the cause for which they toil and make every sacrifice; but the very failures of such men are nobler than the success of the unprincipled intriguer. Reproach, persecution, misrepresentation and poverty, have often been the fate of those who have suffered the loss of all for the right and true; but they are not dishonored because the ignoble do not appreciate their character, aims and efforts.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes; they were souls that stood alone;
While the men they agonized for, hurled the contumelious stone."

Our admiration is more due to him who pursues the course he thinks right, in spite of disaster, than to one who succeeds by methods which reason and conscience condemn. Defeat is the discipline which often trains the heroic soul to its noblest development; and when the conviction comes that he has struggled in vain, and must now yield to the inevitable, then he may, without shame, lay down his armor in the assurance that others will rise up and put it on, and in God's good time vindicate the principles which must ultimately triumph.

Another of the lessons we learn from the eventful life just terminated is the *emptiness and vanity of earthly glory,* if it be the only prize for which the soul has contended. "As for man, his days are as grass. He cometh forth like a flower; in the morning it groweth up and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Surely man at his best estate is altogether vanity." Wealth, honor, power, military renown, popularity, the constituent elements of what men call glory, how evanescent they are, and how unsatisfactory while they continue? What is earthly glory? It is the favor of the fickle multitude, the transient homage of the hour, the applause of the populace, dying away with the breath that fills the air with its empty clamor. Oftentimes its most impressive emblem is the bloody banner whose tattered folds bear mournful evidence of the price at which victory is won. It is the mouldering hatchment which hangs above the tomb of the dead warrior. It is the posthumous renown which stirs not one sweet emotion in the heart which lies still and chill in the coffin, and whose music never penetrates the dull cold ear of death. What is earthly glory?

Listen: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away;" "the wind passeth over it and it is gone."

We are told that when Massillon pronounced one of those wonderful discourses which placed him in the first rank of pulpit orators he found himself in a church surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The church was not only hung with black drapery, but the light of day was excluded, and only a few dim tapers burned on the altar. The beauty and chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The members of the royal family sat beneath him, clothed in the habiliments of mourning. There was silence—a breathless suspense. No sound broke the awful stillness. Massillon arose. His hands were folded on his bosom; his eyes were lifted to heaven; utterance seemed impossible. Presently his fixed look was unbent, his eye roved over the scene where every pomp was displayed, where every trophy was exhibited. That eye found no resting place amid all this idle parade and mocking vanity. At length it settled on the bier on which lay dead royalty, covered with a pall. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man, at his best estate, overcame him. His eyes once more closed; his very breath seemed suspended, until, in a scarce audible voice, he startled the deep silence with the words—

"THERE IS NOTHING GREAT BUT GOD."

To-day, my hearers, we are warned that pallid death knocks with impartial hand at all doors. He enters, with equal freedom the dwelling of the humblest citizen and the mansion of senator, sage and chieftain. He lays peasant and president side by side, to repose in the silent, all-summoning cemetery.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The path of glory leads but to the grave."

"There is nothing great but God; there is nothing solemn but death; there is nothing momentous but judgment."

Finally, *every life which is not made a preparation for the eternal future is a comedy, in folly—a tragedy, in fact.* No matter how splendid its success, the life itself and all its possessions are temporary. They are like the dissolving views of the panorama. Pietro de Medici commanded Michael Angelo

to fashion a statue of snow. Think of such a man spending his time and splendid talents in shaping a snow image! But men who devote all their time and talents to temporal things, no matter how noble, are modeling and moulding with snow. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies." He who expects an enduring portion from anything lower than the skies, from anything less stable than the heavens, from anything less sufficient than God is doomed to disappointment. The man with a mortal body inhabited by an immortal spirit, drifting to the eternal future without preparation for it, is like a richly freighted ship sailing round and round on an open sea, bound to no port, and which, by and by, goes down in darkness and storm.

Very different was the course and conduct of the man for whom these Southern States are to-day paying the last sad rites of respect and affection. His life was one of intense occupation. Much of it was absorbed with exciting, exacting earthly duties; but, in the midst of the pressure and distraction to which he was subjected, he remembered what time was made for; he remembered the endless life that follows this transient life. Very beautiful was the testimony of one of the most eminent of our Southern statesmen, whose own departure from the earth was both a tragedy and a triumph, when he said, "I knew Jefferson Davis as I knew few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fireside; I have witnessed his humble, Christian devotions, and I challenge history when I say no people were ever led through a stormy struggle by a purer patriot, and the trials of public life never revealed a purer or more beautiful Christian character."

Oh! great is the contrast between the hopes and prospects of the worldling and those of the humble believer. The Duke of Marlborough, in his last illness, was carried to an apartment which contained a picture of one of his great battles. He gazed at it awhile, then exclaimed, "Ah! the Duke was something then, but now he is a dying man." The Christian is something *when* he is dying. "His life is hid with Christ in God."

The closing scenes in the life of Mr. Davis were marked by fortitude, by the gentle courtesy which never forsook him, and, above all, by sublime, though simple, trust in the all-sufficient Saviour. While the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day.

As the sculptor chips off the fragments of marble out of

which he is chiseling a statue, the decrease of the marble only marks the development of the statue.

> "The more the marble wastes,
> The more the statue grows."

So it is with the spirit preparing to take its flight from the decaying vesture of the flesh to the place where it shall be both clothed and crowned.

Such are some of the impressive lessons of the hour, and if duly heeded, this solemnity, instead of being a mere decorous compliance with an executive summons, will be a preparation for the time when we shall follow our departed chief, and take our places among those who nobly fought and grandly triumphed; and then, as now, will we sing, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

VI.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On his Fiftieth Anniversary, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., February 27, 1895.

As I stand in this pulpit and look over the silent throng which crowds these pews and galleries and aisles, I am reminded that there are occasions when it is not true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Deep emotion, so far from inspiring ready and fluent utterance, often makes silence more natural than speech. I find it difficult to express in words the commingled emotions awakened by this anniversary. I can only say that the first and most fervent feeling that fills my heart is one of gratitude to God for sparing me to this happy hour—gratitude for permitting me to serve him for half a century in the ministry of the gospel, and gratitude for the unbroken harmony which has existed among the members of my charge and between my people and myself, without a ripple of discord to mar it; gratitude for the kind regards of the religious denominations of this city, manifested to me in so many ways; and for the unity and brotherly love which have made their relations to each other so delightful. It would be impossible to enter upon the discussion of any of the topics appropriate to this anniversary without first tendering my cordial thanks to the people of Richmond for the splendid reception accorded to me last night; to the Masonic fraternity for the gratuitous use of their spacious temple; to the regiment of which I am chaplain, for its attendance in recognition of my interest in all that concerns its efficiency and honor, as well as for the coming of the Howitzers, Stuart Horse Guard, and the Blues; to Lee Camp, worthy of the illustrious name it bears; for the visit of the veterans of the Soldiers' Home; for the splendid testimonial of the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association; for the Beth Ahaba's congratulation, exquisitely engrossed on parchment and richly framed; to the Governor of the commonwealth and the resident members of his staff, and for the many official letters from

churches and societies containing the resolutions adopted by each, and presented by some eminent representative; to the delegation from Hoge Academy, Nottoway county; to my ministerial brethren of every name, whose congratulations have made my heart happier and my hands stronger for the furtherance of the hallowed work in which we are all engaged; and, lastly, to my honored friends, who have come from different parts of this State and from other States to grace this occasion by their personal participation in these services.

Had I chosen to deliver a regularly constructed sermon to-night I could easily have found more than one text in the Holy Scriptures which I could have used as the foundation of my discourse. I might have selected the injunction of Moses to the people whom he had led on their magnificent march from the land of bondage to the land of promise, when he enjoined them to remember all the way along which the Lord their God had conducted them, and then made "memories of the way" my theme; or I might have chosen the impressive act of Samuel when he took a stone and set it up between Mizpah and Shen and said, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us;" for holy remembrance of the way along which God guides his people excites devout gratitude, and the monumental stone bearing the inscription, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," is a perpetual acknowledgment of the great truth that all spiritual prosperity is to be ascribed to divine power and love. I trust that the spirit of both of these passages of scripture will pervade all that I have to say at this hour, but the freedom and familiarity of an address rather than the formality of a sermon will enable me to introduce topics and personal reminiscences of men and events which could not logically be deduced from any text. I therefore crave your indulgence and sympathy while I undertake the delicate and difficult task of trying to frame a discourse full of personal recollections without egotism or assumption.

If such a feeling were to arise in my mind, all self-gratulation would be instantly rebuked by the remembrance of the accumulated responsibility incurred by a ministry of fifty years. When I call to mind the fact that I have preached to more souls now gone to their final account than are to be found in this great assembly of the living to-night; when I review the imperfect manner in which I discharged my trust to those who are now beyond the reach of any influence; when I am startled by the solemn conviction that my ministry would have been more

useful, both to the living and the dead, had I preached more faithfully, tenderly, lovingly—while the solemn weight of thoughts like these oppress my spirit, be assured there is no room for assumption or vain glory, whatever room there may be for penitence and tears. If, then, I speak of much that is personal, I beg you to ascribe it to the only purpose I have in so doing, which is the better to enable me to portray the history of the church to which I have so long ministered, and to illustrate God's providence and grace in his dealings with pastor and people.

It was a singular providence that brought me to this city. As I drew near to the end of my course in the Theological Seminary, a little country church in Mecklenburg county signified its wish to engage me as its pastor as soon as I obtained my license. Its attention was called to me, no doubt, chiefly because it bore the name of both of my grandfathers; it was called the Lacy-Hoge Church. About that time, however, the venerable Dr. Plumer, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, made a visit to Prince Edward, and told me I would probably be invited to this city to become his assistant. I assured him of my preference for a small country charge—at least until I gained some experience and had composed some sermons. The Doctor requested a meeting of the faculty of the Theological Seminary, explained his wishes to them, and sent for me. They united in advising me to go to Richmond in case I received an invitation. There was another small church in another county to which I had been recommended, but all prospect of my settlement there was blighted by an influential elder, who frankly told the people that he did not think me qualified for the position. Thus in two instances my desire to become a country pastor was disappointed.

I was licensed to preach at a meeting of presbytery in Lynchburg. The circumstances were without any parallel. It was the same church in which my father was licensed, and what made the event unique was the fact that *his* father was the Moderator of the presbytery, and gave the charge to his son. Thus three generations of the same family were connected by this strange sequence of services in the same church.

In the year 1844 I was invited to Richmond by the session of the First Presbyterian Church. The invitation was accepted, and the arrangement made by which I was to become the assistant of Dr. Plumer until a lot could be purchased and a small

building erected, with the view of ascertaining whether another congregation could be collected in a new locality. The lot on which the building stands in which we are now gathered was purchased, a lecture-room built, a congregation gathered, and on the 27th of February, 1845, I was installed as pastor—the Rev. Dr. Leyburn preaching the ordination sermon, Dr. Plumer delivering the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. William Lyon the charge to the people. In a few months it was found that the lecture-room was too small for the needs of the congregation, and plans were adopted for the erection of a more commodious house of worship. Mr. Samuel P. Hawes, the father of one of the officers of this church, and myself went to New York to obtain a model for the new church building; an architect of that city was chosen, who drew the plans in accordance with which it was erected. It was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God in the year 1848, a dedication hymn having been composed by the late John R. Thompson, and introduced into the hymn-book subsequently authorized by our General Assembly. In the process of time the edifice was found too small for the requirements of the congregation, and it was enlarged by throwing a transept across the eastern end, thus adding two wings to the building, enlarging and beautifying it at the same time. This was done in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. George Gibson, the only member of this church present at my ordination who is here to-night.

An incident connected with the early history of the enterprise illustrates the growth of our city westward. When the officers of the First Presbyterian Church proposed to purchase the lot on which this edifice stands, it was earnestly opposed by an influential member on the ground that it was too far up town, and that a congregation could not be gathered at this remote region. Now this church stands in the centre of the city—equi-distant from the Lee statue on the west and the Soldiers and Sailors' monument on the east.

When a church has increased in wealth and numbers to a strength justifying such enterprise, it is made still stronger and more efficient by sending out colonies to establish new organizations. In the year 1882 this church sent forth its first colony. It occupied the building erected on west Grace street near the Richmond College, the chief contributor being the late Dr. James McDowell, son of Governor McDowell, of Rockbridge county. Its first pastor was the Rev. Peyton Harrison Hoge,

under whose ministry it was steadily advancing, until his removal to Wilmington, N. C. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. R. Holderby, now a happy pastor in Atlanta, Ga. Its third pastor is the Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, under whose administration another locality has been chosen and a new church edifice erected, with the prospect of another structure, I trust, in the near future, worthy of the admirable position it will occupy and of the zeal of its beloved pastor.

The second colony sent out from this church found its quarters in the Old Market Hall. It is now an organized and prosperous church, with a little colony of its own. The history of this enterprise is too well known to need rehearsal here. So much has been already published about it in the newspaper press all over the country that its name has become familiar to thousands, and its story better known than that of many of the old and wealthy churches of our great cities.

One of the peculiar honors with which this church has been crowned is the number of its young men who have become eminent and successful ministers and missionaries of the cross. I need not enumerate them, but I may say they are to be found occupying conspicuous positions and everywhere recognized and honored for their successful labors. One of the most distinguished of these, of whom I must say a few loving words, was the late Edward Lane, missionary to Brazil. The literal history of his life would read like a romance. He seemed to possess all the endowments needed for the work to which he consecrated his life. It was one of noble Christian chivalry. He died like a hero, at the post of duty. It was my privilege to render him a small service at a critical time in his life, which he abundantly overpaid by his loyal affection. He was my guest during his last visit to Richmond. As we parted he told me that should he be disabled by any cause from service in the missionary field, he would come back to me and connect himself with my church again, and spend the remainder of his days in the humblest work I chose to assign to him. Alas! that he never came—or rather, blessed be God, that he never came, for when his earthly work was done, he had a higher call, and went up to engage in the nobler service which God assigns to those who have been faithful unto death. Four of the former members of this church, three of them women, are now in the foreign field.

And of the men trained here for the ministry in the home field, I may mention that of the four sons of my ever-lamented

friend and elder, John B. Martin, three still survive, honored and useful in their respective charges.

With humble and devout gratitude, I thank God for making me the pastor of so many young men who have become leaders in the sacramental host both in the home and foreign field.

In this connection, I yield to the impulse which constrains me to pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of two of the most remarkable women that ever took part in the benevolent work of this church. Mrs. Elizabeth H. Brown, wife of the late Dr. William Brown, secretary of our Ladies' Benevolent Society, had the capacity, beyond that of any woman I ever knew, of carrying more things at one time in her mind and heart and of attending to them all, with the most wonderful success, without confusion, without embarrassment, without waste of time, and without forgetfulness. There was no society organized for benevolent purposes in which she was not the inspiration and the most earnest worker; and yet for twenty years of physical weakness there was probably not a day when she was exempt from pain. She assisted her husband in the *Central Presbyterian* office all the forenoon of every day, visited the afflicted, the lonely, and the poor in my congregation every afternoon, and at night wrote innumerable letters of business and friendship. I once advised her to take every Sunday afternoon for quiet physical rest in her own chamber. "What," said she, "in my room at the very hour when all my friends are worshiping in our church! Oh! no. After the toils of the week and Sunday forenoon services,[1] the worship of the afternoon gives me my most delightful repose. I find my best refreshment and invigoration in waiting upon God at the second service." It was thus that she prepared for the toils of the secular week and for the heavenly rest.

During the late war between the States, rarely did a train, an ambulance, or a messenger leave this city for the lines, that did not convey some parcel of clothing, or of books, or of something prepared by her own hands that might minister to the comfort of her soldier boys in camp; or if these could not be sent, then, remembering how many a young man in his hours of loneliness, privation, and home-sickness would be cheered by letters filled with sympathy and encouragement from a Christian woman—perhaps the friend of his mother or sister—she sent, in numbers never to be known, messages of comfort whose value can never be estimated.

[1] She was a laborious teacher in the morning Sunday-school.

She died in Fredericksburg, but it was every way fitting that she should be buried in Hollywood Cemetery, and that she should be followed to her last resting place by a great retinue of weeping friends to whom her life had been a benediction.

Another remarkable woman who lived and died in the communion of this church was Mrs. Jane Schoolcraft Howard. Not one of those who daily met this plain-looking, plainly dressed little woman on the streets of Richmond, intent on some benevolent errand, would have dreamed that her life had been one full of dramatic interest and strange vicissitudes, such as fiction sometimes invests with romantic charm.

During the reign of Queen Anne an English gentleman of the name of Schoolcraft, of distinguished lineage and aristocratic bearing, emigrated to America. One of his descendants was Colonel Lawrence Schoolcraft, an officer of great capacity and courage during the Revolutionary war. The youngest son of this officer was Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, the renowned explorer of the head waters of the Mississippi river, the ethnologist, antiquarian, and historian. He published a work on the Indian tribes of North America, and another entitled, "The Myth of Hiawatha." He gave to Mr. Longfellow the suggestion on which he founded his beautiful poem of Hiawatha. While residing near Lake Superior, Mr. Schoolcraft became acquainted with John Johnston, Esq., an Irish gentleman of great culture and courtly manners, a kinsman of the Attorney-General of Ireland. During Mr. Johnston's residence in the vicinity of Mr. Schoolcraft's, he was attracted by the great beauty of the daughter of the renowned chief of the Chippewa nation and married her. His eldest daughter, Jane, was sent to Europe to be educated, and on her return her charms of person and character won the love of Mr. Schoolcraft, who married her. Of the four children born to this pair one was Jane Schoolcraft, who became the wife of the late Benjamin S. Howard, who died last year at his old home in South Carolina. Mrs. Schoolcraft, her mother, through pride in her descent from one of the native kings of the country, perfected herself in the knowledge of the Indian languages. Her daughter, Jane, our Mrs. Howard, assisted her father in all of his literary work, and became acquainted with many of the distinguished statesmen and scholars, who were frequent visitors at her father's house after his removal to Washington city.

Among the remarkable incidents of her life was the frequency with which she came near to the possession of great wealth without obtaining it, and the grace with which she afterwards submitted to a life of poverty after a youth spent in affluence. I cannot relate the history of the manner in which her father lost his interest in a great domain belonging to the Indian princess, her grandmother, through the trickery of land agents, and which, had it been secured, would have enriched the entire family. Nor can I take time to speak of the loss of another fortune which seemed to be within her reach. Mrs. Howard was never heard to murmur at these great reverses. Poor in this world's goods, she was rich in faith and in good works.

For many years she was the efficient teacher of the children's department of our Sabbath-school. She was the secretary and treasurer of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, which she maintained in a state of the highest efficiency. Mind and heart were devoted to the advancement of the welfare of her church, in all the departments of industry and enterprise, and she found in toil an inexpressible delight.

It is worthy of notice that she rarely referred to her distinguished ancestry, even among her most intimate friends; rarely mentioning the names of the eminent literary men with whom she associated in her youth at her father's home in Washington, and never complained of the great reverses of fortune to which she had been subjected.

A great audience gathered at her funeral, and many were the tears shed when her remains were carried from the house in which for thirty years she had worshipped. It was a coincidence grateful to many that the place of her burial was close to the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, who had held the same offices which Mrs. Howard subsequently filled, and the memory of whose pious labors is still cherished with undying respect and affection.

One of the most eminent men ever connected with this church was Judge Robert Ould. In early life he chose the profession of the law, which he preferred above all others, save one, which in later life he ranked above any secular calling, and his choice was a noble one. "Our human laws," says a modern writer, "are but copies, more or less perfect, of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them." Law has been called the perfection of reason. It is the visible impersonation of justice, the tangible embodiment of right. Law touches society at every point;

guards property, life, and character; it curbs license, circumvents fraud, protects the feeble; honors good faith, and binds the turbulent in chains. It secures social order, shields domestic happiness, and makes national prosperity possible. Such was the noble profession of his choice. Two of my barrister neighbors and friends, neither knowing what the other had said, declared to me that they regarded Robert Ould as possessed of the finest intellectual powers of any man in the commonwealth.

A great and eventful change took place in his life soon after he became a regular attendant on the services in this church. He became a communicant, and then a ruling elder. After his conversion he took up theology as he would a new treatise on science or international law, but with a reverential interest such as no secular studies could have awakened. He became a teacher of a Bible-class, for which he began to prepare his lectures on Monday morning, lest the pressure of professional engagements should hinder his study of the lesson for the following Sabbath at the close of the week. He became an earnest student of polemics and church government, and came to an unalterable conclusion as to the scriptural origin of the creed and confession of the church of his choice. He became occasionally a delegate to church courts, in which he was always heard with deference, because of his familiarity with ecclesiastical law, and his fair, lucid, judicial style of discussion. He was a generous contributor to all the benevolent enterprises of the church, and a regular attendant upon all of its services—twice on the Sabbath, and once during the week—even when failing health made his regular attendance difficult and hazardous. Never did pastor have a more appreciative, loyal, loving ally in all his work; never did death deprive one of a more trustworthy friend and efficient helper.

In this connection, I come now to speak of my relations to other churches and to the eminent pastors of my own and other denominations. I have never bounded my social relations or friendships by denominational lines. It always seemed absurd to me to allow our honest differences of opinion, with regard to forms of church government and modes of worship, to control our associations and intimacies with persons of kindred tastes and congenial qualities of mind and heart.

Only those who have had similar experiences can know how much a young minister who is conscious of his crude and callow

performances in the pulpit can be helped by a few kind words of encouragement. During the first year of my ministry in this city, having to preach alternately with an eminent divine like Dr. Plumer, I was often depressed when my time for conducting the service came, in thinking of how severely I was taxing the generous forbearance of those who had to listen. All know what a trial it is to a novice to preach to a cultivated audience, and all know also what trial it is to such an audience to listen to the novice! The first note of cheer was given in an article which appeared in one of the daily papers, written, as I afterwards learned, by Mr. James E. Heath, a member of the Episcopal Church, and a gentleman of cultivated and refined literary taste. The next was an editorial by Mr. John Hampden Pleasants, in the *Richmond Whig,* who afterwards became an attendant on my ministry and a cordial friend. The last sermon he ever heard I delivered in my little lecture-room.

During the war with Mexico a son of the Hon. John Minor Botts died in that country, and his remains were brought to Richmond for interment. At that day it was the custom to preach funeral sermons, a custom now happily abandoned, and the venerable Dr. Empie, rector of St. James' Church, hearing that the relatives of the deceased, who were his parishioners, wished me to deliver the discourse, invited me to occupy his pulpit that I might perform that office; and thus my friendship with that aged servant of God, whose tremulous tones in reading the service still sounds in my ears, began. These were among my earliest encouragements, and they did not come from Presbyterian sources.

My most intimate friend among our Presbyterian divines was Dr. Thomas Verner Moore, whose name is still like fragrance from a garden of spices, and whose distinction it was to possess an unusual variety of gifts, all so harmonized as to produce a character of rare and beautiful symmetry.

Next to him my most pleasant associations were with the versatile and eloquent Dr. Duncan, of the Methodist Church; and then later in years, dear old Dr. Minnigerode became one of my most intimate friends. The last letter I ever received from him, and probably one of the latest letters of his life, was written from Alexandria on the 20th of July, 1894, and in its conclusion he makes such a reference to this anniversary that I will reproduce it here: "I wish, my dear brother, we could meet occasionally, but my roaming days are over, and I can do no more,

even on the fiftieth anniversary of your ministry in your own dear church, than remember you lovingly and rejoice in all your happiness and blessings." He cannot remember me to-night, unless the memories of earth are perpetuated in heaven, where there is no night! His letter is written in a tremulous, wavering hand, but there was no wavering in his affection for me, and no kind wish for my welfare which I did not return with all my heart.

Richmond, for more than a century the social as well as political capital of the commonwealth, from its earliest history has been the home of men whose distinction in the learned professions, or whose reputation as jurists, patriots and sages, has given lustre to the State and to the republic, and has gained for itself a prominence not accorded many cities of our land far surpassing it in wealth and population. It has also been the home of a long line of eminent ministers of the gospel, whose piety and usefulness conferred dignity on their calling while they lived, and now that they have been removed to a higher sphere of service, we who survive cherish their memories with undying affection and perpetuate the story of their toils and triumphs for the study, the imitation, and the inspiration of the generations to come. Among these, in addition to those I have mentioned, we hold in grateful remembrance the cheerful and pious Buchanan, the amiable and gifted Blair, the venerable Bishop Moore, the learned and eloquent Rice, the fervid John Kerr, and Armstrong, of sweet, apostolic piety, and Empie, grave, dignified and courteous, and Woodbridge, the upright man and model pastor, and Norwood, cordial, earnest, loyal to his Lord, and James B. Taylor, the holy man of God, and Stephen Taylor, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and Stiles, full of heroic ardor and consecrated enthusiasm, and Jeter, famed for candor, courage and steadfast devotion to truth, and Doggett, philosophic, administrative and studious, and Father Courtney, with the silver hair and heart of love, and Burroughs, many-sided, philanthropic, diligent, and Peterkin, always reminding one of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who reclined on the bosom of his Lord. How rich is our inheritance with the memories of these saintly men treasured in our hearts!

In this connection, among the most impressive scenes connected with the hundreds of funerals at which I have officiated, I recall most vividly all that occurred when we gathered in the First Presbyterian Church to pay the last tribute of our love

to Dr. Plumer, just preceding his interment in Hollywood. He was laid, I might say, in state—the coffin-lid removed, revealing that majestic face and form. There we saw that strange sad charm which the repose of death gives to the face in its final aspect of rest and peace; the silver beard covered the breast like a wreath of snow; every feature distinct in its marble purity and strength, yet softened as if by the gentlest touches of the sculptor's chisel. Many affecting scenes did I witness in that edifice, standing then on the ground where the City Hall now rears its imposing front, but none fuller of solemn and tender impressiveness than when these obsequies were held within its walls. None who were present will ever forget the hour; the vast assembly so hushed and still, the silent tears that fell, the tributes of affection from the lips and hearts of representatives of different denominations. My brethren, denominational barriers get very low in the presence of the sainted dead!

In this connection, too, I may allude to the event which stirred the heart of all the city more deeply than any other since the burning of the Richmond Theatre, when the play of "The Bleeding Nun" was so quickly followed by the tragedy of bleeding hearts. The calamity to which I now refer is oftenest called the "Capitol disaster," when sixty-five persons were killed by the breaking down of a floor, and two hundred wounded, many of them maimed for life. In the public meeting held in the Capitol Square immediately after the catastrophe there was one of the most wonderful testimonies borne to the supreme importance of religion known in our annals; for there, before the southern portico of the Capitol, under the open sky, were assembled thousands of citizens, not only hushed and reverential, as is this audience to-night, but listening to appeals coming —not from clergymen—but from members of the legal profession, not one of whom was then a church-member, importuning their hearers to attend at once to the great duties of repentance, faith, and preparation for eternity. It was as when the Spirit of God fell on Saul, placing him for the time among the prophets, enabling him to speak with the awful tones of a prophet's voice, with a prophet's authority and power. These laymen, under the overwhelming influence of the solemn providence impelling them, urged those to whom they spoke to humble themselves under the mighty hand of God; to avoid the fatal error of presuming on to-morrow, and at once to begin the

needed preparation for the eternal future. The following Thursday was set apart for religious observance in all the churches. Sermons on the Capitol disaster were preached by many of the pastors. What a spectacle did that Thursday present! Had that public religious observance been assigned to the Sabbath, there would have been nothing unusual in the silence of the city; but on a week-day, a secular day, what a strange event it was in a busy, commercial community, to find all business suspended, all public offices and places of amusement closed, the houses of God alone open, and thronged with people of every age and class; subdued by a common sadness, the entire population of the city bowed in penitence before the Lord!

I have made these references to the Capitol disaster because of the illustration it affords of the way Divine Providence often overrules great calamities for the spiritual welfare of the whole people. The influence of that dispensation of sanctified bereavement is still felt in this city. At the time of the disaster the dark cloud that hovered over us was converted into a pavilion for prayer. Its borders were fringed with a holy light, drops of mercy fell on the mourning people, and the impression then made of the transcendent importance of eternal things abides to this day.

Another memorable event, never to be forgotten, was the evacuation of the city near the close of the war. It is not my purpose to reproduce the lurid picture which that night of terror presents; the thunder of military wagons over the stony streets, the flame of burning bridges and warehouses, the deafening detonations of exploding shells, the canopy of dense smoke hanging like a pall over the city—ah! no, let me drop the curtain on that scene of desolation and woe, and turn to the consideration of what more especially relates to this present hour.

When the Confederate struggle commenced, I became a volunteer chaplain in the camp of instruction, occupying what are now called the Agricultural Fair Grounds, without resigning my pastoral charge of this church. In order that I might preach to the soldiers every Sunday afternoon, Dr. Moore, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, occupied my pulpit at the same hour when I was holding my service with the soldiers in the camp, and I officiated, in return for his kindness, in his church at night.

Camp Lee, as it was called, was the camp of instruction, where newly enlisted regiments were drilled and equipped for the field, some of them remaining there for a few weeks, others for several months, as the exigencies of the case might demand. A hundred thousand men passed through that camp during my connection with it. A hundred thousand men was a large number to become acquainted with. The acquaintance was largely on their part, it is true; they all knew me as their chaplain; my regret is that I could not know every one of them by name. I preached there once every Sabbath, and oftener during the week, visiting the hospitals as I had opportunity. I then learned what a fearful destitution of Bibles there was among our soldiers. I sent to Nashville and Charleston for as many as could be spared from those cities, and made an appeal to the Virginia people for the gift of as many Bibles as could be spared from their own families. The supply was not sufficient for the ever-increasing demand. On one occasion, when I had received a box from the West, after my sermon was ended I stood on a caisson, and, with the Bibles and Testaments before me, announced that I was ready to distribute them. There was an immediate rush of men with extended hands for the precious volumes. Many on the outer verge of the crowd, fearing the supply would be exhausted before they could reach me, cried out, calling me by different titles, "Parson," "Doctor," "Chaplain," "save one for me." Alas! for the number who were disappointed!

It was at this juncture that the Virginia Bible Society proposed that I should make a voyage to England for the purpose of obtaining a supply from the British and Foreign Bible Society. A voyage to England is ordinarily an easy and pleasant affair—I have made it many times; but then it was a very different matter. I got ready in a single day and night. I left Richmond in the dead of winter, and had to run the blockade in going from Charleston to Nassau, from Nassau in a little schooner to Cuba, from Cuba to the Danish Island of St. Thomas in a coasting vessel, and from St. Thomas to Southampton in the *Tasmania,* of the Royal Mail Line from Brazil to Southampton, thus reaching England by four successive voyages.

The Hon. James M. Mason was then in London, awaiting the recognition of the Confederate government—a recognition that never came. Mr. Mason was well acquainted with the Earl of

Shaftesbury, and one day, in making him a visit, he told his Lordship of my arrival, and of the purpose of my coming. "Ask him to come and see me," was the response, "and I will do what I can to make his errand a successful one." I gladly availed myself of the unexpected and unsolicited invitation of the president of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was kind enough to call a meeting, and on introducing me courteously requested me to take time to state whatever I might consider interesting in reference to my errand. As I was the first and only person from the South who had addressed that body, I could not complain of want of attention, coming, as I did, from the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy, and during the most critical period of the history of the great conflict. The result of my appeal was a free grant of ten thousand Bibles, fifty thousand Testaments, and two hundred and fifty thousand portions—that is, the Psalms, Proverbs and Gospels—bound separately, in glazed covers, with red edges and rounded corners—just the thing to put in the jackets of the soldiers. The value of this grant was four thousand pounds (twenty thousand dollars), the best fee I ever got for a single speech!

I remained in London several months, superintending the shipment of the boxes containing these Bibles on the Confederate blockade-runners. Only a few boxes could be sent at a time, as all the space of these swift little vessels was needed for the transmission of provisions and munitions of war. Of course, many of these vessels were captured, but at least three-fourths of the Bibles reached the Confederacy. This was during the third year of the war; and I had my reward on my return in visiting the camps and hospitals, and in riding along the lines, where I saw so many of the men, waiting to be called into battle, reading these little red-edged volumes.

One day it occurred to me to send a copy of these Bibles to several of the great leaders in our Confederate army, accompanied by a note to each, explaining that they were brought from England by the blockade-running vessels. The result was deeply gratifying to me, as I was rewarded by receiving letters of acknowledgment (which have never been published), and the originals having been carefully preserved, I regard them as the most precious relics of the war and of the noble men who wrote them. The significance and value of these letters consists in the tribute they pay to the excellence of the Holy Scriptures as the

guide of life, and they illustrate the devout spirit of the great leaders in our Confederate army.[1]

When the war was over, and when the melancholy days of reconstruction came, it was a significant fact that so many of the Federal officers in command of this military district attended my church. Knowing as they did my devotion to the Confederate cause, one would have supposed that they would prefer the ministry of some one whose position had not been so pronounced. Not one of them, so far as I know, held me in less respect on that account. General Patrick and General Schofield both took pews in my church. General Patrick and myself had some candid discussions about the war, but they never interfered with our pleasant intercourse, though he told me one day that it grieved him to find me so inflexible. In a family affliction sustained during his administration, it would not have been possible for any one to have shown me more sympathy and considerate kindness. We never came any nearer to agreement on one subject, but we became fast friends, notwithstanding.

My personal relations with General Schofield were also both harmonious and happy, and I cherish a lively remembrance of the assurance he gave me of his personal regard when he came to bid me farewell on being relieved of his command in this district.

I cannot forget that I am delivering an historic address, which, with all its demerits, will go on the permanent records of this church, and be referred to when its hundredth anniversary shall come. Your descendants will wish to know the materials of which it was composed, the character of the congregations gathered at its services, the kind of officers that managed its affairs, temporal and spiritual, and the causes of whatever measure of prosperity it attained.

I will, therefore, in the briefest way, leave as a legacy to those who care to inherit it in after times, these statements:

1. It was a church which for fifty years had no feuds or factions in it; a church that had no disturbing waves on the tranquil current of its corporate life.

2. Its officers were men who were elected because those who called them to bear rule believed them to be men of sincere piety and consecrated lives. They were men of good repute in the

[1] At this point Rev. Dr. Kerr read the letters that are printed on pp. 196, 197.

community, entitled to confidence and respect, because of their intelligence, education and social standing. From the time of its organization there was always wonderful harmony in the body of men forming what we call the church session, composed of the pastor and ruling elders; never having had a dissension among them, but always agreeing in the measures adopted for the promotion of the peace, the purity and prosperity of the church entrusted to their care.

3. The pastor was never hampered or interfered with in his special department of service, but treated with a generous confidence that left him free to make such disposition of his time of rest and of labor as best suited his own health and comfort, and to conduct the services of the church in the way he thought most conducive to its spiritual advantage.

4. The deacons and board of finance, having charge of the temporal affairs of the church, always gave to it their time, their generous support, and their cöoperation in all the matters by which its outward and material prosperity might be secured and advanced.

5. The female members of the church were characterized by their intelligent and zealous and hearty devotion to the work of the different societies organized among them for benevolent purposes of every kind, and no other agency has accomplished more for the prosperity of this church or for the great enterprises of Christian philanthropy, by which the world is benefited and blessed.

One of the advantages I have enjoyed—one which my clerical brethren will appreciate—has been that, in the congregations to which I have ministered during all these years there has been such a large proportion of educated men, many of them conspicuously eminent and distinguished in their respective professions.

Among these I may enumerate the judges of the Court of Appeals and of the Federal courts; physicians of national renown; lawyers whose genius and learning gave them widespread and deserved celebrity; nearly all of the governors of our commonwealth since the year 1848; editors whose pens illuminated their columns, and whose ability and fairness in discussing public questions invested them with an influence that was felt all over the Union, and many successful teachers and professors in our schools and colleges.

Chief Justice Chase, though belonging to another denomina-

tion, regularly attended the services of this church, and the last sermon he heard was in one of the pews immediately before me. During the war our great military leaders often worshipped here, as well as the secretaries in the different departments of the Confederate government.

This was never called "The Church of the Strangers," but it is the church in which thousands of strangers, spending a Sabbath in Richmond, have found a welcome, thus vastly increasing the number of those to whom it had been my privilege to proclaim the great truths of the divine word.

It was my purpose to conclude this address with a somewhat extended reference to what I hope I have gained as a pastor by my frequent visits to the Old World, but I have more than exhausted the time allotted to this service. Foreign travel, not for the mere gratification of curiosity, but for the study of institutions, race diversities, schools of art, modes of worship, and the influence of different religions on practical morality; all this may become an important part of a minister's education and preparation for the pulpit. This is especially true of travel in Oriental lands, and, above all, in Palestine.

My ever-to-be-lamented friend, the late Dr. Henry C. Alexander, once told me that when lecturing to his class in the Theological Seminary, when he came to speak of memorable places in the Holy Land, or when he attempted to trace the journeys of our Lord, he sometimes felt like abruptly leaving the lecture-room and taking the first train for New York, that he might embark for Palestine, and explore the country personally, so that he might not thereafter have to get his information from books that others had written, making it necessary to go before his class with second-hand knowledge, but that by personal exploration of the land he might learn for himself what he had to teach others.

There are many who have a similar yearning; but let me say for the comfort of those who can never hope to enjoy a personal inspection of the land where the Bible was written, and where their Lord was born, that they may console themselves somewhat for the want of actual sight by the remembrance of that—

> "Faith still has its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee,"

for those who never get a glimpse of either. I say, console themselves somewhat, for it is unquestionably a privilege to

"see the goodly land that is beyond Jordan," and to walk over the acres once trodden by the feet which were "nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross."

I can never forget the thrill experienced on the bright morning when from the deck of the steamer I caught sight of the dim outlines of Mount Carmel, and the blue hills of Judea, and the promontory on which Jaffa stands, and the low-lying coast fringed with yellow sand, and when the irrepressible exclamation came, "There is Palestine, at last!"

Hundreds of times my memories of scenes, events or experiences in that land have influenced trains of thought in my sermons or given me confidence in speaking of its physical aspects and sacred localities. My Oriental tour, made possible and pleasant by the dear friends who accompanied me—Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton—took in the cities of Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Damascus, the ruins of Baalbek, Tyre, Sidon and Ephesus, and the cities of Rhodes, Smyrna and Constantinople.

It is no small advantage, either, to have had the opportunity of hearing the great divines in the chief cities of Europe and in the British Isles.

Some of you have asked me to give you my recollections of those whom I have heard preach and with some of whom I became acquainted. Three of the most interesting of these were Drs. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva; Bersier, of Paris, and Cook, the great polemic, of Belfast.

Several times I heard Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey. One day, in speaking with the Dean of a visit I was about to make to Scotland, he said, "If you have never heard Dr. McGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, in Edinburgh, be sure to hear him this time, for I regard him as the most eloquent divine in Great Britain." I heard him during that visit, and was not disappointed. But for Dean Stanley's well-known freedom from denominational bias in his estimate of men, I might have been surprised at his eulogium on a Presbyterian divine. I asked him whom he regarded as the most eloquent preacher in the Church of England. Without a moment's hesitation, he answered, "Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough."

I also had the opportunity of hearing Maurice, Liddon, Farrar, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait; and of the Presbyterian Church, Cumming, Candlish, and James Hamilton, of Regent Square, and A. H. K. Boyd, author of *Recreations* and *Graver Hours of a Country Parson.*

During my visits abroad, covering a period of thirty years, I often heard Spurgeon, and always with the greatest delight, and once the fervid and eloquent Punshon, of the Wesleyan Church.

I have now enumerated the most eminent teachers in what I tried to make my theological school in the Old World, most of whom have entered on their eternal rest and reward.

I have never been in any city where the average standard of ministerial merit was higher than in Richmond, and never one where pastors and people lived and labored together in more delightful harmony.

This church, I am grateful to say, has been a sort of religious exchange for nearly half a century. At our afternoon meetings, especially, all denominations have met and mingled. The ever-increasing manifestations of regard on the part of my ministerial brethren to me is a source of the purest happiness; and yet had I purchased it by the sacrifice, or even the compromise of any truth of revelation, whether of doctrine, church government, or modes of worship, I would have purchased it at a cost which would have made me bankrupt forever. "Whether it be right in the sight of God" must ever be the minister's great inquiry. Whatever may be the fluctuations of public opinion, whatever the clamoring voice of the people, whatever the revolutions in creeds and theories of inspiration, the minister must listen to one voice alone as finally authoritative. When the sea is agitated with storms the waves make a great tumult; but when the voice of thunder comes rolling across the storm, then all the din of the waters is hushed by that mightier voice, and so when God speaks the response must ever be, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." "It is thine to command; it is mine to obey." But I have ever believed that the highest loyalty to truth and duty is consistent with the sweetest charity—the charity that is the crown and flower of all the graces. Conscience itself sees the truth more clearly in an atmosphere of love. At my forty-fifth anniversary the bishop of one of our Virginia dioceses was kind enough to say that the harmony between our churches was due in a measure to the afternoon services of this church, and that the influence of its pastor had helped to educate our people in the great principles of practical Christian unity. If I have contributed at all to this result, I am profoundly grateful to the great author of peace and lover of concord, and to His name be the praise.

And now, my friends, this memorial service is ended. How

can I sufficiently express my gratitude to the thousands who have come to celebrate this golden wedding with such unanimity and cordiality? I call it my golden wedding, because fifty years ago I was united in holy bonds with this church. I was then in the springtime of life, hopeful and expectant. It was a spring followed by a glowing summer. The summer has been succeeded by a golden autumn, enriched by the fruits of the divine favor, all the more precious because all unmerited. Since the first year of my betrothal to this church I have seen many and great changes—changes in the church, changes in the city, changes in the country, and in the world; but there is one change which I never saw—I have seen no change in the abounding love and care of One who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." I stand here to testify, as I never could so gratefully before, that amidst all the vicissitudes of mortal life, "His loving kindness changes not!"

And now, in the possession of a common faith in one Lord, and in the hope of one heaven of harmony and love, let us ascribe to Him, as is most due, all honor and blessing and glory evermore. Amen.

VII.

PRAYERS.

AT THE MEMORIAL MASS-MEETING IN THE CAPITOL SQUARE AFTER THE "CAPITOL DISASTER," APRIL 29, 1870.

With lowly reverence of spirit, and hearts filled with sadness and awe, we come into Thy presence, O God, most high and holy. We come to humble ourselves under Thy mighty hand; to acknowledge that clouds and darkness surround Thee; that we cannot measure the depths of Thy infinite decrees, or fathom the wisdom of Thy inscrutable providences.

Enable us then to feel our helplessness, our ignorance, our frailty. When we cannot explain the reasons of Thy dispensations, may we be silent; when we cannot comprehend, may we adore!

Once more, O Lord, the solemn voice of Thy providence unites with the voice of Thy word to admonish us of the transitory nature of all earthly good. In the sudden and crushing calamity which has visited us Thou hast sent bereavement not only upon many households, but upon this whole community—upon our entire commonwealth; and while Thou art teaching us so impressively that here nothing is secure, nothing permanent, help us, we beseech Thee, to look away from earth, with its unsubstantial and dissolving scenes, to the world whose joy fades not, whose treasures perish not, and whose inhabitants, freed from sorrow and pain, enjoy a repose which is unbroken and eternal.

In Thee, O merciful Father, all the fountains of consolation are to be found. Thou canst help when all other resources fail, and therefore we come to Thee, bearing in the arms of our faith and love and Christian sympathy those who have been so sorely smitten and afflicted by this calamity.

Lord, look in pity upon those over whose homes the shadow of death has swept, and whose hearts, because of fresh bereavement, are like open graves; and as angels of old descended into

the empty sepulchre, so may the angels of mercy and consolation come into these yearning hearts, filling them with heaven's own peace.

Behold, O God, in all the plentitude of thy compassion, bereaved parents and heart-broken wives, and mourning children, and desolate relatives and friends, and magnify the riches of Thy grace in imparting to them consolation equal to the greatness of their grief, in manifesting Thyself to them as their very present help in time of trouble, and as their tender and pitying Father, chastising not in anger, but in love.

And while we pray for those who weep over the dead, we remember those who weep around the couches of the living, now lying wounded and bruised, while those who love them, with speechless solicitude, await the issue. Lord, we beseech Thee, add not to the long catalogue of the bereaved—spare useful lives; raise up those who are bowed down; bless the remedies used for their restoration, and grant that in the land of the living they may long walk before the Lord, praising and glorifying him.

Our Father, in the midst of our griefs and tears, we bless Thee for the many drops of mercy mingled in our bitter cup. We thank Thee for the escape of so many who were exposed to a common danger and death.

How adorable in many individual instances were Thy interpositions. May all those thus wonderfully rescued acknowledge thy providential hand in their deliverance, and feel the infinite propriety which evermore must constrain them to devote their spared lives to God, the kind preserver, and to devote all their days to His service and glory!

And now we beseech thee, O God, may the solemn lessons of this providence be deeply impressed upon the minds and hearts of our whole people, especially during this week, which is yet to witness so many scenes of sadness as mourners go through our streets following one, and another, and another of the loved and lost to the place appointed for all the living!

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; teach us to live not only in expectation of death, but in preparation for it, so that whether the silver cord be suddenly loosened and the golden bowl unexpectedly broken, or whether our change shall come with long premonition, it may find us prepared, with our peace made with God, in perfect charity with all mankind, with our souls safe in the hands of

their Redeemer and ready to enter upon eternal life and blessings.

And unto God, most high, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will we give the glory evermore. Amen.

AT THE RE-INTERMENT OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN HOLLYWOOD, MAY 29, 1873.

O God, who liveth and reigneth evermore, and with whom do live and reign in glory the spirits of all those who have departed in the faith—in the midst of the grief which oppresses us, we bless Thee that we are permitted to perform the tender and solemn offices of this hour.

We thank Thee that we have been permitted to bring back from their graves among strangers all that is mortal of our sons and brothers, and that we have now laid them down on the bosom of their Mother, to be enfolded in her embrace, and there to find their desired rest.

We thank Thee that, surrounded by their former comrades in arms, they now sleep where those who loved them while living, and who will cherish their memories evermore, can come to weep over their graves, and to scatter the flowers which speak of the resurrection of the just and of the land where eternal summer reigns.

O God, merciful and gracious! in the plentitude of Thy pity remember and comfort those whose grief is awakened afresh by this sad scene, and may mourning parents and bereaved wives and sorrowing sisters and children made orphans all find in thee their strength, support and consolation. In this consecrated place may memory come to embalm the names of the departed, and love to bedew the turf which wraps their clay with her fondest tears, and may hope, animated by noble example, here derive inspiration to new sacrifice for liberty and right, and be enabled to anticipate the day when freedom founded on justice, and when religion pure and undefiled, shall make our own land happy and fill the world with peace!

Bless, we beseech Thee, the officers and men who survive the conflicts in which their comrades fell, and deeply engrave upon the hearts of these young soldiers, and of all the young men of our commonwealth, the remembrance of the patriotic valor, the

loyalty to truth, to duty and to God which characterized the heroes around whose remains we weep, and who surrendered only to the last enemy—Death.

Almighty and everlasting God, giver of all good, grant us, we entreat Thee, Thy benediction to the great multitude assembled here; and may all who now throng this silent and shadowy cemetery, where so many of our loved ones already repose, be prepared, by Thy grace, for the time when they shall pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AT THE UNVEILING OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, LIBBY HILL, MAY 30, 1894.

Almighty God, we inaugurate this impressive service with the reverential and adoring homage which we pay to Thee, the greatest and best of beings, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, God over all, blessed for evermore.

From this hushed and silent throng may there arise, as from one heart, the devout, acknowledgment of our dependence on Thee for all that exalts and ennobles life; for all that can give sacredness to this solemnity; for all that can fill the future with glad and grateful recollections of this day, consecrated to all that can give inspiration to the purest and sublimest patriotism.

We come to thank God for the illustrious commanders, whose knightly valor and supreme devotion to duty won for them unfading renown. We come to crown with the same laurels the patriotic private in the ranks, to whose splendid courage our great leaders ascribed, unto God, all their success, and without whose heroic aid no commander could have won the place assigned to him in the Pantheon of our Confederate glory.

They lie in lowly graves and the cause to which they gave their lives is lost, but above their dust uprises this enduring column to testify that their memories are not lost, and high above these lofty hills it towers to tell to coming ages our love for the private soldier, who fell in defence of constitutional liberty on the land, and for the gallant sailor who fringed his country's flag with glory on the sea!

We rear this shaft of stone; we unroll the historic page; each shall be the guardian of our Confederate story. We print it on

the page, we carve it on the column in letters imperishable and luminous evermore.

Great God, author of peace and lover of concord, we would rear no monument to perpetuate resentment, or unavailing regret, or fraternal discord, but we would proclaim to the world that only as we maintain inviolate the rights of the States can we perpetuate an indestructible union of the States—a union founded on justice, constitutional law, and fraternal affection.

O Thou, who art full of pity for the bereaved, remember us in our freshly awakened sorrow, as we pay this last sad tribute to our sons who left our homes to return no more, and who died in defence of all that was to them most dear, committing their souls to God, and their memories to us, who survive them. God helping us, we will be faithful to the sacred trust, we will enshrine them anew in our hearts, we will celebrate their deeds in sweetest song as long as the winds blow and waters flow, as long as virtue and valor enkindle admiration in all magnanimous souls.

O Thou, who hast taught us to rejoice with those who rejoice and to weep with those who weep, our commonwealth erects this monument, not for herself alone, but for all her sister States, whose gallant sons together locked their shields and together fell on the bloody front of battle. Beneath the same soil their commingled ashes rest; beneath the same sky, bending over them like the hollow of Thy guardian hand, they repose. With a veneration too high for words, with a tenderness too deep for tears, we consecrate this pillar to our unending love, and to their eternal fame.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting. Blessed be the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And let all the people say, Amen.

AT THE RE-INTERMENT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS, MAY 30, 1893.

O God, most high, most holy, most merciful, with lowly reverence of spirit and with hearts subdued by the hallowed memories of the past and the tender offices of the hour, we invoke Thy gracious presence and benediction.

Hear our prayer, O Lord; give ear unto our cry. Hold not Thy peace at our tears, for we are strangers with Thee and sojourners, as all our fathers were.

Beneath these quiet skies, which bend over us as the hollow of Thy sheltering hand, we gather in this consecrated place. Around us rest all that is mortal of patriot sages and soldiers, whose virtue and valor gave lustre to our historic annals, and who at the call of duty, having consecrated themselves to the toils allotted to them, died, committing their souls to God and their memories to us who survive them. By Thy help, Lord God of truth and justice, we will be faithful to our trust. We will perpetuate the story of all who, by disinterested service and heroic sacrifice, struggled to maintain the empire of principle in the world, and who, with honor stainless and conscience inviolate, fulfilled their task. Now numbered among the immortal dead, they still live, enshrined in the souls of those who love them all the more for what they suffered and who cherish their memories with undying devotion.

Almighty God, if in Thine overruling providence this should be the last scene in the uncompleted drama of our Confederate history—so replete with mournful yet ineffable glory—may the curtain fall amid the tears of men too brave ever to murmur and too loyal to the memories of the past ever to forget!

Accept our thanks, gracious Father, that we have accomplished the sacred office of giving to our beloved and honored chief his appropriate resting place among those who shared with him the joys of victory and the sadness of defeat and who followed the banner, now forever furled, with a fortitude which no reverse could shake and which no disaster could daunt.

Here, on this imperial hill, we have laid him down beside the river whose waters sing their perpetual requiem, and amid the flowers which speak of the resurrection of the just and of the land where death never withers the affections, which bloom in beauty and fragrance evermore.

We look up from the open grave to the open heavens, where Thou dost live and reign, and where all who have died in the true faith do live and reign with Thee in glory everlasting.

In this, the hour of their freshly awakened sorrow, O Father, most tender and loving, in the plentitude of Thy compassion, remember and comfort Thine handmaiden and all dear to her. Thou husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, be Thou their strength, their song, and their salvation.

Lord God of hosts, we beseech Thee to sustain and cheer the veteran survivors of the war, while, with ever-diminishing numbers, and ever-increasing burdens of age and infirmity, they await their final discharge and final recompense.

Almighty God, author of peace and lover of concord, now that the sorrows and desolations of war have been for so many years exchanged for the blessings of peace, may all animosities be buried in the grave, and may all the inhabitants of this great land, from North to South, and from East to West, learn more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as children of one Father and as citizens of one country! May mutual regard for each other's interests, happiness and rights become the noble law of national life! May freedom founded on justice and guarded by constitutional law, with religion pure and undefiled, secure to our whole people a perpetual heritage of unity, prosperity and peace, and to God, most high, will we give all honor and glory evermore. Amen.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

Almighty God, Thou livest and reignest for evermore, and with Thee do live the souls of all who, having consecrated their lives to Thy service, died in the true faith, committing their spirits to Thy hands and their memories to our hearts. By Thy help we will be faithful to the sacred trust. We will perpetuate the story of their virtue, valor and piety as a precious legacy to all succeeding generations. We gather here to-day with hearts subdued by the tender recollections of the past, and with devout gratitude for the mercies of the present hour. We recognize Thy kindness in permitting the noble women of our Southland to renovate and beautify this building, which we dedicate with these impressive ceremonies to all the sorrow-shrouded glories of our departed Confederacy.

We come on this day, hallowed as the birthday of the Father of his Country, and by the inauguration of the chieftain who, being dead, yet lives in the hearts of those who followed the banner now forever furled. We dedicate this mansion as the shrine to which all right-minded and right-hearted men will gather from every State and from every land to pay their homage to exalted worth; the shrine which will be hallowed by men who are bound to us by no tie save that which admiration for such worth establishes between all magnanimous souls; the tie which will never be sundered while the great heart of hu-

manity throbs in sympathy with heroic endeavor, and most of all when heroic endeavor is overwhelmed by defeat. Here we would preserve the relics and the records of a struggle never more to be repeated, and never to be forgotten.

Our Father, we cannot forget the fiery trials, the disasters, and desolations which in years gone by caused us such humiliation and bitter tears; but we gratefully remember, too, the fortitude, the courage, the unfaltering trust in Thee which characterized our people in their time of peril and bereavement; and now, turning from the strifes and sorrows of the past, we resolutely face the future, beseeching Thee to grant us grace and wisdom to make that future prosperous and happy—an era of progress in all that enriches and ennobles a people whose God is the Lord.

And now, our Father, amidst the festivities of this hour, we beseech Thee deeply to impress upon our hearts the great truth that all the temporal honors and glories of earth are worthless in comparison with the honor which thou dost confer on those who are loyal to Thee, and who seek the eternal glory to which thou hast taught us to aspire.

We devoutly thank Thee that the piety of the great leaders of our armies was the flower and crown of all their virtues, and nothing now fills us with a satisfaction so pure and with a gratitude so profound as the remembrance of their consecration to Thee and their supreme devotion to Thy service.

May these great lessons be impressed anew upon our minds and hearts by Thine honored servant, who comes to address us to-day, and may it please Thee to hasten the coming of the time when all the inhabitants of this great land may be brought more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as children of one Father, and as citizens of one country, and when freedom, founded on constitutional law, and religion, pure and undefiled, shall make our whole land happy and fill the whole world with peace; and to God, most high, will we ascribe all honor and glory forever. Amen.

MEMORIAL DAY, HOLLYWOOD, MAY 30, 1898.

[*The last of his many prayers on Memorial Day.*]

Almighty God, we would consecrate this memorial service with the reverential and adoring homage which we render to

Thee, the greatest and the best of beings, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, God over all, blessed for evermore.

Since last we met in this hallowed place we recognize the change which, in Thy mysterious providence, has come to our commonwealth and common country. A year ago we gathered here in the tranquillity and quietude of a long peace; now we meet amidst war's alarms, and as we once more part with sons and brothers, we are reminded of the sad separations of long years ago; separations from so many dear to us, who departed to return no more; separations from those who fell in the defence of kindred and home and all that made life desirable and happy. They died committing their souls to thee and their memories to us who survive them. By thy help, Lord God of truth and justice, we will be faithful to the trust; we will perpetuate the history of their deeds in story and in song; we will return with each revolving year to deck the green tents of turf beneath which they lie with flowers which remind us of the unfading verdure of the paradise of God; we will come to embalm their memories in our hearts with a veneration too high for words and with a tenderness too deep for tears.

Once more we make this memorial service the pledge of our undying love for those who sacrificed all for us, and though the cause for which they contended is lost, we leave to impartial time the vindication of their principles and the perpetuation of their fame.

And now, Lord God of hosts, remember, we beseech Thee, the young men who are filling our camps all over the land, and the sailors who are fringing our flag with glory on the sea.

Give victory to the right, and hasten, we beseech Thee, the return of peace and the restoration of prosperity in every part of our country, from North to South, and from East to West.

We invoke Thy blessing on the association to whose pious care the graves of our sons and brothers are entrusted, and we give Thee thanks for all they have accomplished in protecting and beautifying the place where they rest in peace.

May Thy servant, the honored Governor of this commonwealth, who comes to speak to us, so speak as to kindle afresh in our souls true love and loyalty to truth, to duty, to our country, and our God; and as the blessings we implore descend upon us, we will ascribe all the glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ON OPENING THE STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, 1889.

The earth is Thine, O Lord, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. Thou hast created all things and carest for all that Thou hast created. Thou rulest all things and rulest all things well, for Thy kingdom, founded on wisdom, justice, and righteousness, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through all generations.

We therefore worship Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee as God over all blessed for evermore.

Without Thee nothing is safe, nothing strong, nothing enduring. Conscious of our entire dependence on Thee for all that makes councils wise and conduct right, we feel it to be our first duty as well as our highest privilege to unite our hearts in prayer for Thy gracious aid and blessing.

At this memorable hour in the history of our commonwealth, when all patriotic men are earnestly asking how social and domestic order may be maintained, and public tranquillity secured, and Christian civilization perpetuated, we turn to Thee for light and guidance. We recognize Thy goodness in permitting Thy servants to assemble here for the discharge of the high duties intrusted to them. May they enter upon the consideration of the great questions which are to occupy them with minds free from prejudice and passion, animated only by the desire to know what is true and to do what is right. May wisdom, harmony and supreme devotion to duty characterize all their deliberations, and may Heaven's blessings so crown their labors as to secure and advance the true and permanent interests of the people here represented.

Almighty God, let Thy benediction ever abide on our beloved commonwealth; upon its Governor, judges and magistrates; upon its schools, colleges and universities; upon all its industrial pursuits; upon its agricultural, mechanical and commercial enterprises; upon every effort that can be devised for the promotion of the public good, that our cities, villages and country homes may all be filled with a people virtuous and happy, prosperous and free.

Bind together, we beseech Thee, in one great fraternal union all the States of this republic, and may the inhabitants of this whole land be brought more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as children of a common Father, and as citizens of a common country, and to God, most high, will we ascribe all honor and glory forever. Amen.

ON OPENING THE SESSION OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, DECEMBER 4, 1891.

[*One of many forms.*]

Almighty God, we humbly adore Thee as the King eternal, immortal, invisible, God over all, blessed for evermore. We worship Thee as the God of our fathers and as our God. Thou hast bestowed on us all the faculties by which we may know Thee, and by which we are enabled to serve our fellow-men. May we regard all our endowments as so many *trusts* for which Thou wilt hold us accountable, and may all be consecrated to Thy service and to the great ends for which thou hast bestowed them. Make us faithful in the discharge of every duty; fearless in meeting every responsibility. May we walk humbly and reverently and obediently before Thee, and kindly and courteously and charitably toward all our fellow-men, and so speak and act as to maintain a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

Guide and animate Thy servants in all the duties of this day, and of all the days on which they shall assemble for the consideration of the great interests entrusted to them.

May peace and plenty and prosperity prevail through all our borders, and may the blessing of laws wisely framed and justly executed give order and stability to our government!

Let Thy benediction rest upon our whole land throughout its vast expanse, from North to South, from East to West. Lend Thy powerful aid to all who are honestly and earnestly striving to vindicate the truth, to maintain the right, and to establish justice; to all whose supreme aim is to perpetuate the institutions which give support to the liberties, the rights and the happiness of the people.

Draw all the inhabitants of this great land nearer to Thee as children of a common Father, and nearer to one another as citizens of a common country, and to God, most high, most holy, will we ascribe the honor and glory for evermore. Amen.

AT THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR J. HOGE TYLER, JANUARY 1, 1898.

Almighty God, fountain of being and of all blessedness, giver of life and all that makes life desirable and happy, accept our humble homage. To Thee we owe all allegiance, love and ser-

vice, and every tribute of thanksgiving and praise we can render Thee at this memorable hour.

We worship Thee as the God of our fathers, mindful of Thy goodness in bringing them to this land, here to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty; here to lay the foundation of just and equitable government, from which we have derived our prosperity, happiness and power as a people. We give Thee thanks that Thou hast made this ancient commonwealth the mother of the men whose wisdom and patriotism, whose virtue and valor have been illustrated in the halls of legislation and on a thousand fields of conflict.

Beneath the shadow of this Capitol we behold the stately monuments of the patriots, sages and soldiers whose names are among the brightest and purest in human history, and whose memories are the common inheritance not only of the citizens of our own commonwealth, but of all whose hearts beat in sympathy with exalted worth and unselfish devotion to freedom, truth and justice throughout this great land from North to South and from East to West.

And now, at this auspicious hour, in this new era in the history of our commonwealth, we offer our fervent prayers in behalf of Thy servant this day invested with the office which has been adorned by the long line of illustrious predecessors who have bequeathed to him the instructive experience of their successive administrations.

May the God who guided and animated them in the discharge of their high duties be his God and sure defence, preserving his health and life and crowning that life with loving-kindness and tender mercies, and enabling him so to fulfil every obligation as to make his term of service one of personal honor and public advantage.

Remember also, we beseech Thee, Thy servant who to-day resigns the trusts he has guarded so fearlessly and well. May Heaven's richest blessing rest on him, upon his family, and upon every effort and enterprise that can make his future career prosperous and happy!

May Thy blessing abide upon our Lieutenant-Governor; upon the Senate over which he is to preside; upon the House of Delegates; upon all the officers of our State government and upon all our people, that order and harmony, prosperity and peace may prevail throughout all our borders, and to God, most high, will we ascribe, as is most due, all honor and glory evermore. Amen.

ON THE OPENING OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD, GREETING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST THROUGH FREIGHT FROM THE OHIO TO THE JAMES, FEBRUARY 13, 1873.

The earth is Thine, O Lord, and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein. Thy throne is in the heavens, but Thy kingdom ruleth over all. Thou art high and lifted up, but not elevated above regard for Thy creatures.

We bless Thee for Thy kindness to the children of men, to whom Thou hast given the earth for a heritage, and filled it with innumerable provisions adapted to their comfort and well-being. We bless Thee for all those processes, providential and gracious, by which Thou art drawing mankind nearer to Thee, and nearer to each other in the bonds of sympathy and love.

We give Thee thanks for the gospel of Thy dear Son, for the institution of civil government, for social and domestic order, for all those useful arts and works of genius, industry and skill, by which the people of this great land are brought into intercourse with each other and made to feel their mutual dependence and relationship as children of a common Father and citizens of a common country, and to cherish those kindly feelings and strengthen those fraternal ties which make it good and pleasant to dwell together as brethren in unity.

And now that thou hast permitted us to meet in joyful celebration of the completion of this great work, which marks a new era in the history of our city and commonwealth, we render to Thee, as is most due, our humble and grateful thanks. While we give honor to those who have planned and executed it, we magnify Thy goodness, O Lord, who hast crowned their arduous labors with success; and we invoke Thy blessing to rest upon the work of their hands. May it give development to those rich resources with which Thou hast filled the hills and valleys of our land. May it give birth to new industries, to new hopes, to new prosperity, to new gratitude to the Giver of all good!

Bless, we beseech thee, the President of the United States, and the Houses of Congress. Let Thy benediction rest on the Governor of this commonwealth; upon its judges, legislators and magistrates; upon the mayor, and council, and public officers of this city; upon our clergy, churches, colleges, schools and benevolent societies; upon this regiment, filled with young men dear to so many hearts; upon the strangers who come to us

from other States, to whom we give the welcome of friends; upon all associations representing those industrial pursuits and mechanical arts upon which our prosperity so much depends; and, finally, we beseech Thee ever look with Thy merciful favor upon our entire country throughout its vast expanse, from North to South and from East to West, and grant that it may everywhere be pervaded by that celestial influence which purifies all that it penetrates, and gives immortality to all that it animates; and unto God, most high, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will we ascribe all honor and glory forever. Amen.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

Almighty God, with humble reverence we come to worship Thee with tender and grateful memories of Thy goodness to our fathers, and to our people in generations past and gone. We come to adore Thee for the blessings of the present hour, and to implore the continuance of Thy gracious favor in all the days that are to come.

It has pleased Thee to honor the city in which we dwell from its earliest history, in making it the home of men whose private virtues and public services have given lustre, not only to the community, but to the commonwealth, and while we cherish their memories with true affection, we pray that we may have grace to walk in their footsteps, and so to emulate their examples as to maintain and transmit the principles bequeathed to us as a precious legacy to those who shall succeed us when our work on earth is ended.

We recognize Thy kindness in permitting us to complete the edifice in which we now offer our grateful homage, and which we now dedicate to Thee as the home of all noble enterprise, of justice, order, honor, truth and charity.

Conscious of our entire dependence on Thee for all that makes counsels wise and conduct right, we invoke Thy powerful aid in enabling us to manage all the interests of this association, so as to secure the great ends for which it was organized. Give success, we beseech thee, to every industrial pursuit, and to every philanthropic purpose by which the prosperity of our city may be advanced and perpetuated. Fill us with a deep sense of

our responsibility for every trust committed to us, and above all to the God to whom we owe all allegiance, all love and service. May we remember that nothing which is morally wrong can be commercially right, and may integrity and uprightness be the noble law of all our aims and endeavors.

Bless, we beseech Thee, the officers and members of this Chamber. Give unity and wisdom to their counsels; may devotion to the common welfare expel all personal and selfish aims and inspire such mutual confidence that all the resources at our command may be combined in one united effort for the highest and most lasting good of the whole community; and while we enjoy the benefits and the blessings which flow from such supreme devotion to duty, we will ascribe all honor and glory to God, most high, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CITY HALL, FEBRUARY, 16, 1894.

Almighty God, with devout gratitude we adore Thy good providence over our city from the beginning of its history to this hour of happy greeting and congratulation on the completion of our arduous work. Thou hast heard and answered the prayers which ascended at the laying of the corner-stone, and hast preserved from fatal harm and hurt those who were employed in its erection; and now may it please Thee to protect it from every destructive element, and long may these walls stand to guard our municipal interests and to give stability to public order. We recognize in the arrangement of its halls and chambers, from foundation to capstone, its adaptation to the official use and comfort of those who are to occupy it, thus securing the attainment of all the important ends for which it was designed. We thank Thee for the transition from the dismal and squalid quarters, hitherto occupied, to the light, and air, and amplitude of this spacious structure—at once massive and strong, convenient and beautiful.

Thou hast surrounded it with a cloud of witnesses. From its summit we look down upon the Capitol, within whose walls once gathered the patriots and sages who laid the foundations of our constitutional liberty and independence. We behold the monument of the man whose name is yet the brightest and best in

American annals, while around him stand the heroic forms which make their silent and salutary, but stirring appeal to all patriotic souls. Near by we see the statue of the Christian soldier who stood as a stone wall on the bloody front of battle, and who surrendered only to death a soul consecrated to duty and to God.

From the same summit we overlook the city which has passed through such fiery trials and unparalleled disasters, and yet all borne with a fortitude which no reverses could daunt, and with a determination which no calamities could discourage.

And now, our Father, we hail the dawn of a new day. At this auspicious hour we come to rejoice, not only over the completion of a noble building, but to inaugurate a new era in the history of our city.

We face the future, not with presumption, but with reverent trust in God. With memories and hopes like these, we now dedicate this hall to official industry, integrity and honor; we dedicate it to enterprise, progress and prosperity, under Thy favor, guidance and protection, O God, most high, most holy, most merciful, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, MAY 26, 1898.

Almighty God, we humbly adore Thee as the fountain of all being and blessedness. Thou hast created all things and Thou carest for all that Thou hast created. Thou rulest all things, and Thy laws are holy, just and good. We bless Thee for the rich provision Thou hast made in the gospel of Thy grace for the pardon of sin and for the healing of all the maladies which sin has inflicted on the souls of men. We thank Thee, too, for all the subordinate agencies Thou hast provided for the relief of suffering and for the preservation of life and health, in filling every department of nature with antidotes to disease and pain. We recognize Thy goodness in raising up and qualifying an order of men whose duty and delight it is to administer these remedies, and for the establishment of institutions for the training of those who go forth from year to year in this ministry of mercy to those who need help and healing.

We invoke Thy rich blessing on the institution whose anni-

versary we celebrate to-night. Make it a fountain of great and permanent good to this city, to the community and to our common country. Prepare the young men who resort to it for the life that lies before them by the strength that comes from truth and honor and stainless integrity. At the close of each session send forth those who shall be richly qualified for their noble profession by sound learning and supreme devotion to duty. Grant Thy special guidance and benediction to the graduating class. Give them success wherever their lot may be cast, and may their future career be one of such distinguished usefulness as to reflect credit on the founders, the patrons and the professors of this institution.

We remember one who is absent from us to-night. Do Thou be pleased to remember him—the president of this University College.[1] Restore him to health and strength again, and may he be long spared to be a blessing to our commonwealth and entire country.

Grant us Thy gracious guidance in all the exercises of this hour, and make it a happy and memorable hour because of thy favor and blessing; and to God, most high, will we ascribe all honor and glory, evermore. Amen.

AT THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE BREAD AT THE LAST JOINT COMMUNION SERVICE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES OF RICHMOND DURING HIS LIFE, JANUARY 2, 1898.

O Father of mercies and God of quickening, renewing, comforting, sanctifying grace, who, upon man's transgressing Thy commandment, didst not leave him to the sad consequences of his apostasy, but as a Father, tender and loving, didst visit him in compassion, opening to him the door of faith and repentance, and in the fulness of time sending Thine own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, by the obedience of His life to satisfy the law's demands, and by the sacrifice of Himself to take away the law's curse, and by His death on the cross to redeem the world; O Thou who doest all things to bring us again to Thee, that we may be partakers of the divine nature and eternal glory, blessed be Thy name in every mention and in every memorial of it. O Son of God—Son of Man—Thou art worthy to take the book

[1] Dr. McGuire, who was sick at the White Sulphur Springs.

and open the seals thereof, for Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood, and Thou art worthy to receive power and riches, and strength and honor, and glory and blessing, now and evermore.

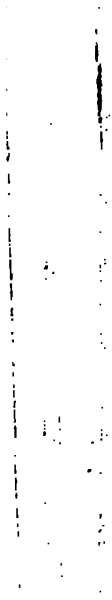
We are not worthy to come under Thy roof or to eat the crumbs which fall from Thy table, but Thou hast brought us into Thy banqueting house. O let Thy banner over us be love!

Thou didst become the Son of man that we might become the sons of God. Give us, we beseech Thee, the assurance of our adoption, and give us the evidence of it by the witness of the Spirit in our hearts, and by enabling us to live for Him who died for us. Wash us from our sins and we shall be whiter than snow. Restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation and uphold us with Thy free spirit.

Blessed Lord, by this holy ordinance Thou art coming to us as Thou didst to Thy disciples when Thou didst show them Thy wounded hands and Thy feet pierced with the nails—the hands that were ever laden with benediction, the feet that bore Thee wearily as Thou didst go about healing the sick and comforting the sorrowing and pardoning the penitent.

With Thy bleeding hand Thou art knocking at the door of our hearts. O make us deeply penitent for all our sins, and as we look upon Him whom our sins have pierced, may we mourn with godly sorrow, and in view of the broken body may we come with broken and contrite hearts, such as Thou wilt not despise, and may Christ manifest Himself through these consecrated emblems until He becomes within us the hope of glory.

Bless all who shall unite in the celebration of this holy ordinance; Thy ministering servants, the office-bearers in Thy church, and all Thy people. Bind us together in the bonds of Christian affection. Give us the blessing of brethren dwelling together in unity, as partakers of one bread, as sharers in one hope, as preparing to live together in one happy and eternal home. May ours be the communion of saints, that at last we may join the spirits of the just made perfect—the general assembly of the church of the firstborn in Thy kingdom above, where we shall celebrate the marriage supper of the Lamb. Set apart to this holy use so much of these elements as shall be employed in the administration of this sacrament, and set apart us to lives of new obedience and entire consecration; and to God, most high, Father, Son and Holy Ghost will we ascribe all honor and glory, evermore. Amen.



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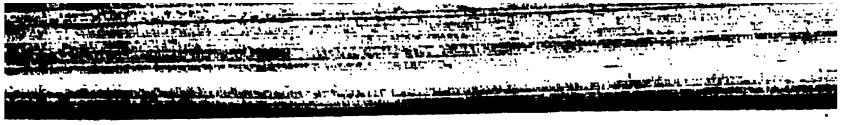

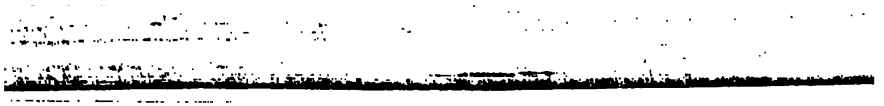

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